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The LIFE OF GOETHE

By

Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D.

Three volumes, 8vo, Illustrated

1. From Birth to the Return from Italy, 1749-1788
2. From the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation, 1788-1815
3. From the Congress of Vienna to the Poet's Death, 1815-1832

G.P. Putnam's Sons

New York London

THE
LIFE OF GOETHE

BY

ALBERT BIELSCHOWSKY, Ph.D.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN

BY

WILLIAM A. COOPER, A.M.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GERMAN, STANFORD UNIVERSITY

THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME III

1815–1832

FROM THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA
TO THE POET'S DEATH

ILLUSTRATED

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1908

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

IN the preface to the first volume I promised to insert here a statement of what was added to Bielschowsky's unfinished manuscript to make his biography of Goethe complete. Long before it became probable that he might not be spared to complete his great task he had cherished the wish that a special discussion of Goethe as a scientist might be contributed by some one especially well versed in that phase of the poet's activity. This wish is fulfilled in the chapter entitled "The Naturalist" (iii., 81–134), which was written by Professor S. Kalischer of Berlin. Professor Max Friedländer of Berlin added the note bearing the heading "Goethe's Poems Set to Music" (pp. 374–376). The most extensive additions were made by Professor Theobald Ziegler of Strasburg, who finished the chapter on *Faust* (beginning in the middle of p. 271) and wrote the concluding chapter (pp. 359–369), beside inserting an account of Goethe's attitude toward romanticism (pp. 143–149), and his relation to the philosophers Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel (ii., 179–181). The notes signed "Z" are also by him. Professors Imelmann and Roethe of Berlin revised Bielschowsky's manuscript from the point of view of style, and Dr. Franz Leppmann of Berlin lent the German publisher other assistance in bringing out the finished work.

In the preparation of the index of the translation it has seemed best to work independently of that of the original. I have included among the topics the various subjects in which Goethe was interested and the first line of each passage of German verse cited in the text, except extracts from a work under consideration. In case the source of the quotation is not given in the context I have indicated it in the index.

In verifying references, so far as the books were accessible to me, I found it necessary to correct a number of misprinted names, dates, titles, and editions. A few errors of the kind that escaped me at first, together with some misprints which were not corrected in the first two volumes of the translation, may be found in a list of errata at the end of this volume.

I wish to acknowledge here my indebtedness and gratitude to Professor B. O. Foster for his valuable criticism of the manuscript of the second and third volumes and for his help in reading the proof; also to Professor G. J. Peirce for helpful suggestions on certain portions of the two volumes.

To know Goethe well is an education in itself. An intimate acquaintance with his inner life and his conception of the mission of the poet in the world cannot fail to broaden and deepen the spiritual life of the serious-minded man of to-day. This biography, with its rare insight into the poet's true nature, is accordingly sent forth in its new form with the hope that it may bear to an otherwise inaccessible public its story of a great genius devoted to the higher ideals of human culture.

W. A. C.

Stanford University.

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ERRATA

Read as follows:
Vol. I., p. 3, l. 25, *Die erste Walpurgisnacht.*
p. 76, l. 17, *Hamburgische Dramaturgie.*
p. 76, l. 29, The *Literaturbriefe.*
p. 95, l. 4, Lorraine.
p. 100, l. 1, Lorraine.
p. 118, l. 3, *Mailied* and *Heidenröslein.*
p. 133, l. 33, Weislingen.
p. 157, l. 10*ff.*, Wilhelm Jerusalem (born in 1747), son of the famous Brunswick abbot, and a friend of Lessing, Eschenburg, and the crown prince of Brunswick, etc.
p. 204, l. 32, *Brief des Pastors* etc.
p. 210, l. 10*f.*, *Es war ein Bule frech genung.*
p. 211, l. 20, ode *An Schwager Kronos.*
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The Life of Goethe

I

MARIANNE VON WILLEMER

Goethe's mental flight to the Orient—Hafiz's *Divan* and Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*—Journey to the Rhine—*Sankt Rochus-Fest zu Bingen*—Goethe designs a painting for the altar of the restored chapel—Guest of the Brentanos on the Rhine—And of the Schlossers in Frankfort—Sulpiz Boisserée interests him in old Dutch painting and in the movement for the completion of the Cologne cathedral—Goethe his guest in Heidelberg—Return to Frankfort—The Willemers—Goethe and Marianne, Hatem and Suleika—Goethe returns to the Rhine the following summer—Guest of Minister vom Stein—They journey together to Cologne—Goethe the guest of the Willemers at the Gerbermühle—Love between the poet and Marianne—Their poetical epistles—Later meeting in Heidelberg—Memories of Lili and Friederike—Goethe's sudden departure for home—Death of Christiane—A return to the Rhine prevented by an accident—Marianne's poems incorporated in *West-östlicher Divan*.

DURING the storms of war Goethe had more and more withdrawn, in spirit, from the European world and taken refuge in the original abode of man in Asia, in order in those far-off regions to restore that serene harmony of his being which had been disturbed by the discordant notes of the restless age. It was only natural that the trend of events should turn the eyes of all to the Orient. As in the days of the crusades, the West, under the banner of Napoleon, had invaded the East, and the Syrian highlands were drenched with Occidental blood. And again almost all the Western nations advanced united, if not directly on Asia, at least on a city which lay close to its portals, the ancient capital Moscow. Then, as after the crusades, though much more quickly, great floods of Orientals came sweeping over Western Europe. Mohammedan troopers watered their steeds in the Seine, and a Mohammedan religious service was held in the Weimar Gymnasium. This close touch of Orient and Occident, which the war had brought about, was paralleled by peaceful developments. A general spiritual drift toward the East had made itself felt. Scientific striving after knowledge was accompanied by a fantastic longing for the sensuous charms of the Orient and for a long, peaceful dream in its spiritual atmosphere, in which poetry, philosophy, religion, and life were inseparably intermingled.

Goethe participated in this general movement, though in a different sense, and for a different immediate reason, than that which actuated most people. Such a course of investigation had long been one of the recognised necessities of his education. Of the European countries and their intellectual life he had formed clear conceptions; Asia, with the exception of the small corner into which the Bible had given him an insight, had been wholly, or at least half, veiled from his view. And yet there was so much in religion and history, in art and poetry, that pointed to those remarkable regions, which had early risen to a high state of civilisation and then sunk into a silent lethargy.

Goethe undertook the investigation on a comprehensive scale. He carried his studies eastward to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, in order to get a full grasp of the peculiarities of the neighbouring continent. China and India could not hold his attention; China was too barren, India too monstrous a jumble. Persia, on the other hand, tempted him to linger. He became acquainted with the culture of this country through its most congenial representative, Hafiz, the celebrated poet of the fourteenth century. Hammer's translation of Hafiz's collection of songs, the *Divan*, had appeared in 1812 and 1813, and Goethe needed but to read the introduction to this work to be most strongly attracted by the life and writings of his Oriental brother. The bard of Shiraz seemed the very image of himself. Had he himself, perchance, lived once before upon the earth in the form of the Persian? Here was the same joy of earth and love of heaven, the same simplicity and depth, truthfulness and straightforwardness, warmth and passionateness, and, finally, the same openness of heart toward every thing human and the same receptive mind, free from institutional limitations. Did not the same thing apply to him that the Persians said of their poet, when they called him "the mystic tongue" and "the interpreter of mysteries,"* and when they said of his poems that to outward appearance they were simple and unadorned, but that they had a deep, truth-fathoming significance and highest perfection of form? And had not Hafiz, like him, enjoyed the favour of the humble and the great? Had he not also conquered a conqueror, the mighty Timur? And had he not out of the destruction and ruin saved his own serenity, and continued to sing peacefully as before under the old accustomed conditions?

Thus Goethe found in Hafiz a beloved brother of a former age, and, gladly treading in the footsteps of his Oriental kinsman, produced, to compete with the Eastern *Divan*, one in the West, which had to be styled *West-Eastern*, as the Western poet blended the ideas and forms of the East with those of the West, and boldly assumed the mask of the Persian singer without sacrificing an iota of his own pronounced personality. Behind this inwardly assumed mask Goethe journeyed in July, 1814, to the regions of the Rhine and the Main. The first laconic word in the journal of his travels is "Hafiz."

For many years he had longed to see again the beloved region of his native country, with its greater wealth of products and its more gaily coloured dress. But physicians and politics had always compelled him eastward. Now that benign peace reigned over Europe and Germany he could no longer be restrained. He persuaded his physicians to send him to Wiesbaden and, on the 25th of July, set out for the Rhine.

---

* Goethe applies these names to himself in *Offenbar Geheimnis* (*W.*, vi., 41).

It gave him infinite pleasure; he was as happy as on the day when he first set out for the classic scenes of Italy. His divining spirit anticipated new life and new love, and as a corroboration of his anticipations he saw through the fog, as he drove out from Weimar, the heavens spanned with a rainbow. "It is white, to be sure, but still it is a rainbow."

So ſollſt du, muntrer Greis,
  Dich nicht betrüben,
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
  Doch wirſt du lieben.*

He did not have as many white hairs as his rhyme would lead us to believe; they had hardly begun to appear among the brown, with which his head was still thickly crowned.

The poet continued his journey, passing through Erfurt, where his old acquaintances the shop-women nodded him friendly greetings—"and I still seemed, after many years, to be well received and well liked." On the following day he gazed up at the Wartburg and the forests which envelop it. Memories of the days when he had here spent his rage as he followed the chase, the days when he had experienced the joys and the sorrows of love, arose again within his breast:

Und da duftet's wie vor alters,
  Da wir noch von Liebe litten,
Und die Saiten meines Pſalters
  Mit dem Morgenſtrahl ſich ſtritten;
Wo das Jagdlied aus den Büſchen
  Fülle runden Tons enthauchte,

* On thee the years sit light,
  Let hope elate thee;
E'en though thy hair be white,
  Love's joys await thee.

Anzufeuern, zu erfriſchen,
Wie's der Buſen wollt' und brauchte.[*]

In Hünfeld he mingled with the visitors at the fair, and as he had become young again, and it seemed to him as though he were once more Lavater's disciple, he revived his physiognomic skill and examined the faces of soldiers and maids, civilians and peasants, after the fashion humorously described in his *Jahrmarkt zu Hünfeld.* The restoration of his youthful powers is shown in the way in which every little event shaped itself in his mind into a poem.

On the fourth day of his journey he arrived in his native city, from which for seventeen years he had been separated by apparently insuperable hindrances. Recently, while engaged in writing the history of his youth, he had felt in his heart a great yearning to visit once more the scenes of those early years. Hence he announced his entry into the city in words almost as solemn as he had used of his first arrival in Venice.[†] "And so I drove into Frankfort, Friday evening, the 28th," is the opening sentence of his Frankfort letter to his wife. For the present, however, he remained only a short time. He wished first to take the cure at Wiesbaden and then to look about leisurely in his old home surroundings. So he continued his journey on the second day.

How happy he was to view again this beautiful, more southern landscape, with its "highly favoured fields, with its meadows reflected in the river, with its vine-clad hills in the distance"! Even the dust of the fatherland, as a sign of the south, made him as happy as it had on the way from Bozen to Trent.

[*] Then 't is fragrant as the pleasures
And the woes of love long gone,
When my lyre's soft-swelling measures
Vied with brightly beaming dawn;
When the huntsman's merry singing,
Echoing through copse and mead,
Soul-refreshing, spirit-bringing,
Filled our heart's desire and need.

[†] Vol. i., p. 373.

Staub, den hab' ich längſt entbehret
  In dem ſtets umhüllten Norden,
Aber in dem heißen Süden
  Iſt er mir genugſam worden.*

A rain-storm approaches, and "the wind-tossed dust is driven by the rain-drops to the earth"—

Und ſogleich entſpringt ein Leben,
  Schwillt ein heilig heimlich Wirken,
Und es grunelt und es grünet
  In den irdiſchen Bezirken.†

Under these good omens Goethe arrived in Wiesbaden. He met there his noble friend Zelter and spent with him and Councillor of Mines Cramer, an able mineralogist and an agreeable companion, five beautiful weeks. Numerous excursions to the Rhine, whose majestic waters and beautiful, fertile banks never lost their charm for him, afforded a most welcome variety in the midst of the monotonous cure at the baths. One such excursion was to St. Rochus's chapel above Bingen. The injuries which the chapel had suffered during the war had been repaired and the sacred edifice was now rededicated. As the dedicatory service assumed somewhat the nature of a peace-celebration, in which, after a long period of sorrowful separation, the dwellers on the right bank of the Rhine were once more able to unite joyously with those on the left shore, many thousands of people poured in from all sides. The unfolding of the spectacle on a most perfect day and in a most glorious setting gave Goethe great joy, and the pious *naïveté* of the countrymen, no less than the history of the chapel and its saint, aroused his interest so deeply that he began at once an enthusiastic description of the celebration, which he greatly enriched by historical observations, as well as by comments on the people and their physical environment. After his return home he also designed an altar picture, which was executed by Heinrich Meyer and Luise Seidler and in 1816 was presented to the chapel.

---

* Dust I long have been deprived of
  In the northern cloud-veiled clime,
But this sunny southern region
  Hath the dearth supplied betime.

† Straightway then new life upspringeth,
  Swelled by sacred powers unseen,
And the buds and blooms of springtime
  Fill the earth with grateful sheen.

The rôle of a painter of pictures of saints was a tone that had hitherto been lacking in Goethe's register. But even here he remained true to his nature, painting neither the agonies of martyrdom nor the raptures of a saint, neither an emaciated body nor a corpse. He portrayed, rather, a pleasing, sympathetic scene, in which a handsome youth (St. Rochus) with amiable, gentle features leaves the palace of his fathers as a joyous pilgrim, who takes cordial delight in distributing his gold and valuables among the children.

On the 1st of September Goethe accepted an invitation from the Brentanos to visit them at their country-seat in Winkel on the Rhine. He had known the husband, Franz Brentano, from childhood, he being one of the five motherless little ones of whom Maximiliane [La Roche] assumed charge upon her marriage with their father, Peter Brentano. At the death of his father, Franz became the owner of the business establishment and the head of the great family. He was an excellent man and enjoyed Goethe's highest esteem. His wife, Antonie, the daughter of the Austrian statesman and art-collector von Birkenstock, was amiable and liberally educated and had made Goethe's acquaintance in Karlsbad in 1812. Goethe spent eight glorious days at their country-seat and while there visited again every nook and corner of the Rheingau. In memory of the visit Frau Brentano wrote in his album, in imitation of a Klopstockian stanza: "Here Nature paused, with lingering tread, and from a lavish hand poured abounding life over hill and dale—here you, too, were pleased to linger eight beautiful days, and the sunshine of your presence seemed to me the perfection of grace."

Returning to Wiesbaden for a few days Goethe left on the 12th of September for Frankfort. On this occasion he was able to observe that the prophet had begun to enjoy some honour even in his own country. *Die Oberpostamtszeitung* took respectful notice of his arrival in the following announcement: "His Excellency, the Ducal Saxe-Weimarian Privy Councillor Herr von Goethe, the greatest and oldest living hero of our literature, arrived yesterday, en route from Wiesbaden, in his native city, which had been deprived of his enjoyable presence for twenty years."

In Frankfort Goethe enjoyed, as he had in Winkel, the hospitality of the second generation. He was the guest of Fritz Schlosser, the son of Hieronymus, and the nephew of his brother-in-law Georg Schlosser. The elder generation had passed away. The sons of Hieronymus, Fritz, and Christian, were respected among the citizens of Frankfort and had inherited their admiration for Goethe from their parents. "From the days of our childhood," said Fritz later, "Goethe's star had shone above us with unwavering splendour." Fritz's wife, likewise a native of Frankfort, now became well acquainted with Goethe for the first time, and thereafter so fully shared the feeling of her husband that, whenever strangers said anything against the poet after his death, she was likely to end the dispute with an abrupt "You did not know him."

Goethe was extremely happy in Schlosser's home, in spite of the fact that a broad chasm yawned between him and his hosts. The two brothers, deeply emotional natures, having fallen in with the romantic tendency of the times, worshipped the unity and beauty of the Middle Ages and showed a preference for the Catholic Church. Christian had already taken the full consequences of his attitude and had returned to the bosom of the old Church; Fritz and his wife were just on the point of taking the same step. Their sentiments could not remain a secret to Goethe, but how could he, who recently, in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, had ascribed so much good to the seven sacraments, and, in his *Wahlverwandtschaften*, had with unmistakable personal delight carried Catholic ornamentation and belief in miracles

Marianne
(From Könnecke's *Bilderatlas*)

into a Protestant church and region, and who had himself promised an altar picture for St. Rochus's chapel,—how could he find fault with the Schlosser family for taking such a step, when they did it out of the purest motives? And yet, little as he may have expected such a thing of this family, living in Frankfort, a stronghold of Lutheranism, he had long before known that pietism had there assumed a form which led, almost inevitably, to Catholicism. Even his dear Christian friend Fräulein von Klettenberg is hardly, in his characterisation of her, to be distinguished from a Catholic believer.

Goethe's Frankfort circle of Catholic and Catholicising friends was further enlarged by the arrival of Sulpiz Boisserée. This young man from Cologne was no stranger to him. He had made his acquaintance in 1811 in Weimar and had found him very congenial. Sulpiz and his brother Melchior had inherited a large commercial establishment. They applied the means which came to them from this source to a most worthy purpose. Through the current of the age, which their faith supported, they were drawn into that enthusiasm for the Middle Ages which with them found expression in a most lively interest in mediæval, particularly Lower-Rhenish, architecture and painting. Out of pure devotion Sulpiz, the better known of the two, became absorbed in the ruins of the Cologne cathedral and portrayed its beauty and grandeur in a series of careful drawings as a contribution toward the propaganda of Gothic art and the completion of the sublime structure. He felt that the cause would be certain of a mighty advancement if Goethe could be persuaded to take a kindly interest in it. To be sure, this seemed impossible, in view of the pronounced declaration of adherence to the principles of antique art which Goethe had made to the world ten years before, in his introduction to the *Winckelmann* letters. But Sulpiz made the attempt. He sent Goethe a part of his drawings and then went to visit him in person. Through the fine, deep understanding with which he explained his drawings he succeeded in curing the reluctant poet, who at first growled like a wounded bear, of his aversion for Gothic art, to such an extent that he admitted that this art is an historically important phenomenon in which one ought to take due interest. Along with the gain for the cause he succeeded in winning the Olympian's interest in his own personality through the genuine cordiality and the modest independence of his bearing. The privy councillor, at first stiff and reserved, dismissed him as a friend with a hearty embrace, and soon afterward, when he came to deal, in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, with the Strasburg cathedral, he made cordial recognition of Boisserée's endeavours. Boisserée had now no more ardent wish than that Goethe should visit the gallery of old Lower-Rhenish and old Dutch masters, collected by himself, his brother, and his friend Bertram, which they had taken with them when they moved to Heidelberg in 1810.

This wish seemed at last near fulfilment and Sulpiz came to Frankfort to escort the great patron to his and his brother's home in Heidelberg. Goethe arrived there on the 24th of September and was the guest of the Boisserées for fourteen days. The afternoons and evenings were spent in social intercourse with the many Heidelberg friends, among others Voss, Paulus, Thibaut, and Frau von Humboldt. The mornings were given up entirely to the study of the Boisserée collection. Goethe devoted himself to it with astonishing perseverance, being determined to obtain a clear and firm grasp of this field of art heretofore unknown to him. Every morning he was in the hall by eight o'clock and remained there till noon. He had every picture taken down separately and placed on an easel in order that he might enjoy it to the full, without being disturbed by its neighbours on the wall. His admiration increased from day to day. "O children," he exclaimed several times, "how stupid we are! We fancy that our grandmother was not beautiful also. They were entirely different people from us, you see. Let us take them for what they were, let us praise them, let us praise them again and again!" The Boisserées were quite rejoiced over their success, and

Sulpiz announced with beaming countenance that he had converted the old heathen king to the adoration of the German Christ child. But if he meant by this that Goethe learned to value old German art, if not above, at least as highly as, Greek, he deceived himself.

On his return journey to Frankfort, when, in Darmstadt, Goethe wandered about among the plaster casts of antique sculptures, including some of the figures of the Parthenon frieze, old German art again receded far into the background, and when he reached home he remarked to Knebel: "I have feasted at the Homeric and at the Nibelungen tables, but have found nothing better suited to my personal taste than the broad, deep, ever-living nature in the works of the Greek poets and sculptors."

On the 11th of October Goethe was again in Frankfort. Although the season was far advanced, and he had already made one long sojourn in his native city, he nevertheless remained nine days within its walls. It took a strong magnet to hold him there. The magnet in question was the young wife of the banker Privy Councillor Jakob Willemer, who later received a patent of nobility. Willemer was only eleven years younger than Goethe, and had long been acquainted with him—was in fact his friend. He fully deserved the poet's respect and friendship, for in talent and character he towered far above the average man. Being unhampered by his calling, he cultivated a surprising number of fields of study and endeavour, and his influence was felt in all of them. He was a writer, a philanthropist, a pedagogist, a political economist, a statesman, a critic, and a member of the board of directors of the Frankfort Theatre. In the year 1800 he had taken into his house the charming actress and ballet-dancer Marianne Jung, a native of Linz, Austria, in order to protect her from the dangers of the stage. He could not offer the sixteen-year-old girl a mother, for he was a widower; but he did provide her with sisters in the persons of his two younger daughters, with whom she was to live and acquire an education. With her charming open face, about which hung a wealth of brown curls, and with her rich spiritual gifts, she soon became the star of the home. She was of a very naïve and most delicate nature. There was no artificiality, no calculation, in her conduct, and with all her cordiality, vivacity, and gaiety, there was something thoroughly reserved and modest, which gave her whole being an air of happy harmony. The depth of her emotions and thoughts was made particularly beautiful by the wonderful graciousness with which they were expressed. As her perceptions were clear and distinct, the great poetical talent which the gods had bestowed upon her, in addition to her other good qualities, enabled her to compose stanzas not to be distinguished from Goethe's on the same occasion; indeed, some of them shone as real pearls among his own.

It was a by no means unimportant factor in the hospitality of the Willemer household that Marianne possessed rare social talents. By virtue of an agreeable resoluteness, which won for her from Goethe the nickname of "little Blücher," she knew how to guide and control every social gathering; and by her expressive singing she contributed a very refreshing share of the entertainment. Since, after the marriage of her younger foster-sister, she was Willemer's only companion in the home it was inevitable that her foster-father should become her lover and soon after (1814) her husband.

When Goethe arrived in Frankfort in September she was not yet married. He met her, not in the city itself, but out at the Gerbermühle, Willemer's charming country-seat on the upper Main. She seems to have made a deep impression on him at first sight. He found in her much that recalled his former sweethearts, Lotte, Lili, and Frau von Stein. By her name, her character, and to some extent by her life history, she reminded him also of two of the characters in his writings of which he was most fond, the Mariannes of *Die Geschwister* and *Wilhelm Meister*, and, to a less degree, of Mignon and the bayadere. Doubtless the sight of her often caused him to lose himself in meditation and in secret wonderment at the return of those vanished figures. And how could her soul have remained unaffected by his presence? Willemer's oldest daughter, the widow Rosette Städel, wrote in her diary after her first meeting with Goethe: "He is a man whom one cannot help loving like a child and to whom one would gladly intrust one's self entirely." Do we not hear the same confession in a poem which Marianne sent to Goethe in Weimar, "If one sees thee one must love thee"?

Thus when Goethe came from Heidelberg he entered the Willemer house as a lover and one beloved. Meanwhile the expected change in Marianne's position had taken place. On the 27th of September she had become Willemer's wife, but remained, as Goethe diplomatically expressed himself to Christiane, "as friendly and kind as before," which means, when translated into clearer language: she gave him the same love as before her marriage, and this fact made him uncommonly happy. After having visited her on the 12th of October, the next day after his arrival, he was there again on the 14th for the greater part of the day. "We were very merry and remained a long time together, so that I have no further events to record of this day" (letter to Christiane, October 16th). On the evening of the 18th they all went together up to Willemer's tower on the Mühlberg to watch the bonfires which were everywhere kindled in commemoration of the first anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. This evening must also have had its special charms, as Goethe often recalled it in later years. On the following day they were together again, and on the next morning, the last that Goethe spent in Frankfort, he paid his farewell visit.* In the afternoon he returned to "the northern cloud-veiled clime." The premonition, "Love's joys await thee," which had come over his spirit as he set out from Weimar, had come true.

During the winter Goethe's dearest thought was that of visiting again the following summer these glorious regions of the Rhine and the Main and the many dear friends who inhabited them, and who had cried out to him, "Come back! Come back!" Marianne sang to him:

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* The passage in *Tb.*, v., 135, "Visited Marianne R.," I interpret as meaning Marianne Rosette Städel.

Zu den Kleinen zähl' ich mich,
,,Liebe Kleine'' nennſt du mich.
Willſt du immer mich ſo heißen,
Werd' ich ſtets mich glücklich preiſen.*

In her his *West-östlicher Divan* had for the first time gained a love-nucleus, from which it grew vigorously in all directions. Marianne became the Suleika whom he had sought, and, rejecting the "little dear" as too "little" for his poetry and too German for the Orient, he answered:

Daß du, die ſo lange mir erharrt war,
Feurige Jugendblicke mir ſchickſt,
Jetzt mich liebſt, mich ſpäter beglückſt,
Das ſollen meine Lieder preiſen,
Sollſt mir ewig Suleika heißen.†

For her he himself assumes the name Hatem, the one who gives and receives most bountifully, for as a lover he desires to give and receive.

While Goethe was making his plans for a beautiful summer Timur (Napoleon) suddenly rose again and seemed to dash them to pieces. For, even if the war should be kept within French territory, it was certain to drive away his mood and to bring swarms of troops to the Rhine. Hence Goethe began to be undecided in his mind as to whether it would not be better for him to return to the baths of Bohemia, which he had been accustomed to visit.

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* I belong among the small,
Me thou "little dear" dost call.
If this title ne'er forsake me,
It will ever happy make me.

† That thou, whom I have so long awaited,
Me with thine eyes' youthful fire dost bless,
Lovest me now, wilt later caress,—
This shall my numbers proudly proclaim,
Thee shall I ever Suleika name.

Finally, however, the hope that a friendly spirit would come to the aid of the lovers gained the victory, and he set out on another pilgrimage to the Rhine. His faith in the god of love did not deceive him. During his sojourn at Wiesbaden, which extended from the end of May till past the middle of July, the storm of war spent its rage, and he was able to enjoy the rest of the summer on the Rhine under a perfectly serene political sky.

At the beginning of July Goethe had met Minister vom Stein at the court table of Nassau, and had received from him an invitation to visit him at Nassau Castle, his ancestral seat. As Goethe wished to study more thoroughly the geological relations of the Taunus Mountains, and later to go to Cologne, this seemed to fit into his plans very well. So he spent from the 21st to the 23d of July in crossing the mountain range and arrived at Nassau Castle on the 24th. When Stein heard that Cologne was Goethe's ultimate goal he decided immediately to accompany him on the journey. The two travelled down the Rhine, partly by carriage, partly by boat, and, as we know from Arndt, each found the other an exceedingly agreeable companion. Cross-grained, fiery Stein was more gentle and mild than anybody had ever before seen him. What a contrast with 1774, when the child of the world followed the same route with the two prophets, and what a greater one still with 1792, when, all alone, in a leaky boat, and very early in the morning, he had rowed indifferently past Cologne and its cathedral!

This time he came expressly on account of the cathedral, to examine with his own eyes what Boisserée's drawings had disclosed to him, and to see if he could do anything to aid in the completion of the structure. He studied it very carefully outside and inside, from the top and from the base, and formed a high opinion of it. He gave an account of his observations in his *Reise am Rhein, Main und Neckar*. It is to be noted, however, that the strong accents in which he here speaks of the cathedral as a wonderful work, designed with equal genius and understanding, and executed with perfect art and workmanship, are chosen essentially with reference to his ulterior purpose of agitating for the completion of the cathedral.

Apart from the cathedral, his eyes were open to the mediæval paintings, to which he had paid no attention in 1774, and the picture of the Jabach family by Lebrun was again warmly praised, although he was scarcely able to recall the extravagant enthusiasm with which it had inspired him forty years before.

After a two days' sojourn Goethe and Stein set out on the return journey, making short stays in Bonn, Neuwied, and Coblenz. They were favoured with good weather and Goethe viewed the wonderful landscape with great delight. He may have felt the beauty of nature more keenly than in his youth, for his companion got the impression that the Rhine and the Main were not only Goethe's birthplace but also his real home. The feeling led Stein during the following winter to join Antonie Brentano in the plans which she was spinning to transplant him thither for the rest of his life. In Coblenz Goethe met Görres, who at that time was the champion of romantic democracy, but not yet of German ultramontanism. It was through the medium of his organ, *Rheinischer Merkur*, that Stein brought his constitutional plans before the public.

Stein invited Goethe to Nassau Castle again for several days. It is a pity that the poet gave no good account of this visit either in letters or anywhere else. Judging by the scanty notes in his diary, it must have been very animated and unique. Many men of prominent position and distinguished ability came to the castle, among others Eichhorn and Motz, both later Prussian ministers and joint founders of the Zollverein. In a certain sense it was a congress of the chief representatives of German constitutional unity. What attitude Goethe, with his political pessimism, assumed toward them is hard to say. There seem to have been conflicts with Stein in which the sparks flew, in spite of the moderation which the statesman took pains to observe. In a passage in Goethe's diary we read, after the words, "In the garden with Herr vom Stein and the ladies," the unusual remark, which tells a great deal more than it says, "Talking and contradicting." It did not diminish their friendship, however, for the two great men had learned to understand each other.

Returning to Wiesbaden on the 31st of July, Goethe remained there till the 10th of August, then spent a day viewing the Roman antiquities in Mainz, and finally, on the 12th of August, in company with his dear friend Boisserée, who had joined him during the last week in Wiesbaden, turned to Frankfort, or let us say, rather, to the Gerbermühle. This time he came as the guest of the Willemers, which is an indication how intimate the relation was into which he had entered with them the previous year. He doubtless accepted their friendly invitation without hesitation. He felt himself firm in his resignation and expected the same firmness on the part of Marianne. Assuming that such was the case, why should they not enjoy the charm and the exaltation of soul which arises from the harmonious intercourse of great kindred spirits?

Those were delightful days, matchless weeks, that Goethe spent out there in the rural quiet along the broad Main, which glowed with beautiful colours in the evening sunshine. Just forty years before, very near this spot, but a little farther down the stream, he had lingered by Lili's side in the gardens and terraces of the Bernards and the d'Orvilles. He was now almost a greybeard, and yet he was happier than he had been then; he was no longer one moment in heaven and the next in hell; an undisturbed serenity had filled his soul and secured for him the full enjoyment of the rarest happiness.

He surveyed the intervening years with profound satisfaction. Forty years before, in the midst of his sorrows, he had taken a vow that his inmost being should for ever be devoted to sacred love, because he hoped more and more through the spirit of purity, which is sacred love, to refine the dross out of his soul. This hope had been realised. And with this spirit of purity he embraced the new love and sought through it to rise to higher purification. The love of a noble woman was to him a symbol of the love of God. In this lofty conception of love he had something in common with the Oriental and Occidental mystics. It was because of it that he said of the *Book of Suleika:* "The veil of earthly love seems to infold higher relations."

There is no good ground for supposing that Marianne was not animated by the same spirit, and her husband must have been in sympathy with both of them. He knew very well that the fiery kisses and embraces which the two exchanged in their love-songs existed only in fancy, and that in reality the emotional basis of the poems was nothing more than innocent delight in each other's company. Willemer had reason to be proud that his wife aroused such feelings in Goethe's breast. And how could he blame her if she felt so toward the poet? Were they not all, men and women, old and young, in love with the great, good man? Did not he himself love him? Hence not only did he not look askance on the intercourse of the two, in many ways he encouraged it. It required an exceptionally noble soul to do such a thing, and Goethe recognised this with feeling and admiration. After a visit from Willemer in Weimar he wrote to Marianne: "The sight of his true nature brought vividly to my mind all the privileges which he so willingly and nobly grants us."

While the locality may have conjured up Lili's image, the peculiarity of this love reminded Goethe of Lotte.

He had come to the Gerbermühle for a visit of about a week, but life was so engaging there that he was unable to depart after so short a stay. The airy balcony, the shady garden, the neighbouring forest, the outlooks upon water and mountains, the most generous and most informal hospitality, and, above all, the amiable society, forced him again and again to postpone his departure. Especially beautiful were the evenings when there was a gentle, spicy breeze blowing through the house and garden and when Goethe read aloud and Marianne sang. Whether consciously or not, she always chose songs that were rich in allusions, such as *Mignon* (*Sehnsuchtslied*), *Füllest wieder Busch und Tal*, and the ballad *Der Gott und die Bajadere*. The first time she sang this ballad Goethe wished she might never sing it again. His inmost being was stirred at the thought that her own life's history had come so near being identical with the story of the poem. She, on the other hand, may in her innocence have interpreted the poem to mean that her soul was borne aloft by Mahadeva (Goethe) from the earthly depths in which it had lain to the heavenly heights above. This may account for the amount of expression which she put into the singing of this particular song, of which Goethe months afterward spoke to Zelter with great enthusiasm.

Five weeks of this mildly passionate, enchanted existence had passed by before Goethe was aware, and he was now forced to think of parting. It was not, however, to be the final separation. He wished to go to Heidelberg for a time in order to make a more thorough study of Boisserée's collection of paintings, and planned to pass through Frankfort again on his homeward way. Nevertheless it was a separation, the end of a glorious state, of which he was not certain whether it would ever be realised again. The previous winter words had risen to song at the moment of parting; now the exaltation came with the approach of the time of separation. On the 12th of September began the long series of individual songs and amœbean verses which the lovers exchanged with one another. Goethe composed the clever, impassioned song about the thief "Opportunity," who had stolen from him his last remnant of love, to which Marianne replied, with roguish ardour, that, being herself greatly rejoiced by his love, she would not scold "Opportunity." On the evening of the 17th, the last that Goethe was to spend at the Gerbermühle, the song of love swelled to more solemn tones. Suleika had dreamed that a ring which Hatem had given her had fallen into the Euphrates. "What doth this dream signify?" she asked Hatem.

Dies zu deuten bin erbötig!
  Hab' ich dir nicht oft erzählt,
Wie der Doge von Venedig,
  Mit dem Meere ſich vermählt? . . .

Mich vermählſt du deinem Fluſſe,
  Der Terraſſe, dieſem Hain,
Hier ſoll bis zum letzten Kuſſe
  Dir mein Geiſt gewidmet ſein.*

The beautiful moonlight held them together till late in the night, and the poet read aloud songs to Suleika, which added still more fervour to their feelings. The following day the little wife begged him urgently to leave. The ardency had grown too intense for her in Goethe's presence. At a distance they could allow each other harmless liberties. For this purpose they had invented the charming new plan of communicating their sentiments to each other by means of references to pages and verses in Hammer's translation of Hafiz. As they wrote nothing but numerals they had the courage to express themselves even more freely than they had done in their songs. On the 21st Goethe received such a letter in cipher, to which he answered the same day with two songs, one of which, a most sublime hymn in unrhymed *vers irréguliers*, is a veritable torrent of emotions and images.

A few of the verses run:

Wenn du, Suleika,
Mich überſchwenglich beglückſt,
Deine Leidenſchaft mir zuwirfſt,
Als wär's ein Ball . . .
Das iſt ein Augenblick! — —

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* This I can interpret clearly.
  Have I not recounted thee
How the Doge of Venice yearly
  With a ring doth wed the sea?

Me dost thou to thy river marry,
  To thy terrace, to this grove;
Near thee shall my spirit tarry
  Till the parting kiss of love.

Hier nun dagegen
Dichtriſche Perlen,
Die mir deiner Leidenſchaft
Gewaltige Brandung
Warf an des Lebens
Verödeten Strand aus.*

Every day now brought new songs. "From Suleika to Suleika is my coming and my going." Their feelings were fanned to a new glow by the surprise of meeting again. On the 23d Willemer and Marianne came to Heidelberg. On the way Marianne had quieted her heart's beating for her friend by the most beautiful stanzas that ever flowed from the pen of a German poetess:

Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
  Bringt der Oſtwind frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen friſche Regung
  Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.

Koſend ſpielt er mit dem Staube,
  Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur ſichern Rebenlaube
  Der Inſekten frohes Völkchen.

Lindert ſanft der Sonne Glühen,
  Kühlt auch mir die heißen Wangen,
Küßt die Reben noch im Fliehen,
  Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.

Und mich ſoll ſein leiſes Flüſtern
  Von dem Freunde lieblich grüßen;

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* When thou, Suleika,
Makest me boundlessly glad,
Dost toss to me thy passion,
As 't were a ball. . .
Oh, what a moment!

Here now return I
Pearl-strings poetic,
Which the surging billows
Of thy bosom's passion
Tossed on the desolate
Shore of my life.

Eh noch dieſe Hügel düſtern
  Sitz' ich ſtill zu ſeinen Füßen.*

The poet extended to his Suleika the enthusiastic greeting:

Iſt es möglich! Stern der Sterne,
  Drück' ich wieder dich ans Herz!
Ach, was iſt die Nacht der Ferne
  Für ein Abgrund, für ein Schmerz!
Ja du biſt es! meiner Freuden
  Süßer, lieber Widerpart;
Eingedenk vergangner Leiden
  Schaudr' ich vor der Gegenwart.†

That evening the moon was full and they promised to think of each other at every full moon thereafter. The following evening was another evening of parting, and it seems to have passed like the one on Lago Maggiore described in the *Wanderjahre*, "breath for breath and bliss for bliss." On the morning of the 26th the Willemers departed, and while Marianne composed out of the depths of her heart that song, "West wind, for thy humid wings, oh, how much I envy thee!" which is a worthy companion to her song to the east wind, Goethe brooded over the question whether he still possessed himself or was lost in Marianne, shaping his doubts into the profound dialogue in verse between Suleika and Hatem, of which the first stanzas spoken by Suleika—

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* What doth all this stir reveal?
  Tidings glad the east wind brings?
In my heart's hot wound I feel
  Coolness wafting from his wings.

Fondly he the dust doth greet,
  And in filmy cloudlets chase;
To the vineyard's safe retreat
  Frights the merry insect-race.

Lenifies the sun's fierce glow,
  Rids my cheeks of burning pain,
Kisses, flying, vines that grow
  Flaunting over hill and plain.

And his whispers soft convey
  From my friend a message sweet,
Ere the hills own night's dark sway
  I shall nestle at his feet.

† Do I truly, star of stars,
  Press thee to my heart again?
How the night of distance bars!
  What abyss! What flood of pain!
Yes, 't is thou art come at last,
  Of my joys sweet fountain head,
But the thought of sorrows past
  Fills the present hour with dread.

Volk und Knecht und Überwinder,
   Sie geſtehn zu jeder Zeit:
Höchſtes Glück der Erdenkinder
   Sei nur die Perſönlichkeit.

Jedes Leben ſei zu führen,
   Wenn man ſich nicht ſelbſt vermißt;
Alles könne man verlieren,
   Wenn man bliebe, was man iſt *—

are often taken as the confession of his own deepest faith. This interpretation is only half correct. True, it was his opinion that we can be happy only when we preserve the innermost kernel, the really valuable part, and hence that which alone is essential, of our personality; not, however, by clinging stubbornly to our personality and falling back upon it, but by giving it to others and for others. We enjoy ourselves most in others and through them. Hence Hatem replies to Suleika:

Kann wohl ſein! ſo wird gemeinet;
   Doch ich bin auf andrer Spur:
Alles Erdenglück vereinet
   Find' ich in Suleika nur.

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* Peoples, slaves, and lords of earth
   All this testimony bear:
Personality of worth
   Highest bliss brings everywhere.

He who rightly heeds life's call
   In the end may guerdon win;
He, in turn, may lose his all
   Who remains what he has been.

Wie ſie ſich an mich verſchwendet,
  Bin ich mir ein wertes Ich;
Hätte ſie ſich weggewendet,
  Augenblicks verlör' ich mich.*

On the following day Goethe took up the theme once more and in a leaf of the gingo biloba, which is one and yet divided, "gave her hidden sense to taste what the knowing edifies."

The more ardent his passion grew under the glamour of Marianne's love, as it revealed itself more and more in her exquisite poetical epistles, the more he felt the weight of years lifted from his shoulders,—a glorious renewal of youth! To be sure, he has, as he sings, nothing to compare with the brown locks of his beloved—

Nur dies Herz, es iſt von Dauer,
  Schwillt in jugendlichſtem Flor;
Unter Schnee und Nebelſchauer
  Raſ't ein Aetna dir hervor.

Du beſchämſt wie Morgenröte
  Jener Gipfel ernſte Wand,
Und noch einmal fühlet Hatem [Goethe]
  Frühlingshauch und Sommerbrand.†

* That may be, for those inclined;
  But I choose another course:
Ev'ry earthly bliss I find
  Has Suleika for its source.

Loving me so lavishly
  She my worth to me hath shown;
Had she spurned me haughtily,
  I had straightway been undone.

† Save this heart which, never aging,
  Swells with warmest youthful glow,
Like the fire of Ætna raging
  Neath its veil of mist and snow.

Yonder summit's solemn splendour
  Thou like rosy dawn dost shame,
And in Hatem's breast engender
  Spring's sweet breath and summer's flame.

Otherwise the sojourn in Heidelberg was characterised by the same associations and the same occupations as that of the preceding year, except that, in addition to the Willemers, Goethe received a two days' visit from the Duke, who had been for a long time in the valley of the Rhine. At the request of his prince Goethe was obliged to extend his journey to Karlsruhe, in order to view Gmelin's cabinet of minerals and the specimens selected for the Duke. He planned to join the Duke later in Frankfort.

Goethe spent only two days in Karlsruhe. He derived no pleasure from a visit with his old friend Jung-Stilling, who resided there. Jung-Stilling had grown rigid in spiritless piety, and his manner of life had made him vain. The two friends, between whom there had once existed such cordial ties, had lost all sympathy with each other. Goethe was much more favourably impressed with Hebel, for whose *Alemannische Gedichte* he had long cherished a fondness.

His sojourn in Karlsruhe would have brought the keenest delight if he had met Lili there, as he had hoped. She doubtless often came thither from Alsatia to visit her relatives. Through the Gerbermühle, and later through Heidelberg, the memory of her had become extraordinarily fresh in his mind, and on the way to Karlsruhe he had told Boisserée all the details of his betrothal with her, of which he had hitherto said very little and to few people. But in his expectation to find her in Karlsruhe he was disappointed. In fact he was never again to see the betrothed of his youth. On the 6th of May, 1817, she died in Alsatia, in the full enjoyment of the highest esteem of her husband and children, and of the friends and acquaintance of the family. "The eternal Father," wrote her husband to her brother, "who, in his mercy, gave me this beautiful spirit for my companion and through her caused so great a blessing to descend upon me, has summoned fair Lili hence."

We wonder whether Goethe, while in Karlsruhe, may not have thought of another loved one of his youth—Friederike, whose home beyond the Rhine was not very far away. If he had sought to find her he would have been obliged to make a pilgrimage to a grave. And this grave was very near, in Baden, in German soil. After many hard experiences in the home of her brother-in-law, Parson Marx, she had found a place of refuge, first in Diersburg, then in Meisenheim (between Lahr and Offenburg), where she died on the 3d of April, 1813. Throughout her life she had enjoyed the love and respect of all who knew her.

Through these memories many things had been refreshed in Goethe's mind, and his conversation on the return journey touched only upon his experiences in the past. Among those remembered was Minna, the original of Ottilie.

On the following morning he declared to Boisserée that he was not going to Frankfort, but would journey homeward by way of Würzburg, and that he intended to set out at once. He said that he did not feel well.[1] He spoke occasionally of his disinclination to meet the Duke and the latter's mistress, the opera singer Karoline Jagemann. It was only with difficulty that his young friends were able to persuade him to take one more day of rest. Then he parted from Heidelberg—"a sad, hard farewell." Sulpiz accompanied him to Würzburg. The farther Goethe journeyed from Heidelberg and from the road to Frankfort, the better he felt. Boisserée says it was because he gained in assurance that he would not be overtaken by the Duke and Karoline Jagemann. We shall assign another reason when we have read the following letter which he sent Willemer from Heidelberg:

"DEAR, ESTEEMED FRIEND: That I am constantly occupied with you and your happy surroundings, that I see the groves which you yourself planted and the lightly built, yet substantial, house more vividly than in their presence, and that I go over in memory again and again all the pleasure, consideration, kindness, and love, which I enjoyed by your side, you yourself doubtless feel, as I certainly cannot be banished from those shady spots, and must often meet you there. I have had a hundred fancies as to when, how, and where I should see you again, as until yesterday I had the duty assigned me of spending some charming days with my prince on the Rhine and the Main, perhaps even of joining in that brilliant anniversary celebration on the Mühlberg. Now these plans are upset and I am hastening home via Würzburg. My only consolation is the fact that without caprice and without resistance I am wandering the prescribed way and hence may all the more innocently direct my longing toward those whom I leave behind."

He wished to depart before there should be any occasion to regret anything he had done. The shades of Lili and Friederike had given him the quick, firm determination. This is our explanation of his sudden change between evening and morning. On the road he regained his freedom more and more and became more and more happy. In Meiningen, where he arrived on the 10th of October, he was again able to jest in poems with the dear mistress of the Gerbermühle. In one of them he makes the maidens to whom Hatem has formerly paid court call Hatem to account for remaining true to Suleika alone, protesting that they too are pretty. Hatem admits that they are and praises the particular beauty of each of them. We begin to divine their flattered expressions when suddenly he makes the astounding declaration that Suleika possesses all these beauties combined. When the maidens, as a last resort, ask him whether Suleika is as powerful in song as they are, he answers haughtily:

Kennt ihr ſolcher Tiefe Grund?
Selbſtgefühltes Lied entquillet,
Selbſtgedichtetes dem Mund.
Von euch Dichterinnen allen
Iſt ihr eben keine gleich . . .*

* Do ye such profoundness know?
Songs self-felt in her own bosom,
Self-composed from her lips flow.
Of your number, poetesses,
There is none with her compares.

With these songs, and further numbers added in Weimar, he sought to help himself and his friends bear the sorrow of longing.

The new year brought Goethe a great bereavement. On the 6th of June, 1816, his wife died after a period of severe suffering. In her he lost much. In hard days, in times of illness and distress, she had proved true and brave, and she had at all times relieved him of many of the petty burdens of everyday life. Furthermore she was a life companion whose happy naturalness imparted an agreeable atmosphere to his home, even though she was able to show but little appreciation of his higher spiritual life. Sorrow over her loss, deep gratitude, memories of the indignities which she had been forced to endure from the outer world for his sake, together with the natural desire to show most forcibly to this outer world what she had been to him, inspired the sentimental verses on the day of her death:

Du verſuchſt, o Sonne, vergebens,
  Durch die düſtern Wolken zu ſcheinen!
Der ganze Gewinn meines Lebens
  Iſt, ihren Verluſt zu beweinen.*

As the summer advanced the question arose as to what watering place he should visit. So far as the effect was concerned it was immaterial whether he went to Wiesbaden, Teplitz, or some other thermal springs. Love for the Rhine and for his friends in that region, especially Marianne, attracted him strongly toward the west. But dared he go in that direction? Zelter seemed to bring him to a decision. Zelter was going to Wiesbaden and obtained a promise from Goethe to accompany him thither. But Goethe soon changed his plan. He did not wish to traverse again the dangerous route, which would take him through Frankfort and into the vicinity of his beloved Marianne. He clung to his determination to go to the Rhine, but changed the goal of his journey to Baden-Baden, which he planned to reach via Würzburg, instead of via Frankfort.

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* Thou, O sun, dost labour in vain
  The obscuring clouds to divide;
My life's one ineffable gain
  Is grief o'er her loss from my side.

On the 20th of July he entered upon the journey in company with Meyer. Two hours after they left Weimar the carriage was upset and Meyer received a wound in the forehead. Goethe took him back to Weimar and gave up the journey. The accident seemed to him an ill omen. In spite of hundreds of most alluring temptations from within and without he never again visited the Rhine, his German Italy.[2] And as Marianne did not come to Thuringia he never saw her again. But he kept up his tender correspondence with her as long as he lived, and his letters were occasionally adorned with verses which surprise us with their fervour. Upon Marianne's songs he bestowed the highest honour by including them among his own in *West-östlicher Divan*. Toward the end of 1818, when he sent her the proof sheets containing the *Buch Suleika*, she replied, "I was surprised and deeply affected, and wept over the remembrances of a happy past."

II

THE LYRIC POET

Goethe the inspired poet—The mystery of his power—His talent an irresistible natural force—Spinozistic explanation of the poet's twofold nature—Goethe's object in writing poetry—His poetic vision and creation—His normality and superiority—Comparison with Heine—Goethe's poems are like painted window-panes—The genetic method of interpreting them—*Harzreise im Winter*—Various ways in which poems originated—Transformations through which they passed—*An den Mond* and *Der Fischer*—Goethe's reasons for making alterations—His advance beyond his predecessors—Influence of Herder and folk-poetry—Subject-matter of his poems true and genuine—They reflect typical truth—Their deep significance and symbolism—*Wonne der Wehmut*—Social songs—Ballads—Subjects from religious history—*Die Braut von Korinth*—*Die erste Walpurgisnacht*—*Paria*—*Der Gott und die Bajadere*—*Hochzeitlied*—*Ballade vom vertriebenen und zurückkehrenden Grafen*—Symbolic meaning of these ballads—*Der getreue Eckart*—*Erlkönig*—*Der König in Thule*—Inwardness in Goethe's ballads—His own experiences embodied in them—Goethe's employment of contrast in his poems—His resolution of apparent discords into harmonies—His serenity—His mastery of the art of representation—Objectivity—Inclination to symbolism—Vivid word-pictures, especially of nature and human beings—*Auf dem See*—Music in his verse and prose, even letters—Sources of his word-music—Verse forms which he employed—Tones lacking in his lyre—Place of Goethe's poetry in the spiritual life of Germany.

THE discussion of Goethe's lyric poetry brings us to the heart of all his poetic activity. In the origin and completion of his songs he himself recognised the best proof of his poetic talent. Early in life it seemed to him something wonderful and enigmatic. The songs sprang forth of themselves, without previous meditation or volition, at times even against his will; often in finished form, often merely the beginnings or outlines, but with an irresistible impulse to finish them. Even in the middle of the night the poetic visions would come to him and would vanish again as they had come, if he did not quickly hold them fast.

A subject might repose in his soul for years and decades and then suddenly shape itself into a poem. One experience would sink in the sand and be lost for ever, while another, perhaps a less important one, would spring forth as a song into a new and eternal existence. His involuntary poetic creation went so far that even things which he had not experienced, or read, or wrought out in his fancy, suddenly presented themselves to him as songs. They were inspirations in the fullest sense of the word. Hence he was justified in saying: "The songs made me, not I them," "The songs had me in their power," "It sang within me," and it would have been no meaningless phrase if he had applied to himself the words of his minstrel, "I sing myself as carols the bird."

What kind of a mysterious power was this, of which he had become the instrument? Out of it grew, not merely rhymes and rhythms, but highly artistic structures, which revealed life with the transparency of crystal and rocked the poet on the waves of harmony.

Goethe himself was fond of studying this question, but, with his modest fear of appearing guilty of self-deification, he confined himself to describing his poetic power, instead of pointing out its original source. When he was writing the last part of his biography he felt the need of giving others an account of his thoughts; but again he did not go beyond certain fragmentary indications, which are very difficult to interpret. He gave a detailed account of how Spinoza's philosophy had taught him to grasp the All as a necessary whole, how he had received from it peace and enlightenment, how it had made him capable of resignation; and then, to our surprise, added the statement that he had brought all this forward for the sole purpose of making comprehensible what he was about to say concerning his poetic talent. He described this talent, however, only from the point of view of the compulsion which it exercised, obliging him to look upon it as a force of nature. But he says that this force of nature was not always active, for which reason he considered it proper for him, during the pauses, to make use of his other powers and to devote them to the affairs of the world. He left it for his readers to find the connection between this utterance and the teachings of Spinoza. Let us seek to find it by explaining Goethe's conception of the philosopher.

Spinoza sees in the world an embodiment of God. But, though all the parts of this body are necessary members of the divine whole, they are not equally permeated by God. Only the fully divine are essential, eternal, and harmonious; those less divine are changeable, fleeting phenomena, ripplings of the waves crowding and dashing against each other at the surface of the sea, which in its depths is not moved.*

In this picture of the world Goethe recognised his own twofold nature.† The fully divine, the essential, in him was the poet; the confused earthly, the accidental, was the everyday man, the man of affairs and society. It was for this reason that the world lay so clear and harmonious before him, and that such profound repose came over him, when he looked out into the world as a poet, a part of the pure essence of God, with the eye of God; it was for this same reason that the world seemed so confused and contradictory when he moved about in it with the blurred vision of an ordinary son of earth. Hence it was that his poetic talent asserted itself as a force which acted of itself and found its way with sovereign certainty, whereas the other things which he attempted in the world were characterised by uncertainty, doubt, and error.

It was for this reason that he was able to practise resignation more easily than others. Resignation gave him pleasure, if not immediately, at least through the after effects, both in the specific instance and in general. He resigned only what was ephemeral and apparent, whereas he saved his own peculiar nature, his poetic genius, so much the more fully. But this resignation must not be a renunciation of the world, for as God needs the world in order to perfect himself, so does the poet. It is his food and his task.

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* The Earth-Spirit, in *Faust*, characterises itself as an "eternal sea."

† *Cf. W.*, xxix., 9, 8, and 17, 5; xxviii., 311, 6 and 22.

Seeing things in their distinctness and harmony, the poet perceives them in their true light. It was an astounding new discovery that Goethe made in his own soul. So soon as an experience transformed itself in his soul into a poem, it became clarified and purified, and its real substance appeared then in its true relations. In the temporal he saw the eternal, in the small the great, in the narrow the broad, in the accidental the necessary. In this way that which was specific lost its empty, meaningless isolation. He himself declared on one occasion that "the lively poetic perception of a limited state raises a specific phenomenon to a circumscribed and yet unlimited universal, so that in the small space we believe we see the whole world." The specific instance became the model of a thousand similar things and cases and a symbol for a thousand analogous ones. It became typical and symbolical. Bearing in mind this grasping of truth by means of poetic perception, we can understand Goethe's confession, which at first blush is so perplexing, and sounds so like a disciple of Gottsched, that he wrote poetry not merely for the sake of pacifying himself, but also for the purpose of correcting his conceptions of things.

Poetical enthusiasm, in the original sense of a state of being filled with God,[3] furnished him with prophetic power, raised him to a lofty point of observation, from which the labyrinths of the world lay before him in perfect order. "How could I behold the world so clearly as now when I have nothing further to seek in it?" he once wrote. This is supposed to be a token of homage to Frau von Stein, but the words might also have been addressed to the muse of poetry, who, as we well know, appeared to him in the form of his beloved. Thus he receives the veil of poetry from the hand of truth, and says to her:

> Ach, da ich irrte, hatt' ich viel Geſpielen;[3]
> Da ich dich kenne, bin ich faſt allein.*

In the realm of truth one is usually very much alone. In the "Prelude" to *Faust* the poet requires the "longing for truth," if he is to write poetry.[4] This point of view gives us the full meaning of the words, "The poems made me, not I them." By revealing to him the truth, they developed his higher being.

When with his divine soul Goethe sees, feels, recognises, and experiences the world as a poet, he expresses not only himself, but also the world in its normality, so that every man finds himself reflected in the poet's world. The mysterious peculiarity which great geniuses possess, of uniting in a wonderful way marked spiritual superiority with normality, the extraordinary with the common, manifests itself in Goethe as in almost no other man. High as he stands above the average man, there is something thoroughly normal about his nature. An emotion may rise higher and grow more ardent in his soul than in the soul of another man, and yet this emotion is aroused only in conditions in which it is aroused in men of smaller calibre. Likewise his thoughts are, as a rule, deeper than those of other men, but they move in a direction which does not depart from the normal line. Hence, as a matter of course, he experiences only what any normal man experiences or might experience. This normality of the man is not lessened by the poet; it is increased, rather, both by the selection and the purification of the features of the experience or the picture which he portrays, and by the moderation of the expression of them. This is especially important in the expression of his passion; for, although we know that his passion is aroused only by a normal occasion, nevertheless it rises to such a height that it might become somewhat abnormal because of its intensity. At this point, however, the muse steps in and with her heavenly hand "calms every wave of life."

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* Alas! while erring I had comrades many;
Since thee I 've known I 've lost them almost all.

The contrary is true of many other poets, especially of "demi-geniuses." There is something about them that is eccentric, awry, unwholesome, and extreme. Because of this temperament they either experience or fancy things which are not likely to happen to other mortals, or else they accompany their experiences and fancies with emotions and thoughts such as very rarely, if ever, occur to others. The act of writing poetry does not exercise a pacifying influence on them; it inflames them, rather, so that even normal subjects, thoughts, and feelings are expressed by them in a way indicating an overheated imagination. In order to gain a clear consciousness of this let us take a single example. Heine's love passion was certainly never greater, and was hardly ever as great as Goethe's. And yet the expression of his passion surpassed anything that Goethe's love-fire inspired him to sing. Take for example these lines:

> Aus Norwegs Wäldern
> Reiß' ich die höchſte Tanne,
> Und tauche ſie ein
> In des Ätnas glühenden Schlund, und mit ſolcher
> Feuergetränkten Rieſenfeder
> Schreib' ich an die dunkle Himmelsdecke:
> „Agnes, ich liebe dich!"
> Jedwede Nacht lodert alsdann
> Dort oben die ewige Flammenſchrift,
> Und alle nachwachſenden Enkelgeſchlechter
> Leſen jauchzend die Himmelsworte:
> „Agnes, ich liebe dich!"*

* From Norway's forests
I snatch their tallest pine tree
And plunge it deep
Into the glowing crater of Ætna,
And with this gigantic, fire-filled pen
I write on the dark dome of heaven:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
And then each night the sky will blaze

Such poems, with their half-true, cleverly exaggerated thoughts, and their beautiful violence of expression, may excite our admiration, they may delight us and hold our attention, but our deepest inner self is not wedded to them, and they do not become active factors in our soul-life, emerging at the proper moment with their grateful influence to enlighten, or to confirm and strengthen, our own being. They never give us that feeling which we all have, and which Felix Mendelssohn once expressed, when he said that it had often seemed to him as though the same thing must have occurred to himself under similar circumstances, and that Goethe had merely chanced to say it. How far this general human character and this beneficent effect extends, every one can give abundant testimony from his own experience. However, it may not be out of place to cite here a remarkable example—the verses which the poet addressed to Heaven from the slope of the Ettersberg on the 12th of February, 1776—

Der du von dem Himmel biſt,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen ſtilleſt,
Den, der doppelt elend iſt,
Doppelt mit Erquickung fülleſt,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was ſoll all der Schmerz und Luſt?
Süßer Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Bruſt!*— —

had their most special occasion, and yet Pestalozzi makes a Swiss peasant woman sing them with her children at evening prayers, and they suit the situation so excellently that one cannot read them there without being affected.

This general human character would stand out more vividly and oftener if Goethe had not had the habit of keeping close to personal experience in his poems. With him

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With the eternal flaming legend,
And all coming generations of men
Will joyfully read the heavenly words:
"Agnes, I love thee!"

* The original form in which Goethe sent this poem to Frau von Stein is quoted on p. 287 *f.* of vol. i., where a translation is given.—C.

this habit was a necessity, as we already know. In the epic and the drama, where the author must represent an experience in a picture that is consistent in itself, where, that is, he must sever his personal connection with it, this method of procedure has its advantages. It is different with lyric poetry, where the experience passes directly into the poem, without being transformed into a picture. In addition to the distinct advantages arising therefrom, which we shall discuss later, there is a disadvantage which not infrequently makes itself felt. Poems born of a particular situation are permeated with such specifically personal, local, and contemporary allusions, that they are obscure to the uninformed reader. This fault was found, even while Goethe was still alive, and so he took up his pen in his own defence and wrote:

Gedichte ſind gemalte Fenſterſcheiben!
  Sieht man vom Markt in die Kirche hinein,
    Da iſt alles dunkel und düſter;

. . . .

Kommt aber nur einmal herein!
  Begrüßt die heilige Kapelle!
  Da iſt's auf einmal farbig helle,
  Geſchicht' und Zierrat glänzt in Schnelle,
Bedeutend wirkt ein edler Schein. . . .*

That is the secret. We must work our way into the interior of Goethe's poems and view them from within, must seek to discover their process of crystallisation under the combined influence of experience in life and philosophy of the world, if they are to reveal themselves to us in their full blaze of splendour. This is true even of those which seem clear and transparent the first time we meet them.

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* The poet's lines are painted window-panes.
  If into the church from the market we look,
    All within is dark and obscure;

. . . .

But when we once within repair
  To see the chapel's sacred light,
  A colour-splendour greets the sight,
  The words and ornaments grow bright,
And we the poet's rapture share.

They, too, have their hidden special roots, the laying bare of which will enhance their charm and worth.

To many people this may seem a rather toilsome road to the enjoyment of a poem; but they must not forget that a truly great work of art—and such the smallest of Goethe's poems often are—does not reveal its full value without some effort on the part of the observer, however strong a first impression it may make.

We shall obtain, then, the best grasp of the substance and import of a poem by Goethe if we acquaint ourselves with its history. At the same time that we are doing this we shall catch most interesting glimpses of the interior of the poet's workshop, even though but through a cranny. We shall see a large part of his songs spring up quickly and develop to full flower out of a simple occasion. We shall see a smaller part also shoot up quickly, and then stand still, until new occasions come to force them to maturity. We shall see a third part pass through several transformations; at times only the outward form being affected, at other times the whole tendency undergoing a change. The most instructive of these three groups is the second. Let us trace the development of a few of them. First the *Harzreise im Winter*.

On the morning of the 29th of November, 1777, the poet is riding all alone toward the Harz. He sees a vulture soaring among the dark snow clouds above him. So shall the impressions made upon his liberated soul on this lonely journey soar as a song high above the turmoil of earthly life. The first stanza of the poem has taken shape. On this journey the poet is to visit a self-torturing youth.* Involuntarily he paints to himself the contrast between his own condition and that of Plessing. This comparison is crystallised in the second stanza. He rides on and the following day beholds a comfortably situated city; the sight of it brings another stanza to life. Thus the song keeps on growing in sections, always following his experiences, with an occasional secondary thought which suddenly flashes through his mind, until in the ascent of the Brocken, on the twelfth day of the journey, it reaches its culmination and end.

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* Vol. i., p. 338.

If the composition itself did not teach us that the poem is not a subsequent grouping of the experiences and emotions of the journey, Goethe's diary and other accounts of those days would prove it. It was conceived and its various parts written down under immediate impressions. Nevertheless, thanks to Goethe's instinctive artistic power, it received a unity, which is disturbed only by the little digression to call down a blessing upon his friends who have gone out to the chase. It is of the great theme of the happiness in the love of men and the unhappiness in the hatred of men that it treats, and the Brocken, which at the end looks down out of the clouds "on the kingdoms and glory of the world," stands as a symbol of God, who bestows his treasures upon the happy and the unhappy in equal measure.

We must think of the composition of *Willkommen und Abschied* as having taken place in exactly the same way, except that the chain of many links in the *Harzreise* is here shortened to one of three. In this poem likewise each link took shape under the excitement of the moment. This is shown by the atmosphere of the poem and by the outward circumstance that among Friederike's posthumous papers were found only the first ten lines of the poem, and they were not set off in stanzas.

Another peculiar example is found in *Ilmenau*. The great central part, the vision, which brings back to the poet the Duke and his companions in camp in the forest at night, was very probably composed in 1776, likewise under the fresh impression of the scene, and was then put aside for seven years, until it was woven into a second composition which Goethe dedicated to the Duke.

Whereas the growth of these songs along with a chain of impressions extends over a series of days or even years, in other cases the process lasts but a few hours. But the development is the same. We are not to think of the poet as sitting down at his desk afterward and making a combination of a variety of impressions; we must think of an immediate conception, creation, and arrangement. The same is true of *Wanderers Sturmlied*, which he sang to himself as an accompaniment to his different impulses on a walk; *An Schwager Kronos*, which he chanted to himself during a ride in the post chaise; *Auf dem See*, in which he immediately gave poetic form to the pictures and feelings that greeted his eyes and stirred his heart on a boat ride, entering the lines afterward in his diary; and, near the end of his life, *Dem aufgehenden Vollmonde*, in which the quickly changing views of the moon in a lightly overcast sky are brought into harmony with his own feelings.

There is still another way in which he incorporated in one song several motives which were not all present in his breast at the beginning, but came to him afterwards one by one. The first motive by itself would give no signs of poetic life until a second was added, and a third and a fourth, and then they would all gain life at once and unite, and from their union would issue a poetic fruit. In that case we have outwardly but one, or perhaps two, acts of creation; but inwardly more such acts have taken place. Such was the case with the song *An den Mond*, which brings us back again to the journey to the Harz Mountains.

On the 16th of January, 1778, a young woman of the Weimar Court circle, Christel von Lasberg, drowned herself in the Ilm, near Goethe's Gartenhaus, out of unhappy love—and, it was said, with a copy of *Werther* in her pocket. Goethe was deeply affected by the tragedy and "lingered for several days about the scene of the death in quiet mourning." His usually mobile, glowing heart was fixed on the river by his thoughts, as by a ghost. He was greatly depressed for weeks. His depression grew worse when Frau von Stein shut herself off from him. At the beginning of the new month his beloved turned to him again, and, happy in her possession, he was glad to observe his "continued, absolute estrangement from men." A walk with her in the moonlight perfected this beautiful, pure mood, and his soul felt at last entirely free from the depression and the suspense of the past weeks. The first four stanzas of the song *An den Mond* were crystallised in their original form. A few days more passed and on the 22d of February he visited Plessing, who "drank hatred of men out of fulness of love," and lived a secluded life in bitter estrangement. This furnished the last stanzas, which the poet directed to Plessing, to Frau von Stein, and to himself. At the same time they take us back to Christel von Lasberg, to whom it was not granted to enjoy with a husband the best things of life. The poem in its original form runs:

Fülleſt wieder's liebe Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Löſeſt endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz;

Breiteſt über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie der Liebſten Auge mild
Über mein Geſchick.

Das du ſo beweglich kennſt,
Dieſes Herz im Brand,
Haltet ihr wie ein Geſpenſt
An den Fluß gebannt.

Wenn in öder Winternacht
Er vom Tode ſchwillt,
Und bei Frühlingslebens Pracht
An den Knoſpen quillt.

Selig wer ſich vor der Welt
Ohne Haß verſchließt,
Einen Mann am Buſen hält
Und mit dem genießt,

Was dem Menſchen unbewußt
Oder wohl veracht
Durch das Labyrinth der Bruſt
Wandelt in der Nacht.*

* Fill'st the lovely vale again
Still with misty light,
And dissolvest all the strain
From my soul to-night.

Whereas one root of this song rests in the sorrowful end of Fräulein von Lasberg, there is a ballad which sends down all its roots to the tragedy. It is *Der Fischer*, which describes the natural fascinating power of water. During the days when Goethe was busy with pickaxe and spade, converting a corner of the park into a monument to the dead girl, he wrote to Frau von Stein, "We worked till after nightfall, and finally I alone till the hour of her death." He warned Frau von Stein, whose melancholy moods he knew, not to go down to the river; for "this inviting grief has a dangerous attraction, like the water itself, and the reflection of the stars of heaven, which shines out of both, entices us."

Lockt dich der tiefe Himmel nicht,
Das feuchtverklärte Blau?
Lockt dich dein eigen Angeſicht
Nicht her in ew'gen Tau? *

O'er my meadows from on high
Send'st thy soothing gaze,
Like my sweetheart's gentle eye
O'er my fortune's ways.

And this heart, thou know'st it well,
Mobile and agleam,
Hold ye by a ghostly spell
To the silent stream,

When in winter's cheerless night
Deadly swell its floods,
And in spring's new-born delight
Mirror bursting buds.

Happy he who, free from hate,
Leaves the world's vain noise,
To his bosom clasps a mate,
And with him enjoys

What, by common folk unguessed,
Or esteemed but light,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night.

* Doth it not lure thee—heaven's deep,
The lustrous, limpid blue?
Doth not thine own face bid thee leap
Within th' eternal dew?

Here we have an example of one occasion giving rise to two poems, which tend in opposite directions, not merely because the experience was rich enough in content to arouse different thoughts, pictures, and moods, but also because in Goethe's harmonious soul the one demanded the other as a counterpoise. With the dangerous natural fascination of the water, in whose floods glistens a deceptive image of the moon, is contrasted the healing charm of the real heavenly sphere, which sheds its light over bush and vale.

The song *An den Mond* may serve as an example of the class of poems which experienced a more or less thoroughgoing transformation. Goethe did not publish it in the original form. It doubtless seemed to him too harsh and obscure. It appeared in print for the first time in 1789 in a new version. The beginning and the end were changed but little—the most important alteration was the substitution in the second stanza of "*des Freundes*" for "*der Liebsten*" ("friend" for "sweetheart"). The middle of the poem, however, was considerably lengthened, and all reference to the death of the young lady of the Court was expunged. A new motive was introduced into the poem, which became the fundamental motive, and with it the motives which were retained were most artistically blended. The song became the lament of a woman whose lover has forsaken her, and whose soul experiences an alleviation of its sorrow as she strolls forth by the glorifying light of the moon to the scenes of her bittersweet memories. The last stanzas mark the culmination of these remembrances. Their seriousness has previously been referred to in the lines, "Once, alas, this treasure rare I myself did own."

We may assume that this new song was composed in Italy, as an expression of Frau von Stein's sorrow at the time when she interpreted Goethe's secret flight and stubborn silence as a sign that he had forsaken her faithlessly and for ever. Through this song he liberated himself from the pain which the sorrow of his beloved caused him, and he thought he was also alleviating her pain by sending her this complaint against himself, which gives evidence of such keen appreciation of her suffering. But the unbelieving, sorely disappointed woman found it an inadequate expression of her emotions. She intensified the lamentation and the accusation, and in this changed form it was found among her papers.

An example of a more gentle, and yet significant, transformation is the famous poem to Friederike, *Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter*, which the poet never published in its original form. He erased the stanza,

Schickſal, ſegne dieſe Triebe,
  Laß mich ihr und laß ſie mein,
Laß das Leben unſrer Liebe
  Doch kein Roſenleben ſein.*

He also changed the second line of the last stanza from "*Reich mir deine liebe Hand*" ("Place thy darling hand in mine") to "*Reiche frei mir deine Hand*" ("Freely place thy hand in mine"), and substituted "*Blick*" ("glance") for "*Kuss*" ("kiss") in another verse, thus lowering the tone of the love song, in which the lover longs for eternal union with his sweetheart, to that of a poem of warm homage, which, after the fashion of the eighteenth century, desires nothing but lasting friendship. He had two reasons for making these alterations: his spiritual desire to bring the earlier document into harmony with the later course of his youthful love, and his artistic taste, which sought to avoid the repetition of similar thoughts and comparisons in the last two stanzas.

With the alterations which are not, as in the case of *An den Mond*, determined by new personal motives, there is usually introduced into the composition something less individual and farther removed from the impressions of the moment. As a result the poem is made easier to under-

* Fortune, bless this pure emotion,
  Keep me hers and keep her mine,
Let the life of our devotion
  Never like the rose decline.

stand, but is robbed of some of its personal charm. In *Willkommen und Abschied*, for example, the second line, "*Und fort, wild, wie ein Held zur Schlacht*" ("Swift as a warrior to the fight"),—so characteristic of young Goethe dashing away at mad speed toward Sesenheim—is changed to the tamer reading, "*Es war getan, fast eh gedacht*" ('T was done almost as soon as thought"). In the poem *Jägers Abendlied*, a Weimar echo of his former relation to Lili, the poet replaces the stanza which reminds one so much of Orestes and Faust—

Des Menſchen, der in aller Welt
  Nie findet Ruh noch Raſt;
Dem wie zu Hauſe, ſo im Feld
  Sein Herze ſchwillt zur Laſt *—

by a new one, which suggests nothing but the unhappy lover:

Des Menſchen, der die Welt durchſtreift,
  Voll Unmut und Verdruß;
Nach Oſten und nach Weſten ſchweift,
  Weil er dich laſſen muß.†

In his effort to make his poetry intelligible to all he has effaced many a beautiful and interesting feature, characteristic of his former self, by the changing of a single word. In *Wonne der Wehmut*, which he composed in 1775 out of sorrow over his separation from Lili, we read in the original version: "*Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht, Tränen der heiligen Liebe!*" ("Dry ye not, dry ye not, tears of a love that is holy"). We find the same adjective applied to love in a letter to Auguste Stolberg of the same period. Out of fear that the reader might not fully understand why he characterised love as holy, he later erased the word "*heiligen*" and substituted for it "*ewigen*" ("everlasting"). In the *Wanderers Nachtlied* of February 12, 1776, he changed

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* *Cf.* vol. ii., p. 2.

† The man of trouble and unrest,
  Who roameth far and wide,
Now tow'rd the east, now tow'rd the west,
  Since forced to leave thy side.

"*Alle Freud' und Schmerzen stillest*" ("Every joy and sorrow stillest") to "*Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest*" ("Every pain and sorrow stillest"). In the poem *Einschränkung* (August 3, 1776), one of the most exquisite documents of the beginning of his career in Weimar, he made many alterations out of consideration for Karl August; there were other changes which he made without being constrained by this motive. The phrase, "*In reine Dumpfheit gehüllt*" ("Wrapped in a pure dream-veil"*), which characterises so aptly young Goethe's and the Duke's striving, a striving that was a groping about in the dark, and yet pure, was reduced to the simple, but hardly more intelligible, expression "*eingehüllt*" ("inwrapped").

We have put forward prominently the inward and outward truth of Goethe's poems. Outward truth, in that they portray experiences; inward truth, in that the experiences are of a normal and typical character and their typical value is further enhanced by artistic elaboration. In this element of truth they show a very great advance over Goethe's predecessors. If we except, perhaps, the unfortunate poet Johann Christian Günther, and Klopstock, whose productions in this field were essentially intellectual lyrics, the lyric poetry before Goethe, in so far as it made any literary pretensions, was, like all the poetry of the time, nothing but "polite learning," as it aptly styled itself. Poets read the lyric models, both good and bad, among the ancients and among the French, they learned their modes of expression and their artificial manner, and with this knowledge patched together tender, gallant songs. Young Goethe said with reference to this state of affairs: "We are actuated by an artificial feeling; our imagination composes its poetry with a cold heart." The worthy Anacreontic poet Christian Felix Weisse had no idea at all to what extent he was mocking himself when he affirmed, in the consciousness of his innocence:

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* The word *Dumpfheit*, as here employed by Goethe, connotes so much that it defies translation. For a scholarly and most interesting discussion of the semasiology of the word see Boucke, *Wort und Bedeutung in Goethes Sprache*, pp. 156 *ff*., 297 *ff*., and 306.—C.

Ich träumte ſtets in Roſenlauben,
Und ward am Schreibetiſche wach.
Ich träumte Moſt aus Hochheims Trauben,
Und ſchöpfte meinen aus dem Bach.*

The fundamental truthfulness of his nature had led Goethe, even while a student at Leipsic,[5] to break away from this empty, vapid dalliance in verse, even though he may later, now and then, have paid homage to the fashionable gods and donned the wig and sword of gallantry. But the bursting of the last bits of the shell which still clung to his genius and cramped it was accomplished by his contact with the teachings of Herder and folk-poetry. When, a short time after his return from Strasburg, he begged the genius of his fatherland to cause to rise up a youth in whose songs there should be truth and living beauty, not gay, soap-bubble ideals, such as were floating about in hundreds of German songs, he knew very well that this youth had already arisen in his own person. He had already sung *Willkommen und Abschied*, *Mailied*, *Heidenröslein*, *Der Wandrer*, *Wanderers Sturmlied*, *Felsweihe-Gesang*, *Elysium*, and *Pilgers Morgenlied*, which were soon followed by *Adler und Taube*, *Mahomets Gesang*, *Prometheus*, *Ganymed*, *An Schwager Kronos*, *Künstlers Abendlied*, and the many other effusions of his youth, some breathing Storm and Stress, others enveloped in the aura of peaceful repose.

Before this virile afflatus the old fictitious world of namby-pamby shepherds and shepherdesses disappeared on every hand, the Chloes and Phyllises, the Damoetases and Philintes vanished, and made way for true existence and for living human beings, grasped by a vigorous hand from the jangling confusion of the world. Here there was no imaginary lover, no imaginary sweetheart—he hardly ever drew on the old stock of properties for a name to cloak his originals; nor was there any imaginary circum-

* I ever dreamed in rosy bowers,
And at my writing desk awoke;
I dreamed new hock of wondrous powers,
And dipped my own from out the brook.

stance—except perchance a real circumstance transformed into a symbolic picture—or any "pretended emotions." In Goethe, the mortal enemy of empty words, we shall seek in vain for meaningless phrases. Strike where one will the many hundred statues, large or small, of his lyric Pantheon, they will nowhere sound hollow. On the contrary, one may say of the most of them that their metal is of too compact a nature. The lyric moulds were too small to contain comfortably the abundance of material which he poured into them. This quality of compactness became more and more marked as he grew older. The over-abundance of material caused the meaning of many of the poet's songs to be shrouded in darkness, or at least in a kind of crepuscular light, such as we have previously seen resulting from the individual nature of the experiences to which they owed their origin. Again we are reminded of his comparison of his poetry to painted window-panes.

When we say that Goethe's poems reflect typical truth, we at the same time declare that their thought-content is true and genuine. It is not necessary that every true thought should be distinguished by depth. The truth contained in Goethe's poems, however, causes our eyes to penetrate to their utmost depths the human breast and the riddles of the universe.

Let us choose as examples of his lyrics of feeling very short poems, because in them the significant content will be most clearly revealed.

Wonne der Wehmut is a poem of only six lines:

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!
Ach! nur dem halb getrockneten Auge
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erſcheint!
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe! *

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* Dry ye not, dry ye not,
Tears of a love everlasting!
Ah! to the eye still half dimmed with weeping
How dreary, how dead the world doth appear!

Yet how deep an insight these few lines give us! There is no great, true happiness without pain. Hence even the happiness of true love must be accompanied by pain and tears. True love is of God, a part of the divine love permeating the universe. Hence it is everlasting, or, as we read in the original version, holy. If the tears of this love were to dry up, it would be a sign that the love itself had withered. Without love the world appears dreary and dead, a soulless, jangling mechanism. And, as Goethe, late in life, in one of the most beautiful songs of his *West-östlicher Divan*, distinctly pointed out, God seemed lonely to himself before he had sent love into the world. To this philosophy of the world unhappy love is a thing unknown; and in the original version the last line spoke only of "tears of a love everlasting." For even the tears of unhappy love have something blessed about them. Indeed, they enable us to feel our intimate relation to the world more clearly than do the tears of happy love. With the situation in mind in which he had composed the little song, when his love for Lili had proved to be an unhappy love, he wrote, "Through the most glowing tears of love I gazed on the moon and the world, and everything about me was soulful." In so far the last line now appears as a climax, and it is an evidence of Goethe's good judgment that he gave "unhappy" love a place in the poem, instead of merely repeating the first two lines as a refrain.

True love is a fructifying influence which radiates in all directions. Not only does it unite us more closely with the world, in general it makes man nobler and purer. It casts out all that is ignoble, crude, and harsh, melts selfishness hidden away in deep "wintry caves," and, because it is "the spirit of purity itself," it helps the good in man to attain to a free and happy growth. Out of this feeling Goethe composed *Herbstgefühl*, about the same time. The vine outside his window is bedewed with the tears of ever-animating love, and so the song begins:

Dry ye not, dry ye not,
Tears of a love all unhappy!

Fetter grüne, du Laub,
Am Rebengeländer
Hier mein Fenſter herauf!
Gedrängter quellet,
Zwillingsbeeren, und reifet
Schneller und glänzend voller! *

Then from this little glimpse of Autumn we are carried by a quick turn to the most fruitful foundation of the moral world.

In this connection we must recall the concluding stanzas of the song entitled *An den Mond*, in which the poet says, "Happy he who leaves the world's vain noise and to his bosom clasps a friend." But not for weak self-enjoyment. Hence the condition, "without hate." This is not meant to convey the idea of indifference; the poet means, rather, with love toward the world and with the determination to continue to exert an influence in the world, as we see more clearly from the further lines, "And with him enjoys, what, by common folk unguessed, or esteemed but light, through the mazes of the breast softly steals by night."†

In order to gain the best things in the life of man, and in this way to strengthen himself for active participation in the work of the world, the individual not only has the right, but it is his duty at times, to withdraw from the world. For the world, with its noise and superficiality, prevents the awakening of the best that is in man, which can be drawn from the depths of the soul only by a like-minded friend and when all around is still. Unknown to men, or not taken into account by them, it passes through the labyrinth of the breast in the night. This is not obscure rhetoric, such as is so frequently employed by shallow minds to give confused thought the semblance of profundity; like the "labyrinthian caverns" of the original version of the Marienbad *Elegie*, it is an impressive symbol of the labyrinthian intricacies of our soul-powers, which psychology only with difficulty is able to unravel.

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* Green more richly, ye leaves,
That up o'er the trellis
Past my window do rise!
More densely swell ye,
Berries twin, and more quickly
Ripen to fuller splendour!

† See page 42.

To these examples may be added one more little song. It numbers four lines and is placed in the mouth of Suleika.

Der Spiegel ſagt mir: ich bin ſchön!
  Ihr ſagt: zu altern ſei auch mein Geſchick.
Vor Gott muß alles ewig ſtehn,
  In mir liebt Ihn, für dieſen Augenblick.

It begins with outward things. Suleika is standing before a mirror and admires her reflection—"The mirror tells me I am fair!" She hears mocking voices: "Ye say, to age my certain fate will be." True, but: "To God all things eternal are." Even though ye, like this mirror, look upon my beauty as something ephemeral, before God it stands eternal; for, like everything else, it is an emanation from Him. "For this one moment, then, love Him in me." At least for the moment that my beauty endures. Thus the diminutive song leads us from a look into the mirror to the Eternal, to the Most High; and while the poet, in these narrow limits, is developing the quickly rising thought, he at the same time has space enough to show us Suleika in her beauty, her depth, and her humility.

The social song is looked upon as a lower order of emotional lyric. Yet what inspiring earnestness Goethe has succeeded in imparting to his cheery symposiac compositions! To his faithful friends who share the cup with him he grants absolution only on condition that they shall strive unceasingly to break themselves of their habit of half-doing things, and to live resolutely whole lives of goodness and beauty (*Generalbeichte*, 1804). He advises one to count on the vanity of the world, by which he means to declare one's complete resignation in order the more surely to make the world one's own possession (*Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas!* 1806). For him who takes people just as they are, with toleration, he prophesies their willing co-operation (*Offne Tafel*, 1813). He lauds honest, joyful, determined action and condemns eternal sighing and groaning, and, above all else, affected sorrow over the wickedness and miserableness of the world (*Rechenschaft*, 1810). To the good and strong, who always keep up their courage, he promises not only happy hours when a *bibamus* shall rejoice their ears, but even happier ones when the clouds hanging over the world shall part and through the rift the Deity shall appear in splendour (*Ergo Bibamus*, 1810). Indeed, the happy couples belonging to the Wednesday Club go out from the sacred feast and scatter throughout the broad universe, as social monads creating new worlds (*Weltseele*, 1803). The serious appeals and the profound interpretations of this worldly wisdom are not delivered in an awkward, obtrusive, and pedantic way; they are presented gracefully, fluently, humorously, even perkily, so that the peculiar character of the social song is preserved. Goethe knew how to transform the old saying, *Pro patria est, dum ludere videmur*, into a *Pro deo est*.

In a lyric of feeling we demand a certain depth of thought, but not in a narrative poem. We are satisfied, may even be moved and delighted, if the event which the poet relates to us is presented in an effective way. Thus we have ballads, under which name we include here all narrative poems, which have little or no thought-content and yet are valued highly as works of art; such as Bürger's *Lenore*, Schiller's *Der Taucher*, Uhland's *Des Sängers Fluch*, Heine's *Belsazar*, or Goethe's own *Alexis und Dora*.

The highest artistic value, however, attaches to those poems which unite significant content and the portrayal of a very interesting action. Goethe wrote more such ballads than any other poet. And these poems have such a magic charm for us because the thought in them is either entirely, or most forcibly, expressed through the picture, and the effect of the picture is like that of an enveloping veil through which it is possible to divine the thought. The charm is further enhanced by the fact that Goethe has woven the veil out of wonderful material. Realising with fine discrimination that the deepest things that stir the human heart are deposited in popular myths and legends in which supermundane and inframundane powers and forces are real factors in ordinary life, he drew his material from these sources. To this category belongs *Die Braut von Korinth* (1797).

We see in this poem the consummation of the effects of an event of world-wide significance, the clash between Christianity and heathenism, in the smallest, and yet most important, circle of mankind, the family. This clash, furthermore, may be looked upon as a symbol of all conflicts arising from differences in faith, views, and convictions, whether in matters pertaining to God, the state, society, rank, family, or to the single individual with whom one is associated by choice or by accident in a common life. We see how egoism (here that of the sick mother) is only too willing to take faith into its service, with the pleasing self-delusion that the sacrifices which one demands in one's behalf will serve the good cause, the generality of mankind. We see the conflict between the ever-justifiable claims of nature and the bigoted laws and fancies of men; we see the infinite power of love, which unites the lovers beyond the grave, and how the one person draws the other to himself, first the living youth the dead maiden, by imparting to her life-blood, then the dead maiden the living youth, by drawing from him his life-blood. But this common death is only an awakening to new life, an awakening again with the kind old gods, who have remained alive and will continue to live, because in them are incorporated the laws of nature.

Whereas in *Die Braut von Korinth* Goethe described the conflict between Christianity and heathenism on Greek soil, in *Die erste Walpurgisnacht* (1799) the scene is on German soil, and here the poet's sole purpose is to bring out the contrast. Hence the two forms of belief are set off against each other with characteristic distinctness.

It is a very lively night scene. The heathen have gathered on the mountain top for their May festival, and as they approach All-father with nocturnal fire and song, Christian warriors pursue them, as though they were dangerous wild animals. They frighten away the Christians with the devil, whom the Christians fable, and then finish their exalted festival in peace.

Goethe throws all the light on heathenism and leaves all the shade for Christianity. To be sure, he did not mean Christianity as Jesus taught it; he meant, rather, that *borné*, erroneous view of the world which considers nature hostile to God, a domain of the devil, whereas his heathenism sees in nature the self-revelation of God. The Christians appear in the ballad as cruel persecutors of those of different belief, because they feel themselves hindered in their belief by these creatures of the devil; at the same time they are cowardly and are filled with terror in the presence of nature, which they look upon as a work of the devil. The heathen, on the contrary, are gentle; they consider every being a creature of God, which may well impair the existence, but not the belief, of another. Hence they only ward off those who attack them, while the Christians slay even the peaceful. Nor are they afraid of anything that is natural. No devil can fill them with terror, because they find him nowhere in nature. The Christians consider their faith a faith fully revealed to them by God, and hence perfect; the heathen consider theirs a faith true in itself, but as yet imperfect, because God-Nature is only gradually revealed to man. But as the fire is purified of the smoke, so they hope that in time their faith will also be purified of all obscurity.

Und raubt man uns den alten Brauch,
Dein Licht, wer kann es rauben! *

A third time Goethe treated the theme of dogmatic and natural religion, this time limiting himself to a short presentation of the final conflicts between the two, in the legend of the Ephesian goldsmith (*Gross ist die Diana der Epheser*, 1812), who prefers to picture God according to his likenesses in nature, rather than according to the conceptions "back of the silly forehead of man."

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* Rob us they may of customs old;
Who can thy light deny us?

We have wandered far with the poet in order to assure ourselves of the depth of his ballads,—from Greece to Germany, and thence to the soil of Asia Minor. Let us make a somewhat broader search and go with him now to the waters of the Indus and the Ganges. There is to be found the outward home of the songs *Paria* and *Der Gott und die Bajadere.* He laid the scene of the most profound pictures of his conception of God in the original home of the Indo-Europeans. We find this conception most elaborately expressed in the *Paria*, which accounts for the fact that he carried the material about in his mind for forty years[6] and only in 1824 finally determined "to remove it from his inmost soul by means of words."

Its fundamental idea may perhaps be expressed in this way: The great masses long for God, but cannot find him of themselves; they need a mediator. Such mediators are the geniuses of mankind. They have a double nature: "dwelling with their heads in heaven, they feel the earth's down-drawing power." This double nature is a necessity willed by God ("Thus hath Brahma this decreed"); for it is only because of their earthly part that they are able to make known to God the frailties of mankind and to move him to have mercy on the weary and heavy-laden. This idea is explained by the fiery words of the Indian mediator, the Brahmani, to whose noble head is joined the body of a sinful woman. Her closing words, "What I think and what I feel, May that a secret e'er remain," are very surprising. We had thought that she had expressed all her thoughts and feelings concerning her position as a mediator, and now we learn that her final, inmost thoughts and feelings have remained a secret. Can it be that it is impossible to reveal this secret?

The Brahmani has spoken of God as something outside herself; but her secret thought is that it is only within her that God lives, lives in the highest sense of the word. And she not only thinks this, she feels it; indeed, she thinks it because she feels it. Nevertheless it seems best to her to keep these thoughts and feelings silent, because the crowd would shudder at them, as at a display of blasphemous presumption, and would see in her a destroyer of God, instead of a helper before God. It is easy to see why Goethe cherished and guarded this "most significant fable" as a "silent treasure" for decades.

Der Gott und die Bajadere (1797) is, in a certain sense, a prelude in which these fundamental motives of the *Paria* are clearly anticipated. Mahadeva, the lord of the earth, becomes man in order that he may be God. "If he is to spare or punish he as man must men observe." It is the sinners, not the pure, who need him. Therefore he associates with a sinful woman, inspires her with love for him so strong that while his dead body is being burned on a funeral pile she leaps into the fire and thus is purified from the filth into which she had sunk. She is now permitted to ascend with him to heaven.

In some of these examples which we have chosen the poet himself has now and then lifted the symbolic veil, in others he has woven it light enough to enable us to recognise the meaning which it covers. There are other of his ballads, however, in which the veil is so heavy that we are unable to see through it; indeed we may well believe that it is here not a question of a veil at all, but that what we see is all that the poet desired to say to us. The *Ballade vom vertriebenen und zurückkehrenden Grafen* (1816) and the *Hochzeitlied* (1802) seem to belong to this category. But we begin to waver in this opinion so soon as we hear that Goethe placed these two ballads in a group with *Die Braut von Korinth*, *Der Gott und die Bajadere*, and the *Paria*, and said of them all that he had carried the subjects in his mind for decades and had kept them alive and effective in his inner self. "It seemed to me the most beautiful possession," he continues, "to see such worthy pictures often renewed in the fancy."

After this confession there is no room to doubt that these two ballads were also symbols of deeper-lying thoughts, which were constantly refreshed in Goethe's mind by all sorts of experiences, and became effective means of pacification and enlightenment. The very fact that he tenderly guarded the subjects for such a long time would speak in favour of this view. If they had had no deeper significance to him he would have yielded to some momentary impulse and would have elaborated them quickly, or, what is more probable, would have dropped them. For this reason we must seek to grasp their meaning.

What do we see in the *Hochzeitlied?*

A count, who returns to his castle after a long absence, finds it entirely empty and deserted. Servants and possessions have vanished, the wind sweeps through the windows. This does not disturb him in the least; he preserves his happy spirit, goes cheerfully to bed, and, like a good-natured, great lord, allows the dwarfs, who visit him in his slumbers, to take possession of the castle and do in it what they will. They celebrate a wedding, during which the castle is filled with wealth and splendour. "And what he had seen on a scale neat and small, He after enjoyed on a large scale." The count is one of those strong personalities whom Goethe loved and whose example he sought to emulate. If one will not weep, not lament over past misfortune, but with fresh, joyous courage will build up again what has been destroyed, and, if possible, give to others from the little that one has left, then one can count upon receiving, in addition to one's own strong arms, the aid of the mighty arms of one's companions, and what was lost will be restored in greater beauty than before. "Thus it was, and thus it is to-day."

This is the meaning of the poem and is one of the poet's favourite themes.*

The *Ballade vom vertriebenen und zurückkehrenden Grafen* † may be called a hymn to the great benefactors, the "high nobility" of mankind. The count belongs to this class. He is a returning Christ, a returning Mahadeva. He is best understood by children. "O thou good one," they address him as soon as they see him, in spite of his beggar's garb. His love and his kindness are not to be disturbed by anything;

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* *Cf.* Türck, *Eine neue Faust-Erklärung*, p. 66.

† Goethe planned to treat the theme of this ballad dramatically in his projected opera. *Der Löwenstuhl* (*cf. H.*, i., 287; *W.*, xii., 294 *ff.*).—C.

neither by the injustices of harsh fate, nor by the injustices of harsh men, whom we here see in the picture of the princely son-in-law. In fact, misfortune, suffering, and want always seem only to make him better and gentler. He gives away his daughter, his most precious treasure, without hesitation, and does not even desire that he be given a home with her by his princely son-in-law, preferring to remain in his beggar's misery, because he feels that it will be best so for his daughter; he "beareth his sorrow with gladness." Long years he avoids them and his grandchildren, then appears at their castle, but does not make himself known until he is in a position to make them all happy—both the just and the unjust. "Blissful stars" shine down upon his entrance. He is a herald of "gentle laws," he breaks "the seals of the treasures" and thereby identifies himself as the rightful lord.

Is it still necessary to point out the "moral" of the fable? It has a parallel in the seven sleepers (*Siebenschläfer*, in the *West-östlicher Divan*), who are buried alive and come back to live again. Their chosen representative, Jamblika, also "establishes his personality" by opening for the new generation the treasures which had been walled in like the seven sleepers. "As an ancestor resplendent stands Jamblika in prime of youth." Such benefactors of mankind remain for ever young.

Der getreue Eckart (1813) appears to be nothing but a versified children's fable with the moral, "Silence is golden," added by the poet himself. Yet there is more in it than the poet calls upon us to believe, for he did not dare burden the innocent song addressed to children with too heavy and too broad a moral. The pith of the story is not in the silence, but in the entertainment of the unfriendly spirits, which become friendly because of the kind hospitality shown them. The gold of silence may be more closely interpreted to mean that one should keep silent about the visit of the good spirits; otherwise they are frightened away and the mugs go dry. There is a dangerous diminution of the good in the mere speaking of it. This is true not only of ethics, but also of poetry, as Goethe had very often learned by experience. So soon as he talked about inspirations of good spirits, about his plans and projects, they ceased to grow and were in danger of drying up.

Let us further consider the deep symbolism which he has embodied in two more of his most famous ballads, namely, *Erlkönig* and *Der König in Thule.*

The symbolism of the *Erlkönig* (written in 1781, published in 1782) paints the power of the lower gods over weak spirits, whom they approach in alluring garb. The weak spirits are brought before us in the character of the sick child. Werther had treated his own heart like a sick child and had fallen a victim to suicide. In 1776 Goethe had written of Lenz that he acted in their company like a sick child, and two years later Lenz tried more than once to commit suicide. Christel von Lasberg, who found her death in a region reminding one strongly of the scene in the *Erlkönig,* may also have made upon Goethe the impression of a sick child. When *Erlkönigs Tochter* appeared in 1779, in the second volume of Herder's *Volkslieder*, Goethe doubtless recognised in the Danish ballad a picture which could be made to suit the motive reposing in his mind, by changing Herr Olaf into a sick child and the Erl-King's daughter, who may have seemed to him too tender to represent the dark spirits of the earth, into the Erl-King himself. The whole thus became a companion piece to *Der Fischer*, by the side of which Goethe placed it in the collection of his poems, certainly not without his reasons for so doing. Moreover, the consciousness of this parallel may have determined him to have it sung by the heroine of his operetta, *Die Fischerin,*[7] who out of vexation over her betrothed has no little desire to throw herself into the water. To be sure, she is no sick child—is, on the contrary, very healthy—and this very fact gives us an indication that Goethe wished the symbolic content of the ballad to be given a still broader interpretation.

In order to make our meaning clear from the beginning we have spoken somewhat arbitrarily of sick children. The ballad itself speaks of the child only in a general way, but we may very well imagine it to be ill, without doing violence to

Goethe's meaning. Behind the sick child, however, are children in general. Most people are like such children, except that they are well. They see things not as they are, but as their fancy, free from any restraint of strict morality or objectivity, paints them. This fancy is especially excitable when people are under the strain of any anxiety. Then they see ghosts and evil spirits everywhere. In *Die Fischerin*, for example, Niklas, the fisherman, a sturdy fellow, wholly free from sickly sentimentality, consumes his bread and brandy, and yet in his anxiety about his Dortchen he hears screams where all is still and allows himself to be tortured by premonitions and by evil spirits, who soon flutter away as creatures of his delusion. Men are just such Niklases. Through their imagination they lose their lives without dying. Thus the inward truth of the song is found to have a quite general application to the children among men.

Der König in Thule was written between 1771 and 1774. The nucleus of the explanation of this ballad lies in the sacred golden goblet. The goblet is the sweet, yet painful, memory which a great experience leaves behind. Goethe, drawing from his own life, employs here as the symbol of a great experience an ardent love of deep significance. It is now a thing of the past. The beloved one is dead. His remembrance of her is still sweet and golden; for it recalls precious pictures, and brings him to a consciousness of the great moral advancement which he has experienced through her, both at the time and under her enduring influence. Hence the goblet is valued by the king above all else. His remembrance is also full of pain and is sacred, for it reminds him of days long gone, and of the dear departed, a noble personality, sanctified by her purity and her sufferings. The king's eyes fill with tears as oft as he drinks from the goblet. Such remembrances cannot be bequeathed. They sink with us into the ocean that engulfs our lives.

In addition to truth and genuineness, intrinsic merit and depth, Goethe's poems have the further precious quality of inwardness. "Inward warmth, spirit-warmth — central point!" was the sententious demand which the fiery youth had made of his cold-hearted century. His genius was Phoebus Apollo, the sun which fills man with natural warmth, not Father Bromius, Bacchus, through whom others sought to give themselves artificial warmth. "Whom thou ne'er forsakest, Genius, him wilt thou wrap warmly in the snow-storm!" (*Wanderers Sturmlied*). "Thou, omnipresent Love, glow'st in me!"(*Pilgers Morgenlied*). "I feel what makes the poet, a full heart, filled entirely with one emotion" (Franz, in *Götz von Berlichingen*). It was out of his full, glowing heart that Goethe wrote his poetry, for which reason all his poems breathe refreshing warmth and inwardness. With this inwardness is saturated not only his lyric poetry in the narrow sense, his poetry of feeling, but, what surprises us more, even his poetry of thought and his ballads.

It is true that other poets have sung their thoughts with lofty inspiration. We think first of all of Klopstock and Schiller. Nevertheless, in comparison with Goethe, there is something cold about their poems. How shall we account for this? In inspired flights Goethe is inferior to them. When Klopstock and Schiller speak to us we feel as though we were listening to preachers or philosophers, who wish to exert an influence and have lent poetic form to their thoughts in order to achieve the noblest effect. It is different with Goethe; it is not his desire to make an impression, and he does not think of others.

We feel that these poems of thought are not the products, or at least not merely the products, of a speculative mind, as is the case with Schiller, nor of a somewhat confused ecstasy, as is the case with Klopstock; they are, rather, the results of a life grasped by the whole soul, with understanding and reason, with heart and eyes, and dearly paid for with joys and sorrows. Hence the deep, inward warmth which they radiate, and the passionate symbolism which animates them. We feel that the poet has not withdrawn from them after they were born. We feel his immediate presence in them with his loving heart. There is a permanent relation between him and them. This feature is characteristic of his thought poems in every period of his life: *Wanderers Sturmlied*, *Mahomets Gesang*, *Grenzen der Menschheit*, *Das Göttliche*, *Proömion*, *Weltseele*, *Eins und Alles*, *Vermächtnis*, *Wiederfinden*, and *Selige Sehnsucht*, the crown and type of all.

Less striking is the inwardness which we observe in his narrative poems. When the poet rises above the common ballad monger, he cannot avoid taking an interest in the events portrayed, and this interest must show itself. As a matter of fact most poets make a point of telling how they themselves are affected. Yet how few of them communicate to us the feeling of warmth that Goethe's ballads radiate! Where is the ballad that could be compared, even in inwardness, with *Die Braut von Korinth* or *Der Gott und die Bajadere?*

But, let us add, what other poet has his warmth and his felicity in expressing it? He did not look upon his subjects as mere fables that could be told effectively in stanzas; he considered them, rather, vessels to carry heart-stirring experiences.

Heidenröslein and *Der untreue Knabe*,[8] for example,—both imitations of folk-songs which he had collected for Herder in Alsatia—are faithful reflections of his feelings at his parting from Friederike; *Der Fischer* (1778) is the reflection of a genuine Wertherian longing, which he had certainly more than once felt, to seek in the cool water, mirroring the sky, a way of escape from a suffocating earthly existence to true life. *Gefunden* (August 26, 1813) clothes his first meeting with Christiane in the intimate charm of an innocent allegory; *Alexis und Dora* (1796) brings to us a strange echo of the tender reciprocal affection between him and the beautiful Milanese, which, as in the poem, first revealed itself at the moment of parting. *Der Sänger* (1783), which paints a minstrel at the court of a king, lends typical form to the author's own most peculiar feelings and experiences.

There was a twofold element of personal experience in the background of *Die Braut von Korinth*. The more immediate background was drawn from the contrast between the poet and the pious circles "on the coast of the Baltic Sea"—the Stolbergs in Eutin, the Reimarus "tea circle" in Hamburg, and their following, among whom were numbered Fritz Jacobi and Schlosser. These circles included, as we see, some of the poet's closest friends and relatives. Not long before the writing of the poem Goethe had been characterised by them as a heathen, and, besides, in Eutin his *Wilhelm Meister* had been burned as an immoral book. The other element of personal experience which he had felt keenly in recent years was the result of that most narrow-minded and destructive of all delusions, infectious misbelief. A wrong understanding of him had sprung up with the Herders and Frau von Stein, and the thousand-fold "love and fidelity" which he had shown them "was torn up by the roots like a noisome weed."

The general contrast between his belief and that of the "Christians" who engaged in the feud against him bore further fruit in *Die erste Walpurgisnacht.* He himself is that "one of the Druids" who regrets that he is forced to sing the praises of the All-father by night, and who speaks to himself the consoling words:

Doch iſt es Tag,
Sobald man mag
Ein reines Herz Dir bringen.*

The third poem that treats of this contrast, *Gross ist die Diana der Epheser*, grew out of his defence against Jacobi's essay *Von den göttlichen Dingen und ihrer Offenbarung* (1811).

It is easy to see what personal experiences occasioned the writing of *Der Gott und die Bajadere.* Behind the poetic veil is Goethe's relation to Christiane, who was considered the bajadere by Weimar society, the "chorus without mercy which increased her heart's distress." Another poem based on Indian legends and conceptions, the *Paria*, finished for the most part in the summer of 1816, seems intended to portray a possible tragic climax in the fate of Marianne von

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* So soon 't is day
As thee we may
A heart unsullied offer.

Willemer,* who, like the wife of the Brahman, at the sight of the divine youth, felt in Goethe's presence, for the first time in her life, her "inner being stirred to its deepest depths." Goethe wrote the poem for the purpose of strengthening himself in his determination not to see her again, just as on a previous occasion he had allowed himself to be affected by the downfall of Egmont.

In addition to its observation of the world, *Der Zauberlehrling* (1797) has more than one personal experience as a basis. In this poem Goethe is just as much the apprentice, who thoughtlessly calls up the spirits, as the master, who by his power over them forces them to retire into a corner. He himself had let loose the Storm and Stress in Strasburg, Frankfort, and Weimar, and even now observed how from the same seed the rampant growth of romanticism was shooting up with the unrestraint of insolent youth. As twenty years before, so now he was obliged to summon all his powers as a master in order to free himself from these spirits encamped about him and to drive them back into their proper bounds. As indicated in *Die Lehrjahre*, the poem is in still another sense a symbolic picture of his own experiences. Reading, reflection, and life created in the fancy of the apprentice Goethe a thousand forms which surrounded him, alluring and urging him, and awakened "a thousand emotions and capabilities"—individual spirits in his great spirit, which longed passionately for deliverance and manifestation. His only means of rescuing himself from this overcrowded state was by his magic word, "limitation." He was apprentice and master in one person.

We shall not seek further to point out the personal elements contained in Goethe's ballads. They are not always clearly distinguishable. But from the indications which the poet has given us there can be but few of his ballads which do not embody some of his experiences. We do not doubt, for example, that even *Der König in Thule* has some connection with Goethe's life, or, to speak more specifically, with the tragic idyll of Sesenheim. This will help us to understand how, in his autobiography, he was able to say of this poem and of *Der untreue Knabe* that at the time when he recited them to Fritz Jacobi, in the summer of 1774, they were still bound to his heart and rarely crossed his lips, and then only to very congenial friends.

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* *Cf*. Burdach, in *G.J.*, xvii., 28.

If we inquire further into the elements of the beauty of Goethe's poems we discover his many charms in the field of contrast. We have in mind here only the contrast in subject-matter, not the contrast which has its source in the art of presentation. This contrast in subject-matter is frequently lacking in other poets, and even in folk-songs. As a usual thing only one tone is struck, such as sorrow, joy, repose, comfort, longing, hope, and the like, and that tone runs with varying strength through the whole poem. In Goethe, on the other hand, the most diverse tones swell in glorious contrast with one another: repose and passion, joy and sorrow, happiness and unhappiness, hate and love, renunciation and desire, guilt and innocence, guilt and atonement, dismay and courage, indolence and energetic action, dream and reality, reason and fancy, impulse toward life and the power of fate, art and life, mastership and dilettanteism, ingenuousness and sentimentality, nature and civilisation, narrowness and world-broadness, youth and old age, life and death, the present and the past, Christianity and heathenism, God and man, God and the world, and all the other contrasts that stir the breast of man.

Very often several contrasts are introduced, giving the poem a stronger pulse and a deeper significance. To mention but a few instances, in *Die Braut von Korinth*, for example, we find Christianity and heathenism, the happiness of love and the sorrow of love, renunciation and desire, life and death; in *Der Wandrer*, nature and civilisation, ingenuousness and sentimentality, contentment in narrow surroundings and longing to go out into the wide world; and in number fifteen of the *Römische Elegien*, North and South, past and present individual fate and world history,—wonderfully combined into symphonies, at times thrilling, at times exalting, and at other times charming, serious, and merry. Even in the smallest poem there is not infrequently more than one effective contrast. In the above-mentioned short quatrain, which is supposed to be spoken by Suleika, we have a moment and eternity, an individual and God, youth and old age. At times the contrast is only suggested, as in the song *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* (September 6, 1780), the next to the last line of which, in the words "wait" and "ere long," gives us the first intimation that it is an agitated heart that is singing itself to rest.

These contrasts stand out with especial beauty and clearness when they find parallels in the natural scenery of the background. Such is the case in *Schweizeralpe*, in which the counterpart of youth appears as the brown summit of the mountain, and that of old age as the snow-capped peak. It is also true of *Euphrosyne*, in which the night accompanies the lamentation for the dead, and the morning announces new life; and of *Dem aufgehenden Vollmonde* (Dornburg, 1828), in which grief and bliss alternate with the cloud-obscured and the brightly shining moon.

We have chosen the word "symphonies" to characterise the manner in which these contrasts are treated, because the poet does not leave us in the midst of contrasts, nor does he allow the contrasting elements to exclude each other; on the contrary, he makes them supplement each other. In a word, he resolves the apparent discords of the world and his own personality into harmony. He views things from a standpoint that is high enough to enable him to recognise the innocence in guilt, the happiness in sorrow, the pain in happiness, the plenty in solitude, the wealth in simplicity, the gain in renunciation, the salvation in sin, and to see the harmony of hate and love, separation and reunion, life and death, God and the world, and of a thousand other opposites. So he speaks from the bottom of his heart when he says, in *Die Lehrjahre*, that the poet has received from nature the gift of keeping in harmony with many, often incompatible, things; that while the man of the world either drags out his days in life-sapping melancholy over some great loss, or meets his fate with unrestrained joy, that is to say, always moves at one of the opposing extremes, the poet's soul, like the revolving sun, advances from night to day and with easy transitions attunes his harp to joy and sorrow, that is, combines opposites in harmony. In the "Prelude" to *Faust* it is said still more clearly of the poet:

Wodurch beſiegt er jedes Element?
Iſt es der Einklang nicht, der aus dem Buſen dringt,
Und in ſein Herz die Welt zurücke ſchlingt?
Wenn die Natur des Fadens ew'ge Länge,
Gleichgültig drehend, auf die Spindel zwingt,
Wenn aller Weſen unharmon'ſche Menge
Verdrießlich durcheinander klingt;
Wer teilt die fließend immer gleiche Reihe
Belebend ab, daß ſie ſich rhythmiſch regt?
Wer ruft das Einzelne zur allgemeinen Weihe,
Wo es in herrlichen Accorden ſchlägt? *

If we make search for the deepest foundation of this lofty gift of the poet, let us say at once, of the poet Goethe, it is the same foundation upon which the pure truth of his poetry rests, that sacred power of viewing the world as a uniform, divine whole, in which every tone, every colour is a necessary element, an element which needs only to be grasped in its general significance, in its inward relation to the other elements, in order to blend in glorious consonance. By means of this point of view the poet transforms the desolation and confusion of chaos into a living, beautifully ordered cosmos. Hence the great serenity and mild, warm splendour which rest upon his poems. And at the same time that in these poems he conquers grief, sorrow, and pain, by means of the sun which shines for him, he achieves a like victory in our hearts. Heine, who is so unlike him and who very often dismisses us with harsh discords, has beautifully and aptly declared, in *Atta Troll*, that serenity is the most genuine characteristic of our poet:

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* Whereby doth he each element subdue?
Is 't not the harmony which from his bosom wells
And into his embrace the world compels?
When nature's spindle with unchecked gyration
Takes up her even thread through weary years,
When the discordant tones of all creation
With fretting jangle fill the spirit's ears,
Who gives this changeless order animation,
Transforming it into a rhythmic dance?
Who calls particulars to general ordination,
Where they may blend in glorious consonance?

Ich erkannte unſern Wolfgang
An dem heitern Glanz der Augen.*

But for his art of representation, much of the beauty, sublimity, and depth of Goethe's poems would not be fully realised. Apart from minor matters, this art shows itself in his cleverness in laying bare the emotions of the human heart, in the atmosphere of feeling with which he surrounds the whole and all the parts, in the delicacy of his lines and colours, which are free from angularity and harshness, in his skill in drawing contrasts so as to bring out each individual colour more forcibly, in the animated brevity with which situations open and develop, and in the sure objectivity of the pictures unfolding before us.

Let us tarry a moment to consider this last point. There is a twofold objectivity. The one offers us plain, solid facts which our understanding can easily comprehend in their outward connection; this characterises, for example, all the poems of Uhland. The other brings these facts before us at the same time in bodily form, so that our eye can grasp them. Goethe's poems possess both kinds, although he was in danger of losing the second along with the first. In danger, not on account of too great brevity, as in the *Ballade vom vertriebenen und zurückkehrenden Grafen*, or on account of too close a connection with the actual experience, as in the *Harzreise im Winter*, but on account of his inclination to symbolism. Among the poets Goethe is perhaps the greatest symbolist that ever lived. Inasmuch as every detail in his life, in nature, in history, appeared to him symbolical, standing for something else, broader, higher, and more general, he gave a symbolic significance even to those of his poems which were only a mirror of his inner self. Indeed it may be said that he was not moved to transform material into poetry until it was found to be capable of a deeper, symbolical significance. This is true even of his subjective poems, which apparently express only a definite inner state. He was justified in saying of them that there dwelt within each of them the kernel of a more or less significant fruit. This inclination to symbolise found, however, a most happy counterpoise in his need of definite, clear visualisation; and whereas with other symbolists a modest symbolic content dissolves all their poetry into pale, wavering, airy visions, his poetry, even that of most profound significance, is marked by lustrous colours and most firm proportions.

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* By his eyes' serenest splendour
I our Wolfgang recognised.

While with other symbolists the action pales away to allegory, and without an understanding of the allegory is devoid of interest, with Goethe it has a wholly independent significance and stirs our minds and spirits in a high degree, even though we may not grasp the symbolic meaning. The reason for this difference is easy to discover. Others acquire their ideas in an abstract, deductive way, Goethe acquires his in a concrete, inductive way. The more clearly he saw the thing itself, the more clearly was revealed to him the spiritual significance contained in it; and as the writing of poetry was to him an act in which he strove after elucidation, he sought all the more earnestly to represent things in his poetry as clearly as possible. The older he grew the more he became convinced of the inadequacy of words as a means of clear expression. "I should like to give up entirely the habit of speaking," he once said in later years. "There is something about it that is useless, idle, foppish. . . . I should like to speak like nature, altogether in drawings." But he underestimated the power of his words. The word under his hand is marvellously transformed into line, colour, body, and picture, so that many a painter and sculptor might envy him such "words" as are contained, for example, in *Mignon*. The demand which he makes of the poet, "Speak not, artist, paint: be thy poem but a breath!" he knew how gloriously to fulfil. This was most conspicuously true in the realm of nature, whose son, friend, lover he early called himself, and whose characteristic features, whose most secret life and activity, he saw and felt. He was able to commune with her understandingly, whether he drew near to her in field or garden, in forest or cave, in the fair valley or on snow-capped peaks. "All nature, every blade of grass, speaks to him."

We have often had occasion to admire his nature pictures, but they are most deserving of admiration in his lyrics, where the narrowness of the space challenged him to achieve the highest results with the most limited means. With a few strokes, often with a single stroke ("Fillest bush and vale again, still with misty light"), he sketches sky and earth, sea and mountains, brook and river, meadow and forest, in the many moods of the atmosphere, the day, and the season, so clearly that they stand in palpable form before us. We shall not conjure up these pictures here; they stand out vividly before the eyes of everybody who knows Goethe. Let us cite only a few examples of descriptions of the human body, to which less attention is ordinarily paid. In *Hans Sachsens poetische Sendung* he gives this description of the "fair maiden":

Mit abgeſenktem Haupt und Aug'
Sitzt's unter einem Apfelbaum
Und ſpürt die Welt rings um ſich kaum,
Hat Roſen in ihr'n Schoß gepflückt

. . . .

So ſitzt ſie in ſich ſelbſt geneigt.
In Hoffnungsfüll' ihr Buſen ſteigt.*

Who else ever painted such a speaking picture of the quiet dreaming of a budding maiden?

In *Der Besuch* we have a realistic portrait, that of the beloved who has fallen asleep on the sofa in the midst of her work:

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* With stooping head and downcast eye
She sits beneath an apple tree,
Doth scarce the world about her see,
Hath roses plucked into her lap.

. . . .

Thus sits she in herself retired,
Her bosom heaves with hope inspired.

Das Geſtrickte mit den Nadeln ruhte
Zwiſchen den gefaltnen zarten Händen;

. . . .

Da betrachtet' ich den ſchönen Frieden,
Der auf ihren Augenlidern ruhte:

. . . .

Und die Unſchuld eines guten Herzens
Regte ſich im Buſen hin und wieder.
Jedes ihrer Glieder lag gefällig
Aufgelöſt vom ſüßen Götterbalſam.[*]

In *Der Wandrer* he says of the sleeping child:

Wie's in himmliſcher Geſundheit
Schwimmend ruhig atmet! [†]

In *Vollmondnacht* he paints the moving of lips which long for a kiss and yet only in secret, and half-consciously, breathe their longing:

Herrin, ſag', was heißt das Flüſtern?
Was bewegt dir leis die Lippen?
Liſpelſt immer vor dich hin,
Lieblicher als Weines Nippen!
Denkſt du deinen Mundgeſchwiſtern
Noch ein Pärchen herzuziehn? [‡]

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[*] And the knitting, with the needles, rested
'Twixt her tender hands together folded;

. . . .

Then I mused upon the peace so lovely
Which upon her slumb'ring eyelids rested:

. . . .

And her good heart's innocence unspotted
Now and then did stir within her bosom.
All her limbs most gracefully reposing
Lay relaxed with heaven's sweetest balsam.

[†] Swimming in heaven-showered health,
How calmly he breathes!

[‡] In thy whispers, pray, what meaning?
What so softly art thou lipping?
Thy half-uttered lispings are
Lovelier than nectar sipping!

In *Die Braut von Korinth* he characterises a most fervent embrace of the lovers with the three words:

Wechſelhauch und Kuß!
Liebesüberfluß! *

We shall get a better conception of the various powers of Goethe's art of representation if, instead of considering them one at a time and apart from the organic connections in which they belong, we study the living impression of the operation of all combined. Let us choose for this purpose the poem *Auf dem See*, which, like Mignon's *Kennst du das Land*, is only a song of moods, and offers but little in the way of thought or action:

Und friſche Nahrung, neues Blut
Saug' ich aus freier Welt:
Wie iſt Natur ſo hold und gut,
Die mich am Buſen hält!

Die Welle wieget unſern Kahn
Im Rudertakt hinauf,
Und Berge, wolkig himmelan,
Begegnen unſerm Lauf.

Aug', mein Aug', was ſinkſt du nieder?
Goldne Träume, kommt ihr wieder?
Weg, du Traum! ſo gold du biſt:
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben iſt.

Auf der Welle blinken
Tauſend ſchwebende Sterne,
Weiche Nebel trinken
Rings die türmende Ferne;
Morgenwind umflügelt
Die beſchattete Bucht,
Und im See beſpiegelt
Sich die reifende Frucht.

To thy pair of lips art weening
To attract a kindred pair?

* Mingled breath and kiss!
Flood of lovers' bliss!

It begins in a very lively and striking way with the word "and." "And I fresh nurture and new blood Draw from the free world blest." By this "and" we are transported immediately into the middle of the situation. From a chain of emotions one of the chief emotions is selected. The poet is in a blessed free world. He is drawing from nature new blood. A contrasting motive is suggested. His life's nurture had ceased to flow. "How dear is nature and how good! Who holds me to her breast." We discover in silent contrast with nature the people on whose bosoms he has suffered, and feel that the free world stands here as the contrast, not only of the narrowness of the city, but also of some inward constraint. The "free world" in which he now finds himself is more closely indicated. "Upstream our boat by waves is tossed To oar blades' rhythmic beat, And cloud-capped peaks, in heaven lost, Our onward voyage meet." He is on the water, the water is bordered by mountains, the unusual height of which is shown by the word "cloud-capped," and still more by "in heaven lost." There is hardly need of anything more to tell us that we are at the foot of the Alps. The landscape is painted in its main outlines. But we receive a further bit of detail. The boat is tossed by waves, we are told. So the water must be agitated. Its agitation strengthens our impression of the freshness of nature which affects the poet. The boat is rocked up-stream. The word "up-stream" is not chosen capriciously, but as a pregnant form of expression. We must be on a river or on a lake through which a river flows, and we must be rowing up-stream. Furthermore the boat is called "our boat." So the poet is not alone. By means of the description of the landscape new points of contrast are interspersed, which arouse our fancy in a pleasing way. In external nature we find water and mountains, the lowland and the height, agitation and repose. Then comes a dramatic interruption. The journey is no longer the thing described. The eye of the poet is absorbed with introspection. The change finds its resonance in a change of rhythm. "Eye, mine eye, art backward yearning? Golden dreams, are ye returning?" What kind of dreams are they? As they are golden, and as they come over him with great power in the midst of a merry boating party, they can hardly be anything but love dreams. Yet, in spite of their golden gleam, they must pain him, for he turns them away. "Out! thou dream, though gold thou be." Our suspicion that he has been suffering from moral constraint is now confirmed, "Here are love and life for me." What the "our" above suggested is now more definitely shown. The poet is in company, in the company of some one dear to him. But it can hardly be a new sweetheart. The dreams of his forsaken beloved would not have been so golden, and his thoughts of a new love would not have expressed themselves so briefly, in this single word. It is only a company of friends. A new turn, and we come back again to outward things, to nature; but, as the word "life" affords a transition, the metre is only slightly varied. Over against the golden dream is set golden friendship, and now a further contrast is drawn with the golden landscape, which greets his eyes. "On the wave are blinking Myriad starry lights." The landscape glistens in the bright sunshine, which could not be pictured to us in a more exquisite and more impressive way than by this short stroke. "Myriad starry lights." It must be a broad body of water, a lake, upon which the poet is rocking. Once more the great mountain-background is painted in a daring way. It is not quite the same now as a while ago; the clouds are no longer so dense. "Soft white mists are drinking Distant towering heights." "Towering heights." The impression of loftiness is supplemented by a conception of the form of the mountains. "Morning breeze is flying Through the bay's encircling wood." The tone of the picture suggests the morning. The breeze blows gently over the bay, softly stirring the trees along its rim. The mention of the bay indicates that we have come near the shore and announces the approaching end of our journey and of the song, which closes with a detail of the picture of the bay: "Ripening grain is lying Mirrored in the flood."

The composition of the whole third part of the poem is perfectly objective, being accompanied by no expression of mood, and yet we can feel the author's mood clearly. By merely returning to the landscape he quiets the inward commotion which the second part had aroused, and the last stroke in the picture, by a most happy turn, brings even the outward movement to complete repose. In the sheltered bay the waves smooth down to a clear mirror, in which we see a most hopeful reflection, the ripening grain. In this manner deep symbolism is woven into the fugitive song.

We have sought to point out the beauties of this little song; yet, when we take these all together, they do not explain entirely the magical attraction which it exerts upon us. There must be something else that we have not mentioned. It is the music of the song. Whence does this arise? From the rhythm? That has much to do with it, to be sure, for it suits itself aptly, in cadence and tempo, to every change in the content. The rhyme also contributes its share. But that here, as elsewhere in Goethe's poems where the music captivates us, it is neither the rhyme nor the rhythm that is the deciding factor, may easily be proved by his prose, in which we find passages of almost equal musical charm. As it might be said of the prose of his finished literary creations that it is purposely composed in a form approximating verse, we refer the reader to his letters, in which artistic effect was the thing furthest from his mind. They have a higher right to be included here than would at first appear; for, as a matter of fact, a large number of Goethe's lyrics are to be found in his letters. Such letters and passages from letters, which might be called poems in prose, we have frequently interwoven in the course of our presentation. Here we may insert another letter from a period to which we shall soon come, because its substance throws accidental lights upon many of the heights of Goethe's spirit, of which we have caught a glimpse in our consideration of his lyrics.

The letter was written in 1823 to the far-away friend of his youth, Countess Auguste Stolberg, who now, an old woman with snow-white hair, was the widow of Count Bernstorff. After a silence of decades, being anxious about the salvation of Goethe's soul, she had again taken up her pen and, in a letter full of touching sentiment, but showing a sad misunderstanding of his works and his influence, had begged him to desist from earthly striving and to "turn his eyes and his heart to the eternal." To this he answered:

"To receive again after so many years a written token of most cordial memory from my earliest dear friend, whom in my heart I have well known, though with my eyes I have never seen, was for me a most pleasing and most touching experience. . . . Long life means outliving very many things: beloved, hated, indifferent people, kingdoms, capital cities, yea, forests and trees which we have sown and planted in our youth. We outlive ourselves, and yet are altogether thankful if we still retain but a few of our gifts of body and spirit. All these ephemeral things we bear with patience, and, if we are but conscious every moment of the eternal, we do not suffer from the transitoriness of time. All my life long I have been honest with myself and others, and in all my earthly striving I have always had my eyes fixed upon the highest things. You and yours have done the same. Then let us ever continue to work while the day lasts for us. For others a sun will also shine; they will rise in its strength, and a brighter light will meanwhile illumine our way. So let us look into the future undisturbed. In our Father's kingdom are many provinces, and, as he has prepared for us such a happy dwelling in this country, we shall both surely be provided for over there. Perhaps we shall then be vouchsafed what we have hitherto been denied, to know each other face to face and the more thoroughly to love one another. Remember me in tranquil fidelity."

It will not be denied that this letter breathes soft music. As it has neither metre nor rhyme we ask again, whence flow the wonderful, mysterious melodies which ring through Goethe's poetry and so many passages of his prose? Is it perhaps the sound of the words chosen? One is likely to be greatly deceived on this point. How few combinations of sound make a pleasing impression upon our ears! The greater number are indifferent, not a few are discordant.

Let one pronounce to one's self one word after another of the letter cited, and ask one's self which word has a pleasing sound. Or let one examine the words of most musical verses from this point of view. Has "*Welle,*" has "*blinken,*" has "*tausend,*" "*schwebende,*" "*Sterne,*" or has "*füllest,*" "*wieder,*" "*Busch,*" "*Tal,*" "*still,*" "*Nebelglanz,*" in and of itself musical charm? Certainly not. If then it is not the sound of the words that is melodious to us, it is their significance, the significance of the individual words and still more of the combinations of words. They produce conceptions, awaken pictures and thoughts in us which fall upon our ears like lovely harmonies. This is the chief source of Goethe's word-music.

If we ask ourselves why it is that Goethe's poetry and prose possess this music in such marked measure, we can only repeat what has already been said: because he possessed the greatest harmony of spirit, which arranged everything in consonance. This harmony of spirit is especially conspicuous in his lyric poetry, as harmony of eye and soul. As the essential element of Goethe's language-music is of a purely spiritual or, we may say, metaphysical nature, we can understand why it is so hard for musical composers to translate it into physical sounds. Either they must put like harmony into their work or they are doomed to failure. Goethe's spiritual harmony creates fitting expression for itself in its language dress by means of his choice of words (strength and gentleness, sensuous power of expression) and word cadences, which appear in his prose in the rhythmical sentence structure. In his poetry we find the auxiliary factors of verse and stanza structure, frequently also rhyme, but seldom alliteration.

The great variety of forms of verse and stanzas which Goethe employs almost equals the great variety of motives and moods which his lyrics reveal. He tried the most current forms which the German literature from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century had produced, then went back to the ancients, and from these to the Romance literatures,* finally exacting tribute of Oriental rhythms. But he modified freely all traditional and all newly invented forms to suit the genius of the language and the needs of the poem. He could not bear the thought of allowing himself to be fettered by mechanical forms and would rather make what prosodists would call bad verses and imperfect stanzas and strophes than do violence to language, substance, or mood. To him the form was not a thing that could be applied to the song externally; it was, rather, an inner necessity, something that had grown out of the nature of the song. Little as a tree grows without bark did a song grow for him without rhythm. "The measure comes as though unconsciously from the poetic mood. If one were to think about it when one composes a poem one would go mad and would produce nothing worth mentioning" (to Eckermann, April, 1829). Indeed, it sometimes happened that the rhythm was in existence before the text had assumed form. In *Die Wanderjahre* he says, through the mask of Wilhelm: "It often seems to me as though an invisible genius were whispering something rhythmical to me, so that on my walks I always keep step to it, and at the same time fancy I hear soft tones accompanying some song, which then comes to me in one way or another and delights me."

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* Ottava rima, sonnet, terza rima.

For this very reason his most genuine lyric poems can be thought of only in the form in which he has given them to us. We should think we were destroying their substance if we were to put them into any other form.

Great as is the wealth of forms and the variety of motives —and there are whole large groups, such as the humorous-satirical, that we have not been able to touch upon—nevertheless we have the feeling that both might have been greater, might even have been infinite. We have the feeling that gaps exist only because of the limitation of human life and human strength. The limitations are due partly to outward necessity, partly to chance. With the moods it is different. Here we recognise certain gaps as an inward necessity, as the result of Goethe's spiritual organisation. His lyric poetry is lacking in genial intimacy, pious humility, and the specifically national element,—the latter in a twofold sense. We miss the most familiar atmosphere of the German landscape and of the modest life of the common folk, as well as political and patriotic enthusiasm. These are moods that have been cultivated by Voss, Hölty, the younger Stolberg, Uhland, Eichendorff, Schenkendorf, Mörike, and others, and have been mirrored in the pictures of Ludwig Richter and Schwind. These deficiencies arise from the reverse of Goethe's superiorities. He was too thorough a cosmopolitan to become very much at home in the poetry of the nooks and corners of the German house, apart from all connection with the world at large, as is plainly seen even in *Hermann und Dorothea;* his nature was too thoroughly filled with God as a productive energy for him to find consolation and piety elsewhere than in himself and in influential activity; he was a power moving with too fiery impulses for him to sink into quiet dreams and fashion the genial musings of the small circle and the narrow individual into the actuating motives of a poetic whole. Hence nowhere in his songs do we find the perfect, profound repose which permeates the folk-song. There is always some conflict present, as we have seen; and we know that his chief aim in writing poetry is to resolve discords into harmony.

As in the folk-song we feel as though the tree standing in the grain field, the brook gliding through the meadow, the placid pond with its border of rushes, and the dreamy, motley heath were singing to us their real emotions, so in Goethe we have the feeling that the rustling forest, the surging lake, the rushing river, and the field glistening with sunbeams and echoing with the song of the lark are pouring forth their own true melodies.

To many individuals and many moods the more reposeful lyrics in the style of the folk-song will make the stronger appeal, while others will evince a greater liking for an art which carries them through a powerful suspense and stirs their deeper emotions. And not only the majority—even the most capable and the most mature, in the hours when they feel driven to rise above the perplexing confusion of everyday life into the pure higher regions, will turn with a feeling of longing to Goethe's poems, and when they lay them down it will be with a consciousness of deep composure, of reconciliation with the world, and of fresh courage for the struggle of life. On returning to them again and again one will discover that they always strike new chords, open new outlooks, reveal new depths. Thus as one advances in years they grow in significance. And what they are to the individual they are to all. Goethe's lyrics are to-day an incomparably greater power in the spiritual life of the German nation than they were a hundred years ago,[*] and it may safely be predicted that the hope of the poet will yet be realised, which he once expressed in an earnest hour:

Wiſſet nur, daß Dichterworte
Um des Paradieſes Pforte
Immer leiſe klopfend ſchweben,
Sich erbittend ew'ges Leben.[*]

[*] Softly words of poet mortal
Knock at Paradise's portal,
Hov'ring round that bourne supernal,
Still imploring life eternal.

III

THE NATURALIST

Harmony between Goethe's science and his art—His natural inclination toward science—Anatomy and osteology—Spinoza's influence on Goethe—Consistency of nature—Discovery of the intermaxillary in man—The discovery rejected by most of the leading anatomists of the day—Not fully recognised till forty years later—Botany—Discovery of the metamorphosis of plants—Its significance—Long denied recognition—Idea of evolution contained in it—The genetic method—Mastery of art by study of nature—Beauty the manifestation of secret laws of nature—Goethe's rejection of teleology—Discovery of the new science of morphology—The original type—Goethe and Linné—Theory of descent—Fundamental principle of continuity—Struggle for existence—Formative impulse—Mutual influence of parts—Vertebral theory of the skull—Geology—Paleontology—The ice age—Meteorology—Meteorological stations—Theory of colours—The law of visual processes—*Abklingen*—Translucent media—Goethe's rejection of Newton's theory—Antagonistic colours—Fundamental law of colour harmony—Polarity—Goethe's history of the theory of colours—His scientific lectures—Museums of science—Goethe's influence on later scientists—His method—His study of nature and his religion—The poet and the investigator.

THE peculiarity of Goethe's personality rests, in the final analysis, upon the inward harmony between his study of nature and his artistic life. The two directions of his creative activity, the artistic and scientific, sprang from the same source, and each permeated and deeply affected the other. It is only from this point of view that we can understand why he should have devoted more than fifty years of his precious life, with hardly an interruption, to the science of nature.

Goethe himself has told us what occasioned him to take up his various studies of nature, but we may assert with confidence that the occasions were merely accidental, and not in themselves determining factors; that, rather, he would have become a naturalist under any circumstances, for he had been led to nature in a most individual way and by his own most characteristic impulses.* As he tells us in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*,† he had from his earliest years felt an impulse to investigate natural things. That this is truth and not poetry we know from the fact that the young friend of the liberal arts and belles-lettres and the student of law evidently took the greatest interest in his scientific lectures while at Leipsic, and still more so while at Strasburg, where he studied anatomy and even attended a course of lectures and the clinic on midwifery. Animated by an insatiable desire for knowledge, he was further encouraged in these efforts by his associates, both in Leipsic and in Strasburg, who for the most part were students of medicine; and he pursued these studies with the greater industry since he thought thereby to retain the respect and confidence of his Strasburg "society" which he had immediately won by his "strange rudimentary learning or, rather, his overlearnedness."

These studies prepared him for collaboration on Lavater's *Physiognomische Fragmente*, which became a great determining influence in his life in so far as it introduced him again to that field of knowledge in which he was destined to make discoveries of most fundamental importance, viz., anatomy, and more especially osteology. In physiognomy Lavater urged the necessity of giving special consideration to the solid parts of the organisation, the bone formations, and in his contributions on animal skulls ‡ (1776) Goethe expressed his conviction that one can see most plainly by the difference between skulls "how the bones are the foundations of formation, and embrace the qualities of a creature. The movable parts are formed according to them, or, to be more exact, with them, and perform their functions only in so far as the solid parts permit them."

* *Cf. Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 189).

† First Part, fourth Book (*W.*, xxvi., 187).

‡ *Physiognomische Fragmente* (*W.*, xxxvii., 347 *f.*).

Es iſt nichts in der Haut,
Was nicht im Knochen iſt. [*]

Without these preliminary studies how would it have been possible for Goethe, even though he was able to "grasp much in a few days," to gain in a week such a mastery of osteology and myology — Loder began to demonstrate the subject to him in Jena at the end of October, 1781—that shortly afterward from a pupil he developed into a teacher, able to deliver lectures on the human skeleton at the Academy of Drawing? [†] This fact leads us to surmise that he may have been guided in these studies chiefly by artistic interests and aims. But the more profoundly he grasped the subject, and the more familiar the knowledge became to him through conversation and correspondence with the most learned anatomists of his day, the more absorbing became his interest in osteology from the scientific side. In his understanding of this branch of anatomy he was aided particularly by Merck, who, though but an amateur, possessed a rare knowledge of the subject, stood high in the estimation of specialists, and, like Goethe, was an enthusiastic and fortunate collector of specimens. In the spring of 1784, probably on the 27th of March, [‡] Goethe discovered a little bone in the upper jaw of a human skull which scholars asserted did not exist there, and this successful outcome of his investigations gave him so great joy that "it sent a thrill through every fibre of his being." He wrote to Herder: "In accordance with the teaching of the Gospel I must hasten as quickly as possible to inform thee of the good fortune that has come to me. I have discovered—neither gold nor silver, but something that gives me unspeakable joy—the *os intermaxillare* in man!"

Was the little bone deserving of such enthusiastic joy?

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[*] There is naught in the skin
But in the bone exists.

The quotation is from the beginning of the poem *Typus* (*W.*, iii., 119).

[†] According to his diary the course of lectures was finished on the 16th of January, 1782.

[‡] Letter to Frau von Stein.

The answer to the question can be given, the real value which the discovery had in Goethe's mind can be understood, only when it is considered in the light of his whole philosophy of nature.

Back in his Strasburg days, or perhaps even earlier, Goethe had come under the influence of Spinoza's genius, not as exerted directly by that philosopher himself, but through the medium of his spiritual kinsman Giordano Bruno. It was his desire, as he says in *Ephemerides*,* not to separate God from nature, but rather to connect God with nature. For everything that is belongs necessarily to the essence of God, as God is the only reality and embraces everything. Such pantheistic inclinations were betrayed by him even when a boy,† in the manner in which he sought to approach directly "the great God of nature" and to worship him in nature and through nature. The youthful priest built to him an altar of the best specimens of a collection of minerals, "the representatives of nature," and, after sunrise, kindled by means of a burning glass the sacrificial flames of sweet-smelling incense tapers.

When Goethe, in later years, gave an account of his first acquaintance with Spinoza's *Ethics*‡ he was unable to distinguish between what he had gotten out of the work and what he had read into it; but after his statement just referred to there can be no doubt that it was the unity of the All, which he here found expressed with most luminous penetration, united with endless unselfishness and pure humanity, that from the very first brought him under the spell of the philosopher who had "risen to the summit of human thought." Goethe's whole being was filled with the idea, so that he here found himself again in a "necessary elective affinity," and here discovered the reason of his inclination to fix his attention on the thought of unity in the whole of nature, in the All; here he gained the assurance of scientific consciousness for his own conception of nature:

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* *W.*, xxxvii., 90 *f.*

† Cf. *DW.*, first Part, first Book (*W.*, xxvi., 63 *ff.*).

‡ *Ibid.*, third Part, fourteenth Book (*W.*, xxviii., 288).

Und es iſt das ewig Eine,
Das ſich vielfach offenbart.*

With reference to the unity of the universe the unity of the organic world is but a specific case. It is one thing, however, to grasp this idea in its general application, and an entirely different thing to hold it fast, with the consistency of nature herself, in every individual phenomenon; to follow out, as it were, the thought of nature everywhere, and to behold in every individual phenomenon the manifestation of her inherent law. Goethe's sublime observations of nature were due to the fact that, by virtue of his spiritual constitution, it was impossible for him not to behold the general principle in the individual case.[10] Each of nature's works, we read in the wonderful hymn *Die Natur*, has its own peculiar being, each of her phenomena a most isolated conception, and yet they all together form a unit. Hence Goethe everywhere sought reality in the highest sense of the word, not reality of phenomena alone, but reality as the fulfilment of law. This method of observing nature sprang from his innermost being. In this connection it is always necessary to go back to Heinroth's felicitous statement, that Goethe's mind worked objectively,† which means that his thought did not separate itself from objects, but that "the elements of objects, the observations, enter into it and are most intimately amalgamated with it." They become, as it were, a light within him, which by reflection casts its rays out upon objects and illuminates them.

Anſchaun, wenn es dir gelingt,
Daß es erſt ins Innre dringt,
Dann nach außen wiederkehrt,
Biſt am herrlichſten belehrt.‡

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* And it is the One eternal,
Which so multiform appears.

Quoted from the poem *Parabase* (*W.*, iii., 84), which, without this title, of course, formed the motto to his *Erster Entwurf einer allgemeinen Einleitung in die vergleichende Anatomie, ausgehend von der Osteologie.*

† *NS.*, xi., 58 (*Bedeutende Fördernis durch ein einziges geistreiches Wort*).

‡ Observation, made aright,
Floods at first the soul with light;

As Goethe, on the basis of experience, has risen to the view that the higher animal world up to man was formed according to a uniform type, it must have seemed to him impossible that nature should have been untrue to herself in one point. He could not be satisfied with the outward impression which forces itself on every man; he had to take seriously the idea that man is most closely related to the animal world.[*] It was only from such a commanding point of observation that it was possible for his poetic eye to discover what men who all their lives had been practised and experienced in such observations and investigations failed to see. How inconceivable it is that man, who, as we know, has incisor teeth, should lack the bone in which the roots of the incisors are fixed! And yet the anatomists and distinguished investigators of that day not only stubbornly denied the existence of the intermaxillary bone in man; their bias even went so far that, although they were not conscious of the general law involved, they proved the consistency of the skeleton in animals which had no incisors in their upper jaws and yet had the intermaxillary bone. Still they would have us believe that man, who possesses incisors, lacks the bone which bears them![11]

Goethe, on the other hand, had gained too deep an insight into the framework of the animal world and into the workings of nature to have any doubts in his mind as to the fact that nature never disregards her great maxims[†]; he recognised and admired the cleverness[‡] with which she, although limited to a small number of fundamental maxims, is able to produce the greatest variety. To him "the great self-activity of nature[§] consists in the fact that she

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Then if this be outward turned
Thou hast glorious wisdom learned.

The above is the last of the three stanzas of the poem *Genius, die Büste der Natur enthüllend*, which since 1833 has appeared also among the *Zahme Xenien* (VI).

[*] Letter to Knebel, Nov. 17, 1784.

[†] *Zur Morphologie* (*NS.*, viii., 122).

[‡] *NS.*, xi., 165.

[§] *NS.*, vi., 327 *f.*

can conceal certain organs and bring others into greater evidence, and in the same way can do just the opposite with the one as well as the other." The intermaxillary bone was a brilliant example by which Goethe was first able to illustrate the great self-activity of nature, as he was again, a few years later, by the metamorphosis of plants. In his "specimen," as he called the little article on the intermaxillary, in a letter to Merck of the 19th of December, 1784,—and indeed it is a specimen, a model, of scientific presentation—he not only proves the existence of this bone in man: he also shows how its shape varies according to the shape of the animal, the formation of the teeth, and the kind of food, extending forwards in some and backwards in others, and finally in the noblest creature, man, "modestly hiding itself for fear of betraying animal voracity." *

> Alſo beſtimmt die Geſtalt die Lebensweiſe des Tieres,
> Und die Weiſe zu leben, ſie wirkt auf alle Geſtalten
> Mächtig zurück. †

The discovery was not an easy one to make; otherwise it would not have remained a moot question for centuries. The difficulty of recognising the real truth lay in the fact that in full-grown skulls the bone is completely grown together with adjacent bones, and it is only in young specimens that the attentive observer is able to see sutures along the side. Goethe arrived at his discovery by the comparison of animal and human skulls of different ages, and this method of comparison, which, instead of confining itself to the exterior, enters into the structure and contexture of the forms under investigation, is a further feature of the discovery that is of fundamental importance. The bone could not be wanting; it had to be present; it was required to

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* *NS.*, viii., 94 and 120.

† Thus by the animal's form is its manner of living determined;
Likewise the manner of life affecteth every creature,
Moulding its form.

The above lines are quoted from the poem *Metamorphose der Tiere* (*W.*, iii., 90); the poem also appears under the title *ΑΘΡΟΙΣΜΟΣ* (*NS.*, viii., 58 *ff.*).

complete the harmony of the whole. A similar method of reasoning, based on his contemplation of the great Strasburg cathedral, had revealed to the young student Goethe the original plan of the architect that the tower of the edifice should end with a five-pointed crown.*

Goethe was fully conscious of the fact that his investigation prefigured the future development of science, that it gave expression to a great principle, the idea of the consistency of the osteological type through all forms; that, at the same time, the way was pointed out to deeper insight into the formation of the animal world and to a broader outlook upon the great whole of nature. "How natural it will be to proceed from this one little bone to the rest of comparative osteology thou canst doubtless see, and later it will be even more apparent" (letter to Merck, December 19, 1784). "One could then go more into detail and, by careful comparison, step by step, of several animals, advance from the simplest to the more complex, from the small and cramped to the huge and extended." †

Goethe's interest in this subject was stimulated from another quarter. The most celebrated anatomists of his time, Blumenbach, Camper, and Sömmering, saw in the supposed lack of the intermaxillary bone the only mark of distinction between man and the ape, and so the old moot question again engaged the leading minds in a spirited controversy. As opposed to this view Goethe expressed the conviction that the difference between man and the animals could not be found in any particular part of the body.‡ "The harmony of the whole makes every creature what it is, and man is man by the form and nature of his upper jaw as well as by the form and nature of the last phalanx of his little toe. Then again every creature is but a tone, a modulation, of a great harmony, which must be studied as a whole and in all its grandeur; otherwise each individual part is but a lifeless letter. This little work is written from this point of view and that is really the interest that lies concealed in it." Goethe was so fortunate as to show that even in apes cases occur in which the intermaxillary bone is so grown together with the adjacent bones that the outer suture is scarcely visible.

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* *Cf.* vol. i., p. 105.—C.

† *NS.*, viii., 102.

‡ Letter to Knebel, November 17, 1784.

All his efforts to obtain the recognition of his discovery among specialists failed, except in the case of his teacher, Loder. For the present it was not given the poet to "legitimate" himself in the "learned body" of anatomists by means of his "inaugural disputation." It was sent first, on the 10th of December, 1784, to Darmstadt, to Merck, then to Cassel, to Sömmering, and finally to Stavoren, Holland, to Camper, the most celebrated anatomist of the time, who did not receive it till the middle of September, 1785, nine months after it had been started on its round. It took the work so long to make the journey because it was not despatched till suitable opportunities offered. Most carefully prepared and very distinct drawings of the skulls investigated by Goethe were intended to demonstrate the difference in form in different animals of the bone wedged in between the two halves of the upper jaw, and to show its existence in man. They also contained among their number different animal skulls in which the bone was either partly or wholly grown together with adjacent bones. The author's name was not mentioned, and Camper in all honesty subjected the treatise to a thorough test, making a new investigation of skulls of various ages; but he held fast his old view that man has no intermaxillary bone. In other respects he confirmed all of Goethe's observations, even that concerning the walrus, in which the bone had not been recognised because of its compressed, misshapen, form, and of which it had also been said that it had no incisor teeth. Goethe remarked that, judging by the form of the intermaxillary, one must ascribe to the walrus four incisors. Camper considered this remark likewise correct and wrote to Merck concerning the intermaxillary: "Votre ami, je suppose Mr. Goethe, nous a mis en train et à l'examen d'un os, qui serait resté inconnu dans le morse, si nous n'avions pas eu ces éclaircissements"*; but he continued to deny the very thing about which Goethe cared most: "L'os intermaxillaire n'existe pas dans l' homme." † From Sömmering Goethe received, as he wrote to Merck, "a very light letter. He even wants to talk me out of it. Humph!" ‡

With such opposition on the part of specialists Goethe lost all desire to publish the treatise. Loder announced the discovery to the scientific world in 1788 in his *Anatomisches Handbuch.* Sömmering and Blumenbach gradually became converted, but it was almost forty years before Goethe's discovery attained full recognition. He himself did not publish the little work till 1820, when it appeared with important additions in one of the numbers of his periodical *Zur Naturwissenschaft,*[12] and it was not until a year before his death that he experienced the joy of seeing it reprinted, together with the drawings, in the *Verhandlungen der Kaiserlich Leopoldinisch-Karolinischen Akademie der Naturforscher.*

Goethe was, however, not disconcerted; he knew beforehand that he was on the right path,§ or, as Herder put it, on the true path of nature,‖ and that from now on he would lose nothing. His scientific activity broadened from day to day, but the vegetable kingdom especially engrossed his attention.

Immediately on his arrival in Weimar his interest was aroused in the plant world, partly because his official duties turned his attention in that direction. In nature's open workshop, in meadow and field, in forest and game preserve, began his studies, which found rich nourishment in the laying out of gardens for the Duke and in the desire to beautify his own garden out of his own resources. Even as early as 1788 we find him occupied with observations on mosses; not until later did he turn to books, for it was not in his nature to learn any thing from them,* and it was only after he had looked about him for a long time in nature and had discovered some of the secrets of her workings that he knew how to use books. From 1785 on he was wholly absorbed in the plant world, and "in botany he had soon made very fine discoveries and combinations which corrected many errors and threw light on many points." † But he was not seeking to find out isolated facts; it was his aim here as everywhere to discover a general, fundamental law to which individual phenomena can be reduced. ‡ Upon this was centred the "productive passion" which he had conceived for the natural sciences. The gay bustle of the "children of nature with their quiet charms" crowded itself upon him with irresistible power, and whereas it had hitherto rejoiced only his senses it now took possession of his mind and soul. Indeed, everything that he observed in nature assumed for him the character of experience, as he declared in numerous utterances.[13] In his mind outer world and inner world are most intimately connected; "he had never separated the two." In this oneness, and in the manner in which he was able to "unite the productive with the historical," lies the inexhaustible charm of his presentations of his knowledge of nature, of which he might have said, as he did of his poems: "I did not make them; they made me." On the 9th of July, 1786, he wrote to Frau von Stein: "The vegetable kingdom is raging again in my soul; I cannot rid myself of it for a single moment; am, however, making fine progress." On the following day he wrote: "What rejoices me most at present is the nature of plants, which is pursuing me, and that is really the way a thing becomes one's own. Everything is forcing itself upon me, I no longer reflect upon it, everything comes to me, and the vast kingdom is simplifying itself in my soul, so that I shall soon be able to accomplish with ease the most difficult task."

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* Your friend—Herr Goethe, I presume—has set us to seeking and examining a bone which would have remained unknown in the walrus, if we had not had these explanations (*Briefe an Merck*, 470).

† The intermaxillary bone does not exist in man (*ibid.*, 481).

‡ Letter to Merck, February 13, 1785.

§ Letter to Frau von Stein, Oct. 2, 1783.

‖ *Knebels literarischer Nachlass*, ii., 236.

This anticipation of his discovery of plant metamorphosis, which at that time hovered before his mind under the sensual form of a supersensual *Urpflanze*, accompanied him across the Alps. In Italy, so rich in form, he saw fresh and happy, side by side, beneath the open sky, a fulness and variety of thronging life such as was hardly to be found, scattered, in the narrow hot-houses of his northern home; he found here everything more unfolded and further developed, and many things which he had previously only surmised, and had sought with the microscope, he here saw with his naked eye as an indubitable certainty. The plant world had taken such a mighty hold upon him that it more than once crowded out his poetic dreams. In Palermo he went to the public gardens to think over the plot of *Nausikaa* more fully, but the thoughts which the wealth of plants suggested to his mind disturbed his poetic plan: "The garden of Alcinous had vanished and a world garden had appeared before me." He had seen and reflected enough in the world garden; he was now able to pluck the ripened fruit. To be sure, it did not fall into his hands without some effort on his part; in fact, in later years he insisted that the same was true of his works in general. Of this particular fruit of his labour he said: "What a long chain of observations and reflections I had to carry out before the idea of plant metamorphosis dawned upon me!" * But now everything developed from within,† and in Sicily, at the goal of his "flight," the idea of the metamorphosis of plants stood out clearly before his soul and mind and "gave spiritual content" to his sojourn in Naples and Sicily.

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* Letter to Merck, Oct. 11, 1780.

† Letter to Merck, April 8, 1785.

‡ Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*, i., 232.

In this epic of the coming into being of higher plants, as Alfred Kirchhoff aptly calls the little treatise which appeared in 1790 under the title *Versuch, die Metamorphose der Pflanzen zu erklären*, Goethe revealed to the scientific world an idea of creative power continuing in operation. He sought in this way to reduce "the manifold specific phenomena of the glorious world garden to a simple, general principle," ‡ and it may be said that our poet was the first man to raise botany, and at the same time zoölogy, to the rank of a real science. Hitherto these disciplines had consisted solely in empirical description, in collecting and arranging, and in distinguishing and separating. To draw an illustration from botany, the plant in its totality, and each organ of it, was considered only as a finished thing distinguished from all other things. Now Goethe had studied comparative anatomy and comparative osteology, and in this way had had the good fortune to make fine discoveries; what could have been more logical than that, so soon as he turned to this field, he should study comparative botany—that he should observe the relations of different plants to one another, and those existing between the organs of a single plant? Hence it was necessary for him to watch the plant in its germination and growth, in "its development out of the seed and all the way to the formation of new seed" (§ 84); and with the eye of a genius he recognised that cotyledon, stem, leaf, sepal, petal, filament, in short,—to borrow a common expression of modern science—all appendages, or lateral organs, of the plant axis are only transformed or metamorphosed leaves; that is to say, that all those organs of a higher plant—for it is only with such that Goethe's doctrine of metamorphosis deals—may be reduced to a primordial organ, which he calls leaf. Accustomed to view every manifestation of nature in its relation to her other phenomena, in the conviction that only in this way is it possible to entice from her her secrets, he directed his attention to formations deviating from the norm, to certain monstrosities, as, for example, double flowers, in which "are developed petals instead of filaments and anthers,"—that is to say, a petal is formed where under ordinary circumstances a filament appears—and from these facts he deduced the inward relationship of these organs, their similar origin, and their predisposition to assume the same form. Such phenomena of abnormal or retrogressive metamorphosis aided him in his investigation of the normal course of plant development.[14]

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* *Bedeutende Fördernis durch ein einziges geistreiches Wort* (*NS.*, xi., 62).

† *SGG.*, ii., 114.

‡ *Schicksal der Handschrift* (*NS.*, vi., 132).

It is worthy of note in this connection that Goethe did not see in the leaf as the fundamental organ the final simple element to which the plant form may be reduced. He chose this designation for lack of a better. Modern science employs the term leaf-organ. In order to have gone back to the beginnings of plant growth he would have had to have a knowledge of the elementary organism, the cell, which was impossible before the perfection of the microscope. But that Goethe's genius had divined the truth clearly and with surprising accuracy is apparent from his words: "Every living thing is a multiple, not a single, being; even in so far as it seems to us an individual it remains nevertheless an aggregation of independent living beings, which in idea or plan are homogeneous, but in appearance may be homogeneous, or similar, heterogeneous, or dissimilar. In part these beings are united from their origin, in part they find each other and unite. They separate and then enter into new unions, thus securing an endless production in every way and in every direction." *

In his doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis Goethe had a predecessor in the person of Kaspar Friedrich Wolff, who expressed the same idea, that all lateral organs of a higher plant are modified leaves, but he observed with the microscope what the poet saw with the eyes of his spirit. Wolff's work, however, had remained entirely unknown to him, as it had to Germany in general, and Goethe was one of the first to point out its merits. He called him with joyful recognition an "excellent predecessor." Wolff's method of reasoning was altogether unacceptable in so far as he ascribed the course of development of a plant to maturity to a stunting of its growth—an idea which Goethe characterised as absurd.

As a matter of fact, science acquired the doctrine of metamorphosis from Goethe; but it was decades before the new conception was really adopted by scientists as a working principle. Disregard, indifference, rejection, misinterpretation, misunderstanding,—such was the fate which the "little botanical work" experienced, so that Reichenbach was

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* *Zur Morphologie* (*NS.*, vi., 10).

Goethe by Kolbe
(From Heinemann's *Goethe*)

justified in saying of the poet, in 1828: "Back in his youth he discovered the dryad's secret, but he had to become a greybeard before the world understood him." It was a tragic feature of our poet's life that the recognition for which he yearned, especially in his scientific work, was so long denied him. It may well have been this fact that prevented his writing "the second essay on the metamorphosis of plants,"* of which only a short fragment has been preserved. When Goethe, in the summer of 1831, through the mediation of his spiritual kinsman Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, sent the French translation of his *Metamorphose der Pflanzen*, for which Soret had arranged under his direction, to the Académie Française, de Saint-Hilaire said in his report: "When Goethe came out with his work in 1790 it was little noticed; indeed, scientists came near considering it an aberration. To be sure, there was an error at the bottom of it, but such a one as only genius can commit. Goethe's only error consisted in allowing his treatise to be published almost half a century too soon, before there were any botanists who were able to study it and understand it." †

It would be giving to this little work but the smallest part of the recognition due it, if one were to see in it nothing more than the proof of the identity of all the parts which we have characterised as the lateral organs of the plant axis. It is based, in fact, on an infinitely greater, higher, and more comprehensive, idea, the idea of evolution, the germ of which is thus seen to be contained in Goethe's first scientific writing. Never before had the sciences of the organic world received such a mighty impulse as through this idea, which was destined to awaken them, as though with a magic wand, out of their long lethargy, to a new flourishing existence.

In his essay on Joachim Jungius, in the passage in which he speaks of Francis Bacon, who, he says, considered "differentiation and exact representation of differences as true natural philosophy," Goethe says: "The conviction that everything must be in existence in a finished state, if one is to bestow upon it proper attention, had completely befogged the century . . . and so this way of thinking has come down as the most natural and most convenient from the seventeenth to the eighteenth, and from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century. . . ." In Linné this method of interpreting nature had found a perfect, incomparable systematist, who showed no desire to seek the inward connection of the whole, and hardly betrayed the faintest conception of the fact that science rises to its full dignity only when it has investigated the origin of organisation. The school of Linné, which, thanks to the sovereign talent of its founder, ruled the scientific world for a time, considered its task limited to the elaboration, completion, and explanation, of this system, and became more and more fixed in the idea that "nothing can come into being but what is already in existence,"* a conception which had gained complete control over all minds.

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* Letter to Knebel, July 9, 1790; *NS.*, vi., 279.

† Müller, *Goethes letzte literarische Tätigkeit*, 54.

According to this view the whole plant, for example, was said to be incased in the seed, entirely preformed on a small scale. Hence there was no evolution, there was only an unfolding, and this doctrine of *emboîtement*, or preformation, was held fast, in spite of the fact that it led, by logical necessity, to the absurd conclusion that in the plant germ of any particular species all future generations were from the very beginning inclosed one within another. The idea found its pregnant expression in Haller's "*nil noviter generari*." To this apparent death Goethe opposed real life in his conception of evolution. Evolution means the continual development of the diverse and manifold out of the single and simple, and he knows that in the organic world endurance, rest, and final state are nowhere to be found,† rather, that everything varies with constant motion. That which is formed is immediately transformed, and, if we desire to arrive in some measure at a living conception of nature, we must follow the example which she sets and keep ourselves in a live and formative state.

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* *Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 197).

† (*N.S.*, vi., 9)

The idea of evolution was a lightning flash that rifted the clouds of the century and shed a flood of light upon the world of life. The metamorphosis of plants is but a special application of this idea. It shows the progressive formation and transformation of the fundamental organ into more and more perfect and efficient organs, until in the end it reaches the highest point of organic activity, the setting apart and separation of individuals from the organic whole by the process of procreation and birth.*

Finally Goethe identified the idea of metamorphosis with the idea of evolution in general. In this sense he called the former a *ἓν καὶ πᾶν*, and it was this idea, which embraces the whole organic world, that guided him through the labyrinth of the world before he had worked out that special application of the idea. Nothing else can be meant by the statement in his letter of July 6, 1786, to Frau von Stein, "I have again been able to observe very beautiful qualities in flowers, and before long all life will appear to my mind in a bright and clear light"; and he cannot have been thinking of anything but the idea of evolution underlying his conception of metamorphosis when he wrote from Naples, on the 17th of May, 1787: "It will be found that the same law can be applied to every other form of life."

Only when he had before him a magnificent visible corrobation of his idea of evolution, in the discovery of the metamorphosis of plants; only when he knew the true history of the plant, its successive stages of growth from small beginnings to maturity—"just as true history does not recount occurrences, but events, as they appear in the various stages of their development" †—only then was he able, as a true investigator, to proclaim the idea of evolution as a supreme scientific principle. From that time on Goethe knew no higher, indeed, no other, method of viewing nature, and no other way of dealing with natural phenomena, than the genetic method,‡ and one of our greatest naturalists § says without qualification that Goethe established the universality of the genetic method. Even his mode of thinking was genetic.

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* *NS.*, vi., 305. † *NS.*, ix., 275 *f.* ‡ *NS.*, vi., 303.

§ Virchow, in Lexis, *Die deutschen Universitäten* (1893), ii., 250.

We have now reached a point where it is possible to bring the poet-naturalist nearer to our understanding. In attempting to do so we shall give our reasons for the opening statement of this chapter.

In a fragment of manuscript containing an early version of a part of his *Geschichte seiner botanischen Studien* Goethe introduced his study of plants in Italy in the following sentence, which, however, did not appear in the same form in the final redaction: "In the year referred to I ventured on a journey to Italy, with the hard task of solving more than one riddle which was a burden upon my life. The study of plants forced itself upon me." * Viewed aright, the riddles which Goethe went forth to solve may be reduced to a single one. He sought to find the crowning piece for his structure of nature, to gain under the Italian sky the final insight into nature, and to see what he had divined demonstrated as a certainty. For it does not seem for a moment to have been concealed from him that he thereby would have gained the deepest insight into art; that by the completion of his knowledge of nature he would have attained to full artistic consciousness, just as in the knowledge of nature he had for the first time found a key to unlock the door to the knowledge of art. Hence we can understand why he should have written to Frau von Stein as early as the 24th of November, 1786: "Thou knowest my old manner. I am treating Rome as I treat nature, and it is already beginning to rise to meet me." And on the 20th of December: "As I have hitherto viewed nature I now view art, and I am gaining what I have so long sought, a more complete idea of the highest things that men have accomplished, and my soul is expanding more in this direction and looks out upon a freer field." Finally, on the 29th of December, to Herder: "My dear old friend:—Architecture and sculpture and painting are now to me like mineralogy, botany, and zoölogy. Furthermore, I have now grasped these, the arts, aright, and I shall not let them go, and I know for certain that I am not catching at a phantom."*

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* *NS.*, vi., 386.

Thus to Goethe's mind it was from the outset clear, not only that the deepest knowledge of nature is none too good for the highest perfection of art, but also that the road to the mastery of art is the same that he had travelled in order to master nature; "that finally in the practice of art we can compete with nature only when we have learned from her, to some extent at least, the manner in which she proceeds in the production of her works."† Now how does nature proceed? How else than by the way of evolution does she go about the production of a "living creature as the model for all artistic creations?" Therefore, in the highest sphere it is not really what has come into being, what is, as such, that is a subject for art; but in so far as in it a trace of growth, evolution, and living motion, is observed, and the relation of the parts to one another and to the whole is visible. "The human figure cannot be comprehended by merely looking at its surface; one must lay bare its interior, separate its parts, note the connections, know the differences, study action and reaction, and keep clearly in mind the hidden, the fixed, and the fundamental, elements of appearance, if one would really see and imitate that which moves before our eyes in living waves as a beautiful, undivided whole." ‡ Not only is this true of the human figure, "the *non plus ultra* of all human knowledge and activity," § "the alpha and omega of all things known to us"; ‖ even the artist, for example, who desires to represent flowers and fruits will only "become the greater and more thorough if, in addition to his talent, he is a well informed botanist: if from the root up he knows the influence of the different parts on the growth and prosperity of the plant, knows their various functions and their effects upon one another, and if he comprehends and reflects upon the successive evolution of leaves, flowers, fertilisation, fruit, and the new germ." *

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* *SGG.*, ii., pp. 223, 240, and 333.

† *Einleitung in die Propyläen* (*W.*, xlvii., 14 *f.*).

‡ *Ibid.*, (*W.*, xlvii., 13).

§ *Italienische Reise*, Rome, Jan. 10, 1788.

‖ *Ibid.*, Rome, Augt. 23, 1787.

At the time when these words were written the revelation of the metamorphosis of plants had already come to the poet; he had given himself up to the idea with joy and delight, had applied it everywhere, even in art; and yet with respect to the highest art, antique art, it was more than a year before his conjecture gave way to certainty, of the correctness of the view that nature and art are but manifestations of one and the same reality—a view which later dominated and satisfied his artistic and scientific consciousness. At that time he was still engaged in "investigating how those incomparable artists went about it to evolve out of the human figure the circle of divine formation, in which neither a single chief character nor the transitions and agencies are lacking. I surmise that they proceeded according to the laws which guide nature and of which I am on the track. But there is something else about them that I am unable to express in words." †

After he had gone to Sicily and returned to Rome it was no longer a surmise, it had become with him a "Columbus's egg;" ‡ he had not only found the clue, he had the "master key," and was in a position to declare that "these great works of art are at the same time the highest works of nature, produced by man in accordance with true and natural laws; everything capricious and imaginary falls to the ground; here is necessity, here is God." He was able to look into the depths of art with all the greater joy as he had accustomed his sight to the depths of nature. §

Goethe's philosophy of art, then, is based on the laws which he read in the open book of nature. The great principles underlying the realm of nature, the conception of unity and the idea of evolution, when applied to art, become the typical in art and individual freedom in the development

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* *Einfache Nachahmung der Natur, Manier, Stil* (*W.*, xlvii., 82).

† *Italienische Reise*, Rome, Jan. 28, 1787. *Cf.* also *Anhang zur Lebensbeschreibung des Benvenuto Cellini*, XVI (*W.*, xliv., 384 *f.*).

‡ *Italienische Reise*, Rome, Sept. 6, 1787.

§ Letter to Karl August, Jan. 25, 1788.

and assertion of personality, the highest bliss of the sons of earth. Their union represents that inward unity, that true-to-nature character, of the creations of his muse, which lends them the stamp of eternity. And art was by no means one of the least potent factors in prompting him always to take "very seriously everything that concerns the great eternal relations of nature." * Even the supreme revelation of art, the beautiful, comes to us "when we behold life in accordance with law in its highest activity and perfection, by which we are stimulated to reproduce and are made to feel ourselves animated and transported to highest activity." † Thus art reproduces whatever it may have received from nature; for art is not an imitator of nature, but her "worthiest interpreter," ‡ and an irresistible longing for art is felt by all to whom nature begins to disclose her open secret. Hence art becomes, so to speak, a touchstone for the discovered laws of nature, and, on the other hand, is able to reveal natural laws. This divine spark is the beautiful; for "the beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which but for this phenomenon would have remained hidden from us for ever." §

Goethe found the philosophical justification and confirmation of his conception of the relations between nature and art in Kant's *Kritik der Urteilskraft*, to which he owed, for this reason, one of the most joyous periods of his life.‖ It pleased him to learn in this work that poetry and the comparative science of nature are so closely related, in that both are subject to the same power of judgment. He found here the fulfilment of his own demand that a work of art should be treated like a work of nature, and a work of nature like a work of art, and that the value of each should be derived from itself and considered by itself.¶ And as, in every work of art, art should always be represented as a whole, Goethe desired also that in every single being the workings and the design of nature should be viewed as a whole, and every single part in its relation to the whole.

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* Letter to Knebel, Jan. 28, 1789.

† *Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 234).

‡ *Maximen und Reflexionen über Kunst* (*W.*, xlviii., 179); *Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 214.

§ *Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 197.

‖ *Einwirkung der neueren Philosophie* (*NS.*, xi., 47 *ff.*).

¶ *Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 154).

> Willſt du dich am Ganzen erquicken,
> So mußt du das Ganze im Kleinſten erblicken.*

Here again we have to do with a point of view at which Goethe had arrived far ahead of his age. For if the value of each being is to be derived from that being itself and to be considered by itself, then every creature must have its purpose in itself, and cannot be explained by external purposes; much less by subordination to the purposes of man,—who, in spite of Copernicus, still considered himself the centre of the universe. This teleological way of thinking, however, still held sway over the investigators of nature and prevented the scientific comprehension of organic nature and the progress of investigation. In his energetic rejection of teleology our poet stood almost alone. His philosophical teacher had, with his usual acumen, long ago discovered the anthropomorphism of final purposes and had declared that "all final causes are human inventions." In this particular Goethe followed him unconditionally. His utterances concerning the scientific inadmissibility of teleology as an explaining principle are extraordinarily numerous, and he left among his papers a little essay, *Einleitung zu einer allgemeinen Vergleichungslehre*,† which is devoted exclusively to this subject. One cause of the happy period of his life which Kant's *Kritik der Urteilskraft* was chiefly instrumental in bringing about was the fact that his disinclination toward final causes was now explained and justified.

Closely related to this attitude was his unwillingness to tolerate the view that every variation from the norm is pathological, and in his observation of nature he carried his objectivity so far that he repeatedly referred to the relativity of such conceptions as "defect," "abnormal development," "malformation," "deformity," and "stunt," and advised caution in the use of these terms, inasmuch as everything takes place in accordance with the simple law of metamorphosis, "which by its efficacy brings before our eyes both the symmetrical and the bizarre, the fertile and the barren, the comprehensible and the incomprehensible." [15] He desired that one should become thoroughly permeated with the truth that one can by no means obtain a comprehensive view unless one always considers normal and abnormal at the same time, in their variations and effects. This insight had led him, as we know, to the discovery of the metamorphosis of plants.

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* If in the All thou thy soul wouldst regale,
The All thou must see in the smallest detail.

† *N.S.*, vii., 215 *ff.*

The perfecting of the ideas concerning formation and transformation of organic nature, which Goethe brought back from Italy in far more finished form than when he set out on his journey to the south, occupied his mind ceaselessly, even in the midst of the distractions into which he was drawn during the succeeding years. The first fruit was *Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen.* Called soon afterward to the seat of war in Silesia, during his sojourn in Breslau he devoted himself chiefly to comparative anatomy. On the 31st of August, 1790, he wrote from Landshut to Friedrich von Stein, "In the midst of all this turmoil I have begun to write my treatise on animals."

His plans were far-reaching. The works which he himself published, together with the many preparatory studies in the fields of botany and comparative anatomy, which have been brought to light from among the archives, show that it was his intention to write a general theory of the science of organic nature, in which no branch should be left unconsidered. The little "treatise" seems to have been preserved in the *Versuch über die Gestalt der Tiere*,* of which Goethe speaks in several letters of the years 1790 and 1791, and the ideas of which he seems to have incorporated in later works; but what his "youthful assurance dreamed of as a comprehensive work" came out into the world as a mere outline, a fragmentary collection of material.

* *NS.*, viii., 261.

He often thought that he was about ready to publish it. In 1807 everything was prepared for publication and he wrote introductions and prefaces to these "sketches of many years," but they were again laid away, and not until 1820 did he begin the publication of his anatomical writings, together with the reprinting of the *Metamorphose* and other botanical essays, under the common title *Zur Morphologie.*

Goethe created not merely a name for the science, but the science itself. He was the founder of scientific morphology. He said unequivocally that in morphology he was setting up a new science, not in subject-matter, it is true, but in point of view and in method.* What he means by this needs no further explanation after what has already been said. Morphology is to include the theory of forms, the formation and transformation of organic bodies. Form is variable, coming into being and passing away. The theory of forms is the theory of metamorphosis. The theory of metamorphosis, he adds to these aphoristic utterances, is the key to all the signs of nature. Hence morphology is the focus to which the other sciences of organic nature tend, like the radii of a concave mirror. By this high conception Goethe made morphology both the foundation and the end of all biological sciences. It finally developed into the science of evolution.

The fund of particular knowledge which had been gradually collecting could not fail to bring about a state of confusion in these sciences,—especially in comparative anatomy—as there was no one common line of reasoning according to which they could be considered both externally and with respect to their inward substance and their mutual relations,—no leading idea to which they had to be subordinated. In his *Erster Entwurf einer allgemeinen Einleitung in die vergleichende Anatomie, ausgehend von der Osteologie*, which he wrote in 1795, Goethe proposed "an anatomical type, a general composite pattern in which so far as possible the forms of all animals should be contained. In its universality the type embraces the whole animal world, and in the same way the plant world is reduced to a "vegetative" type. More particularly the type belongs to the higher animals, or to a single class. This type is found by process of abstraction from empirical knowledge of the parts which in appearance are different, but in plan are alike. Goethe repeatedly calls the type a Proteus, whom we "must be skilled to follow in all his versatility"; for from the versatility of this type are "to be derived without exception the many genera and species known to us." Nevertheless, the type is an element that persists and endures through all the change and transformation of forms. In a fragment published for the first time in the Weimar edition of Goethe's writings we read: "Great difficulty of establishing the type of a whole class in general, so that it will fit every genus and every species; nature can produce her genera and species only because the type which is prescribed for her by eternal necessity is such a Proteus; and this Protean type escapes even a very keen comparative sense and can be caught only piecemeal and, as it were, only and always in contradictions." *

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* *NS.*, vi., 293 and 446.

Now what is the type? There has been a great deal of controversy about whether it represents merely a general image, a pattern, an ideal character, or includes the conception of the ancestral form.[16] The settling of this question has been considered a matter of importance because upon it seemed to depend the question of whether Goethe assumed the permanence of species or was a believer in the theory of descent. It is impossible for us, in the brief space here allotted to us, to enter upon a discussion of the former question, but it is our opinion that from the whole spirit of Goethe's philosophy of nature a perfectly clear conception may be gained of his position with respect to the theory of descent.

Goethe once said that after Shakespeare and Spinoza the greatest influence was exerted upon him by Linné, not because he felt himself related to him as he did to those two spirits, but because of the very opposition to which Linné challenged him, because of the discord which the scientist produced in his breast. What he "sought with violence to

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* *NS.*, vi., 312 *f.*

keep apart had to strive after union to satisfy the innermost requirements of my being." * Then in Linné's *Fundamenta Botanica*, as well as in *Philosophia Botanica*, which was his "daily study," the dogma of the permanence of species confronted him with unbending rigidity: "*Species tot sunt quot diversas formas ab initio produxit Infinitum Ens; quae formae, secundum generationi inditas leges, produxere plures at sibi semper similes.*" In contrast with systematising, registering Linné, who separated genus from genus, species from species, as a thing that had "existed since the days of Adam" and was unchangeable, our poet confesses: "It seemed to me a task that defied solution to characterise genera with certainty and to arrange the species under them." † He thought that it would be possible truly to determine genera and species only by developing all plant forms out of one.‡ He was convinced that the plant forms all about us were not originally determined and established: that, rather, together with a stubborn generic and specific persistence, they were given a happy mobility and flexibility, in order that they might accommodate themselves to the many varying conditions influencing them throughout the earth, and form and transform themselves accordingly, so that "genus can change to species, species to variety, and under other conditions varieties can change *ad infinitum;* . . . . and yet those farthest separated from each other have a pronounced relationship." §

Und umzuſchaffen das Geſchaffne,
Damit ſich's nicht zum Starren waffne,
Wirkt ewiges, lebend'ges Tun.

. . . .

Es ſoll ſich regen, ſchaffend handeln,
Erſt ſich geſtalten, dann verwandeln;
Nur ſcheinbar ſteht's Momente ſtill. ‡

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* *Geschichte meines botanischen Studiums* (*NS.*, vi., 390 *f.*).

† *NS.*, vi., 117.

‡ *Italienische Reise*, Padua, Sept. 27, 1786.

§ *NS.*, vi., 120 *f.*

‖ To metamorphose the creation,
Lest rest become complete stagnation,

In this respect it was naturally impossible for Goethe, the unitary thinker, to make any distinction between plants and animals. He had recognised, rather, that "when one considers plants and animals in their most rudimentary stage they are hardly to be distinguished. A nucleus, stationary, locomotive, or semi-locomotive, is what our senses are able to perceive, and that with difficulty. . . . But thus much may be said, that the creatures gradually evolving as plants and animals out of a relation in which it is scarcely possible to draw a separating line between them develop toward perfection in two opposite directions, so that in the end the plant culminates in a tree, enduring and stationary, while the animal reaches its highest degree of locomotion and freedom in its crowning representative, man." * Moreover Goethe did not consider that in man the process of creation had been definitely finished. "Who knows," he once said, "but that, after all, the complete man only indicates an aim at a still higher mark?"† On the other hand, he often refers to the common origin of man and the animals, as, for example, after mentioning the hollow spaces in the human skull, the frontal sinuses, he continues: "In this case the question Why? would not lead very far, whereas the question How? teaches me that these cavities are the remnants of the animal skull, which are found larger in proportion in rudimentary organisations, but in man, in spite of his high development, have not been entirely lost." ‡

If we compare Goethe's general statements concerning the transformation of organic natures with his observations on individual genera of animals, such as are found, for example, in his essays *Die Faultiere und die Dickhäutigen* and *Die Skelette der Nagetiere*, we find that they will admit of no

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Eternal, living motion works.

. . . .

This endless force, itself exerting,
Creating forms and these converting,
Doth only seem at times to rest.
—From *Eins und Alles* (*W*., iii., 81).

* *NS*., vi., 13.

† Biedermann, *Goethes Gespräche*, ii., 263.

‡ Eckermann, *Gespräche*, ii., 191.

other interpretation than that he assumed a real blood and ancestral relationship of genera and species. An interesting passage bearing on this point is a remark which he made in his essay *Fossiler Stier* concerning some discovered fossil bones, out of which it was possible to reconstruct the skeleton of an extinct species of gigantic ox: "In any case this ancient creature may be considered a widely distributed extinct parent stock of which the common ox and the zebu may be looked upon as descendants." If we but follow out Goethe's discovery of the intermaxillary, the idea which led him to it, and his frequent utterances concerning it, to the logical conclusion, we are forcibly convinced that his working hypothesis was essentially that embodied in the theory of descent. His philosophy of the world in general allowed him no choice. In this respect there are but two possible hypotheses: either the species originated essentially as they are through an act of creation, or they have developed out of one or a few archetypes to the diversity now filling the earth. But one act of creation would not suffice; for the palæontological remains, which Goethe knew and valued at their true worth, teach us that innumerable genera of former periods became extinct, "were unable to perpetuate themselves by vital propagation." * Then, as it is practically certain that the now living species did not then exist, one who does not assume a repetition of creative acts is forced to the logical conclusion that the living species are descendants of extinct species.

There is still another great principle which plays an important rôle in Goethe's thought, and which makes him appear to us a believer in the theory of descent, and hence a forerunner of Darwin. *Natura non facit saltum* is a very old saying, which is often quoted, but was formerly little considered, as is shown, for example, by the theory of cataclysms. Goethe was the first to raise it to a principle of research, and to apply it on a grand scale to the question here under consideration. "Nature can achieve everything that she desires to make only by a continuous series of gradations. She never breaks the continuity of the series. For example, she could not make a horse, if all other animals did not precede, upon which she mounts, as by a ladder, to the structure of the horse." *

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* *NS.*, vi., 185.

Goethe carried this idea over to the positive and in this form calls it the fundamental principle of continuity. This principle is the foundation of all his scientific research. He knows no other norm of action in nature than that characterised by continuity, and even his geological views are based entirely on the principle of continuity. "I have continued my observations on plants and insects," he wrote to Schiller, on the 30th of July, 1796, "and have been very happy in them. I find that if one has rightly grasped the fundamental principle of continuity and can use it with ease one needs nothing further to make discoveries and to present one's views on organic nature." On the 10th of August he wrote: "I am more than ever convinced that one can arrive at an excellent understanding of organic nature by means of the conception of continuity."

In this Goethe showed a truly mathematical sense, and it is only a different expression of the same trend of mind that he everywhere seeks after transitions. Indeed, as he says, his natural turn of mind forces him to consider all natural phenomena in a certain sequence of development, and to follow attentively the transitional stages forward and backward. Likewise we have heard him say, in praise of the plastic works of antique art, that even in them the transitions are not lacking (p. 100). "What a chasm," he exclaims in his first scientific treatise, "between the *os intermaxillare* of the tortoise and that of the elephant! And yet it is possible to imagine a series of intermediate forms connecting the two." Judging by what has thus far been said, is it likely that Goethe, who could not make the application of the conception of development broad enough, should, with respect to the existence of the whole of the plant and animal world, have found satisfaction in the hypothesis of isolated processes?

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* Riemer, *Briefe von und an Goethe*, 311.

It is admitted in many quarters that at least near the end of his life Goethe arrived at a clear conception of the idea of descent, and that in the last scientific work of his life, his review of the remarkable controversy between Cuvier and Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, he gave expression to the idea by placing himself uncompromisingly on the side of the latter. But if that is true it is no less true that these ideas had long been his own, for we have his testimony: "This event is for me one of altogether incredible value, and I have a right to rejoice that I have finally lived to witness the general victory of a cause to which I have devoted my whole life, and which is pre-eminently my cause." In speaking with reference to Herder's *Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit*, which as we know was in part the product of his own mind, he said: "Our daily conversation was occupied with the very beginnings of the water-earth and the organic creatures that have been developing upon it since the earliest times. The very beginning and the ceaseless continuation through development were always talked about and our scientific knowledge was daily clarified and enriched by mutual communications and oppositions."

For the variation and transformation of species Goethe assigns the same reasons as those set forth by the modern theory of evolution, viz., adaptation, use and disuse of organs, and inheritance; and even for the catchword "struggle for existence"—not only in the sense of a struggle of organisms with their environment, but also in the sense of a competition of organisms among themselves for the conditions of existence, and the resulting victory of one and defeat of the other—he finds an excellent equivalent: "Everything that comes into being seeks room for itself and desires duration; hence it crowds another out of its place and shortens its duration." * So the poet also makes Prometheus, the fashioner of men, who must have known about it, say:

Denn ſolches Los dem Menſchen wie den Tieren ward,
Nach deren Urbild ich mir Beſſres bildete,
Daß eins dem andern, einzeln oder auch geſchart,

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* *NS.*, xi., 156; *Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 981.

> Sich widerſetzt, ſich haſſend aneinander drängt,
> Bis eins dem andern Übermacht betätigte.*

The forces of formation and transformation do not reside alone in environment; they are to be found first of all in the organisms themselves. That the laws which reign and operate in inorganic nature do not offer an adequate explanation of organic nature could be denied only by an age which was forced to assume the rôle of most extreme reaction from the extravagances and vagaries of a recent past. Since that time science has approached more and more the point of view of Goethe in the tendency to recognise laws of formation. The "formative impulse" reigning in organic nature is, however, limited in its operations by the counterpoise given to it in the mutual influence of parts.

> Doch im Innern ſcheint ein Geiſt gewaltig zu ringen,
> Wie er durchbräche den Kreis, Willkür zu ſchaffen den Formen.†

But these are the limitations of organic nature, and in the principle of mutual influence of parts Goethe again propounded a leading idea, to which he continually referred, and which science has completely adopted as its own. Through its limitation of modification the mutual influence of parts itself represents in turn a factor of formation and transformation, since "the formation itself must be brought forth and determined by a mutual influence, both in its conforming to the unity of type and in its variations from the type." ‡ Economic nature has prescribed for her use a certain budget, according to which, in all her modifications of form, nothing can be given to one part that is not taken from another. Such is the gist of Goethe's many utterances on this point. Is this not the highest manifestation of the principle of conservation of energy?

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* The lot vouchsafed to man is that bestowed on beasts,
Upon whose archetype I have myself improved:
It is that one oppose the other, all alone,
Or else in troops, and foe press foe with grinding hate,
Till stronger over weaker brutal triumph gain.

† *Cf.* vol. ii., p. 160, where a translation is given.

‡ *NS.*, viii., 75.

From the wealth of material in Goethe's *Morphologie* we must mention here one more discovery, the so-called vertebral theory of the skull. As a result of his faithful and diligent study of vegetable metamorphosis, says Goethe, the year 1790 had in store for him a new view concerning the animal organisation which pleased and satisfied him. It was an idea, analagous to the metamorphosis of plants, that in the higher animal world the skull is a modified section of the vertebral column. He had earlier recognised the vertebral form of the occipital bones, but it was not until 1790, during his sojourn in Venice, that, as a result of a happy accident, he thought he perceived that the bones of the face are likewise to be derived from vertebræ. In spite of the fact that the latter inference has proved to be erroneous, and that Goethe did not go more deeply into the question of the vertebral nature of the occipital bones, which is accepted as a fact, nevertheless the idea itself has been extraordinarily fruitful in its influence on the investigation of the skeleton of the head.

Goethe's earliest scientific activity was in the field of mineralogy and geology. Soon after his arrival in Weimar he prepared himself, on his wanderings through Thuringia, while "living in chasms, caves, and forests, in ponds and under waterfalls, with the subterrestrials," for serious scientific work, to which was added a practical interest when the plan arose of improving the old Ilmenau mines, and he was officially entrusted with the undertaking, to which he devoted such faithful efforts. To these sciences he had soon "yielded himself with a perfect passion." Mineralogy was for him, however, but an auxiliary science to geology, which he called the skeleton of the earth. To Count Sternberg he wrote, "My whole salvation comes from the geological side," adding that he had already been travelling this road for many years. The investigation of the earth's crust in the region of his beloved Karlsbad and Bohemia was, from the beginning of his acquaintance with that part of the world till the end of his life, very dear to his heart. In general he always held the view which he had early formed that granite is the solid foundation of the earth, as he asserts in his highly poetic essay *Über den Granit.**

At the time when Goethe became absorbed in this science geologists were divided into two hostile camps, the Neptunists and the Vulcanists. Against the latter's "abominable lumber-room of the new creation of the world," which was irreconcilable with his sense of continuity, he hurled most violent invectives and a great many biting lampoons, especially in the Second Part of *Faust.* This, together with his many confessions that anything in the nature of violence or an interruption of continuity was odious to him,—for it is not according to nature—and that he "held in abomination all explanations by violence," has led men to consider him a Neptunist. But in doing this they confuse the Vulcanists with volcanism. His declaration of war was not a general one against the co-operation of volcanic forces in the formation of the earth's surface—for example, he himself declared that at least in its origin the Kammerberg, near Eger, about which he wrote several articles, was volcanic; it was directed, rather, against the extreme Vulcanists, who asserted that great mountain chains, such as the Pyrenees and the Apennines, arose suddenly and all at once out of the depths of the fiery, molten interior of the earth.

Goethe was by no means an out-and-out Neptunist. There was nothing that he abhorred more than the dogmas of a "school," when they begin to become firmly established. "The view of the world of all such theorists, whose whole thought is in one single direction exclusively, has lost its innocence, and objects no longer appear to it in their purity." † Goethe was hardly more of an advocate of the teachings of the Neptunists than are most geologists of to-day, in so far as they ascribe to water a more profound and a more comprehensive effect upon the formation of the earth's surface than to fire. It may be said, rather, that even in geology Goethe's leading principles are those at which more recent science has arrived, that in an explanation of the formation of the earth's surface all forces known to us and all causes still active are to be considered according to their nature and the degree to which they are involved. "One of the greatest rights and prerogatives of nature," he says, "is to be able to achieve the same ends by different means and to occasion the same phenomena by many kinds of relations." The same forces that were active in the past are constantly at work now. He believes that "it is possible even to-day for nature to form precious stones of a kind unknown to us." * This follows from the principle that nature, "working slowly and quietly, may well produce the extraordinary"; and the fancy of our poet grants "a free-working nature," even for her local transformations, the countless thousands of years which geology requires to explain them. He has given us an example of such a theory of quiet processes in *Die Luisenburg bei Alexandersbad.* It is in accordance with his view of nature as working quietly that his theory inclines more to the chemical than to the mechanical, that he deduces the heat of the interior of the earth from chemical and electrical action, and ascribes even the temperature of hot springs to chemical causes. In this regard he stands by no means alone. In this instance, for example, he agrees with Charles Lyell, the reformer of modern geology.

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* *NS.*, ix., 171 *ff.*

† Eckermann, *Gespräche*, iii., 37.

What broad and unobstructed views Goethe revealed in geology is shown by the significance which he prophesied geology would some day attach to fossils, which were then just beginning to be studied. On the 27th of October, 1782, he wrote to Merck: "All the remains of bones of which you speak, and which are found everywhere in the upper sand of the earth, are, as I am fully convinced, from the most recent age, which, however, in comparison with our usual method of reckoning time, is exceedingly old. In that age the sea had already receded, but the rivers were still very broad. . . . At that time elephants and rhinoceroses were at home with us on the exposed mountains and hills, and their remains could very easily be washed down by forest streams into those great river valleys or sea-levels where, more or less impregnated with stony matter, they were preserved, and where we now turn them out with the plow or bring them to light in some other accidental way. . . . The time will soon come when fossils will no longer be a mass of confusion, but will be arranged to correspond in general to the ages of the world."

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* N.S., x., 87.

These are truly prophetic words, which have found their complete fulfilment in science. Petrifactions afford geologists the best means of distinguishing and determining rock strata and of systematising the geological ages. Hence we may say that, judging by the historical documents which we possess, Goethe was actually the first man who recognised the great importance to geology of those petrified remains of former ages, while the Wernerian school, on the other hand, failed to see any significance in them. According to all appearances Goethe was also the first man who, in explanation of the long stone drifts, the moraines, such as, for example, the group near Thonon, which "fill us with amazement," expressed the view that in a former age the Swiss glaciers extended down to Lake Geneva;[17] and he was certainly the first man who, with perfect definiteness and full confidence in its reality, repeatedly promulgated the idea that there was once an "age of great cold," that is to say an ice age, which, as we know, plays a great rôle in geology and palæontology. Hence our poet deserves a prominent place in the history of geology.

What Goethe wrote on geology is little when compared with what he planned. Apart from a few articles that appeared in the years 1807–1809, it was not until 1820 that he began to publish what he wrote. Geology was not his ultimate aim in the study of the earth; it was merely a starting-point. He entertained in his mind no less a project than the writing of a general history of nature, a kind of cosmos. The disposition * of the material, which has been preserved, shows, in spite of the gaps in it, how magnificently he had planned the work. It may be that he referred to this plan

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* *Bildung der Erde* (*NS.*, ix., 268 *ff.*).

in several early utterances, as, for example, in his letter to Frau von Stein on the 5th of October, 1784, "I explained to him [Fritz] according to my new system the first two epochs in the formation of the world," and in his letter from the top of the Brenner on the 8th of September, 1786, "For my creation of the world I have conquered many things, but not altogether new and unexpected things."

In meteorology Goethe was not so felicitous as in his ideas and works on the three kingdoms of nature. His interest in this science, which was at that time still in the rudimentary stage, was profound and was probably affected by his sensitiveness to the changes in the condition of the atmosphere. He suffered to an unusual degree under the inclemencies of the weather and belonged, finally, to "the few men who have an immediate feeling of the state of the barometer." He provided himself with barometer and thermometer and evidently began early the study of comparative meteorology. For example, he wrote from Rome requesting that the record of the weather in Weimar during his absence be copied for him from the "Weather Observation Museum" of Dr. Siewer in Upper Weimar.* But, as he says himself, it was impossible for his nature to grasp, or be interested in any way in, the whole complex of meteorological data as they are represented in tables by means of figures and signs.† Only after he had become acquainted with Howard's scientific nomenclature for the cloud formations which had earliest interested him did he feel that he had a fixed point of departure, and he gladly grasped the offered thread. He now compared the cloud forms with the readings of the thermometer and from the latter was able to guess the former. As a matter of fact, as science has progressed, it has paid more and more attention to these ephemeral forms in connection with atmospheric phenomena, and has attributed more and more significance to them. To the terminology of Howard, which has been retained up to the present time, Goethe added a new member, which he calls *paries*, wall, which was adopted by Kämtz in his voluminous *Lehrbuch der Meteorologie* (1831), but has not found its way into the more recent text-books on the subject. It was entirely out of the question to accept with approval the hypothesis which Goethe set up in explanation of the variations of the atmospheric pressure, upon which, as we know, meteorological conditions essentially depend. He assumed that the gravitation of the earth is not constant, but changeable and pulsating, as a result of which the attraction on the atmosphere, and hence the pressure of the latter, increases at times and at times diminishes. This hypothesis, which Goethe first published in his *Italienische Reise* in 1816, and then often repeated in his meteorological essays from 1820 on, cannot well be made to harmonise with our physical conceptions.

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* *SGG.*, ii., 230.

† *Wolkengestalt nach Howard* (*NS.*, xii., 7).

Nevertheless Goethe's work in this field was not in vain. If meteorology has since his time advanced extraordinarily this advance is due in no slight measure to the network of meteorological stations reaching out farther and farther over the earth; and so it is no more than just to mention the co-operation of our poet in the erection of a number of meteorological stations in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, and the fact that he himself wrote out the instructions for the observers placed in charge of them.* When the Berlin Academy in 1823 introduced the taking of meteorological observations an invitation was sent to the Weimar institutions to take part in the undertaking, and Goethe at that time expressed in a letter the idea that corresponding observations should be taken at certain distances out on the North and Baltic seas.†

Of Goethe's theory of colours it must be said that it was with him a life work in the highest sense. His writings on this subject fill not a few pages more than what he wrote on all other scientific subjects taken together. No one of the products of his genius has he enveloped with warmer love and, if we are rightly informed, he ranked this work far higher than his poetic writings.* To no work did he apply himself with greater pains and in none did he show greater perseverance. After his *Beiträge zur Optik, Erstes Stück* and *Zweites Stück* had appeared in 1791 and 1792, respectively, it took no less than eighteen years of untiring, painstaking application, during part of which time he enjoyed the most devoted interest and encouragement of Schiller, the "unreplaceable," before his chief work, the two-volume treatise, was finally finished and in print. Even to his last years he followed every new phenomenon with the energy and freshness of youth and sought to bring it into harmony with his earlier work.

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* *NS.*, xii., 203.

† *Goethes Briefwechsel mit Schultz*, p. 275; *Br.*, xxxvii., 69.

When he finally held in his hands the work which had weighed upon him like an "insolvable debt," he wrote to Frau von Stein (May 11, 1810): "I am not sorry that I have sacrificed so much time to these studies. They have been the means of my attaining to a culture which I could hardly have achieved in any other way."

In spite of the error contained in it, this work has created a new culture, not alone for the author himself, but for the scientific and artistic world as well. The opposition it met with was not because of the experiments recorded in it, which were never questioned as to their correctness and are unparalleled in their variety, but because of the physical interpretation of them. The error in the work has not retarded science; the truth in it has not only advanced science, it has even become the foundation of a new science, that of physiological optics, of which our poet must be looked upon as the originator. He has opened our minds to a sphere of human observations hitherto but little considered. Scientists before him had hardly attempted to discover the laws of visual processes in their relation to light and colour. Goethe was the first man to reduce to a scientific formula the phenomena of colourless and coloured after-images, of successive and simultaneous contrast. The description of these delicate phenomena, their origin and gradual subsidence,—for which he coined the suggestive expression

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* Eckermann, *Gespräche*, ii., 59.

Abklingen (colour reverberation*)—the theory of coloured shadows, about which he wrote a separate treatise,† and many other details which throw a great deal of light on visual phenomena, form the first part of the *Didaktischer Teil* of the work, to which he gave the subtitle *Physiologische Farben.*

The fundamental idea of this part of the work is that it is the nature of the eye to demand brightness when darkness is offered it, and to demand darkness when it is confronted by light (§38). Likewise when a colour is offered it it demands the opposite colour. For example, yellow demands violet, orange blue, purple green, and *vice versa* (§50). These demanded colours are a product of the eye and belong to it entirely; there is nothing like them corresponding to them in the outer world. The discovery of this law of visual processes has made Goethe's name one of the most prominent in connection with the latest development of the physiology of colours, which is more and more taking the place of the Young-Helmholtz theory. The new theory is based on the law of antagonistic colours, according to which there are four fundamental colour sensations, which go together in pairs: yellow and blue, red and green. In addition to these there is a black-white sensation, as Goethe had also maintained. To be sure, the colours are here and there differently designated, as a natural consequence of a certain difference of conception, but in essence Goethe's theory and the new one are the same, as will be apparent later on.

Goethe was perfectly conscious of the importance of "physiological" colours. He tells us in the first paragraph that they "form the foundation of the whole theory." At the same time they give us an insight into the cause of the error into which he fell in the field of physical colours.

His classification included a third group, the chemical colours.

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* Professor Frank Angell has suggested to me this translation of *Abklingen.*—C.

† *Von den farbigen Schatten* (*NS.*, vi., 101 *ff.*).

The world of colours had not captivated him solely by virtue of the charms with which they envelop nature. As he often confessed, his point of departure was picturesque colouring. He desired to find the law of artistic harmony, colour harmony, and in the colour splendour of nature in Italy and of the temples of art in Rome this desire grew to be a passion. Now we know that it is not the province of the painter, and that it by no means lies within his power, to imitate the colour of objects in nature, either in quality or in degree. It is his task to produce the impression which these objects make upon the eye of the observer. It is well known what a rôle the distribution of light and shade plays in the works of painters, in that it not only helps to accomplish the illusion of corporeal form, but also helps to determine the tone given to the whole picture. The reproduction of the relation of brightnesses is one of the chief tasks of the painter. Limited by the colour materials at his command and by the illumination in which paintings are usually seen, it is necessary, for example, in the case of simple landscape subjects, where the relation stands out most clearly, to use the yellow and yellowish red for the light, as Goethe says, and the blue and bluish red for the shade.* Parallel with this contrast of light and shade runs, then, the contrast of warm and cold colours—a technical term coined by painters to indicate the effect of colours on the observer—and hence one is tempted to think that Goethe may have gained from his observation of works of art his fundamental view that, physically considered, colour arises from the reciprocal action of light and shade, of brightness and darkness, of light and the absence of light, and that there are only two pure colours, yellow and blue. But as light and the absence of light are nothing but light, it follows, in the Goethian sense, that colour arises from the weakening or softening of light (§312). And for this he found a confirmation in turn in a physiological phenomenon which he describes very vividly, namely, that the *Abklingen* of a dazzling, colourless image, when the eye, after observing it, is turned to a dark place in the room, is accompanied by colour phenomena. For here the eye produces colours of itself, merely by a weakening of the impression which it has received through a strong illumination.

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* *Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 260).

Since, however, in the outer world shade or gray arises merely by the cutting off or the softening of light, another specific cause must enter into the production of colours, and this Goethe finds in translucent media. If one looks at a bright, colourless light through a translucent medium the light appears yellow, and as the opacity of the medium increases the colour changes to yellowish red and then to ruby. "If, on the other hand, one looks at darkness through a translucent medium illuminated by a light falling on it, one sees a blue colour, which becomes brighter and paler as the opacity of the medium increases, but darker and more saturated as the medium becomes more transparent. With the smallest degree of opacity short of perfect transparency the most beautiful violet becomes perceptible to the eye" (§150*f.*). The most magnificent example of the effect of translucent media presented itself to him in the atmosphere and the blue of the sky, and Goethe was probably the only man of his time who held the view of this phenomenon which has recently been confirmed as the correct one.

What an important factor in painting is aerial perspective, the artistic representation of aerial light, which shows such a variety of gradations, according to the degree of opacity of the air, and causes objects themselves to appear in such finely shaded tones! In Italy Goethe did not fail "to observe the splendour of atmospheric colours, which afforded striking examples of most distinct gradation of aerial perspective, and of the blueness of distance, as well as of near shadows."* In his *Farbenlehre* he repeatedly makes the assertion that aerial perspective is based on the theory of translucent media. The sky, distant objects, even near shadows appear to us blue. At the same time, the illuminating object and the object illuminated appear to us in shades varying all the way from yellow to purple (§872). He recognised also the relation between the action of the ground of paintings on the painter's colours and the laws of colours of translucent media (§172), and it requires but a generalisation to characterise the phenomena in connection with translucent media as the "primitive phenomenon" (*Urphänomen*) of the theory of colours. It is perfectly obvious that we may call all media translucent, since no absolutely transparent medium is known. "Empirically considered, even the most transparent medium contains the slightest degree of opacity" (§148). And so Goethe tells us on every page that "the whole theory of colours rests on the pure conception of the translucent," and this "primitive phenomenon" is the very corner stone of the theory. Even though we are unable to perceive herein the finality of experience, or to ascribe to it the character of the "inscrutable," nevertheless Goethe has caused more attention to be paid to these phenomena and has provoked more careful investigation of them, and his own observations in the field have permanent value in themselves.

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* *Confession des Verfassers* (*NS.*, iv., 291).

It is only natural that Goethe should have employed the same principle to explain the spectral colours, those colours which appear when white or colourless light is refracted by a prism; and herein lies the secret of the difference between his theory and the Newtonian theory, which he combated all his life, with a passion which at times vented itself in very unjust accusations. The *Polemischer Teil* of the *Farbenlehre* is devoted to this controversy.

Newton believed that he was forced to draw from his experiments the conclusion that these colours are not produced by a particular quality of the prism, but arise from light itself, which consists of different kinds of light, perceived by us as so many different colours and distinguished only by their refrangibility. Goethe, on the other hand, ascribes to the substance of the prism, in so far as it is a translucent medium, a specific effect, but in order to explain the phenomenon of the spectrum he is forced to bolster up his theory by resorting to many other hypotheses which are physically difficult to comprehend. According to Newton, then, colours come from light, they are contained in it, and hence white light is composed of different kinds of light, each of which, as a part of the whole, is darker than light. In reply to this Goethe would ask the question, Can there be a more awkward error than the assertion that pure, clear, unclouded light is composed of dark lights? * Light is, rather, "the most simple, most indivisible, most homogeneous thing we know." This corresponds to our sensation; diverse refrangibility is a delusion.

Newton shows that if any separate part, that is, any one of the kinds of light composing the spectrum, is made to pass through a second prism, it is again refracted, that is, it appears in a higher or lower position; but its colour remains unchanged. Goethe questions this; after repeated refraction he finds rims or borders of different colours. But he evidently never saw a pure spectrum, and it was only at the middle of the last century that Helmholtz finally succeeded in separating entirely the colours of the spectrum, and in demonstrating their unchangeableness when refracted. This separation can be achieved only by a combination of prisms and lenses. Experiments of this kind were to have been communicated in a *Supplementarer Teil* of the *Farbenlehre*, which, however, was never published, though Goethe wrote something on the subject and, in 1822, sent an essay dealing with it to von Henning. What became of the essay is not known.

This lack of a pure spectrum doubtless accounts for the fact that Goethe considered green not a simple, but a mixed, colour, composed of yellow and blue in their purest condition. As a matter of fact, however, it is not possible to produce green by combining these pure prismatic colours.

If the coloured lights which the spectrum of sunlight reveals to us really exist in sunlight then the recombination of them must in turn produce a white image. Goethe does not question the fact that, if a spectrum thrown on a screen is looked at through a prism at a certain distance, the eye perceives a "quite white" or colourless image, nor the fact that the same phenomenon appears when the yellow and the bluish red, or the blue and the yellowish red, of the spectrum are thrown on the same spot; but he does not see the reason for it in the mixing or combining of these colours; on the contrary, he sees the reason in the fact, which he repeatedly emphasises, that they counteract or neutralise each other. Here again Goethe expresses an idea that is one of the fundamental principles of the most recent theory of the physiology of colours, according to which yellow and blue, red and green, that is to say, the antagonistic, or, as Goethe would say, the opposite or complementary, colours do not mix in the human eye, but rather destroy each other. Indeed one can only understand Goethe's *Farbenlehre* when one has learned to read it throughout, from beginning to end, from the physiological point of view.

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* Cf. *Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 994; *NS.*, xi., 96.

According to Newton's theory the colours of the prismatic spectrum follow each other in the order of their refrangibility; according to Goethe the prism shows the colours antagonistic to each other. "On this fundamental principle rests everything," we read in Goethe's early work, *Beiträge zur Optik* (§55). Hence not only the physiological part of his theory of colours, but the whole of it, is built up on the idea of antagonistic colours.[18] And in the treatise *Von den farbigen Schatten*, written in 1792, in a way clearly indicating his point of view, Goethe refers to the "agreement with those prismatic experiments" in the *Beiträge* and expresses the hope that "the theory of coloured shadows would join itself immediately" to the whole mass of the theory of colours and "would contribute much toward the explanation and elucidation of the subject."* From his remark in this connection, that in coloured shadows we find the idea of antagonistic colours productively realised, in that these colours "produce each other alternately," one might be inclined to draw the conclusion that he conceived the idea of antagonistic colours of the spectrum before

* *NS.*, v^1., 115.

he did the idea of antagonistic physiological colours. But if one considers the way in which Goethe came to take up the theory of colours, what aim he was pursuing, and if one remembers that in his early youth his attention had been attracted by a phenomenon of coloured shadows which he had occasion again to admire in Italy—where, during the sirocco and the purple sunsets incident to it, the most beautiful sea-green shadows were to be seen *—one will be inclined to concede priority to the discovery of the antagonistic quality of physiological colours, and to admit that Goethe objectified, so to speak, this antagonistic quality and in this way came upon the idea of referring to it physical colours as well. Hence we do not feel inclined to believe the story that Goethe looked through impatient Büttner's prism at an extended white surface and when he saw what, according to Newton's theory, he could not help seeing—namely, that where a dark surface joined a bright one only the borders were coloured, yellowish red on the one hand, bluish red on the other—he immediately, "as though by instinct," declared to himself, but loud enough to be heard, that the Newtonian theory is wrong. We incline rather to the belief that his view of the nature and origin of colour was already on the very verge of consciousness and he saw here the physiological antagonism objectively before him. It was now too late for him to be further influenced by the observation that a narrow white surface seen through a prism seems really dissolved into colours.

The point of view here taken throws a surprising light upon a passage in Goethe's letter to Schiller of the 15th of November, 1796: "The observations of nature please me very much. It seems peculiar, and yet it is natural, that they should result in a kind of subjective whole. It is really becoming, if you will, the world of the eye, which is exhausted by form and colour. For when I pay close attention I need make but sparing use of the aid of the other senses, and all reasoning is converted into a kind of representation." Thus the world of the eye is rounded out in the

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* *Confession des Verfassers* (*NS.*, iv., 291).

theory of colours, in that the beginning and the end blend together to form a circle. Here the foundation is laid for the discovery of the fundamental law of all harmony of colours, as is suggested in the *Farbenlehre* (§61). In the splendid chapter entitled *Sinnlich-sittliche Wirkung der Farbe*, the esthetic content of which is still far from being duly appreciated, the subject is explained and followed through all its ramifications. Here we are referred again to the beginning, and hence it cannot be otherwise than that harmony is to be sought in the eye of man.[19] Thus he happily found the way back to art through physiological colours and their general ethical and esthetic effect.*

When Goethe's essay *Die Natur* was rescued from oblivion, in 1828, he confessed that the observations it contained agreed very well with the conceptions which he had formed at the time of writing it, but that he had then lacked a "clear notion of the two great driving wheels of all nature, the conceptions of polarity and intensification." His theory of colours is subordinated to these principles, which were very familiar to the discoverer of the intermaxillary and the metamorphosis of plants.

He is fond of considering all the workings of nature under the conception of polarity. Times without number and in an infinite variety of ways he gives expression to this idea everywhere, and especially in the theory of colours, where it appears under the form of active and passive, plus and minus. No figure does he employ more frequently than that of inhalation and exhalation, systole and diastole, under which the polar contrasts are represented. "It is the eternal formula of life which here finds another expression" (§38). Together they form the totality, the unity. Even as early as his *Beiträge zur Optik* he called the two fundamental colours, yellow and blue, poles. By increasing the opacity of the medium, which brings out the former, the latter is intensified till it finally becomes a ruby red; by increasing the transparency blue is intensified to violet.†

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* *Confession des Verfassers* (*NS.*, iv., 308).

† *Cf.* p. 121.

Yellow and blue mixed in their purest state give green; united in their intensified state as yellowish red and bluish red, they produce purple. With that the Goethian circle of colours is closed.

Goethe had planned to treat the historical part of the *Farbenlehre* as a symbol of the history of all sciences, and although he finally gave it the modest title of "Materials for the History of the Theory of Colours," his contemporaries and succeeding generations have declared with delight, and even with enthusiasm, that he did full justice to the exalted task which he set for himself. Even in the "hasty sketch of the history of the theory of colours," which Goethe sent to Schiller on the 20th of January, 1798, Schiller found many important fundamental features of a general history of science and human thought. A light-bearer, Goethe leads us through thousands of years and lets us listen to the conversations which a sovereign genius holds with the great men of the long past. He usually shows us the personalities on the historical background of their times, in order to give us a clearer understanding of them. How felicitous the master is in conjuring up before our mind's eye with a few strokes a picture of the intellectual nature of a Plato and an Aristotle! With what deep, wisdom-laden observations on the philosophy of history he fills up the "gaps"! And who has ever said truer and more beautiful things about the Bible than Goethe in his history of the theory of colours? "The spirit of true, deep humanity reigns throughout the work," wrote Knebel (August 10, 1810). Everything in it is there because of its substance; there is nothing in it for the sake of appearance, and nothing for any other such motive. And thus in the end it leaves upon us the impression of reconciliation with the shades of Newton.

Goethe's scientific activity was by no means limited to these finished works. He also aroused and nurtured love for science and the dissemination of scientific knowledge as a "volunteer" teacher. In the Weimar Court circle and among his friends he repeatedly delivered lectures in almost all fields of natural science, even on the physical disciplines, and the outlines of some of the lectures have been preserved. These may not have been wholly without effect upon his finished works, for he once said: "I never delivered a lecture without gaining something by it. Usually while I was speaking new light dawned upon me, and in the flow of speech I was most certain in my invention."*

The impetus which Goethe gave to the foundation of scientific museums and collections has not yet been fully appreciated. His efforts in the little country of Weimar to enlarge and enrich in every way the museums already in existence and to establish new ones were crowned with success. But that was not all. He made his influence felt more widely by referring in his conversations and in his writings to the importance of such collections as aids to study and teaching. If nowadays it is a matter of course that every institution devoted to the teaching of natural science should have its museum, it is no more than right to remember that the idea originated with Goethe. And if at present academies and learned bodies unite for common activity, herein is likewise to be found the realisation of an idea and desire often expressed by him. He deserves credit for an infinite number of things beside the scientific discoveries which he made and which laid such deep foundations for further development. His way of presenting things and the suggestions which he threw out in every connection formed ferments that have gone on inspiring new conceptions and gaining an ever widening sphere of influence. We shall content ourselves with referring only to the testimony of Johannes Müller, that but for several years of study devoted to Goethe's *Farbenlehre*, in connection with observation of the phenomena, his work, *Zur vergleichenden Physiologie des Gesichtsinnes*, would probably not have been written. In this work is contained the very important discovery of the law of specific sense energies, the foundation of all physiology. As a matter of fact the germ of this law is unmistakably contained in the physiological part of the *Farbenlehre*.

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* *Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 197).

In ways unknown to us ideas of no less vital power have passed from Goethe's conversations into science. In speaking of ideas suggested during Herder's composition of his *Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit* Goethe remarks: "It may perhaps not seem presumptuous if we fancy that many things which sprang therefrom and were propagated in the scientific world by tradition are now bearing fruit in which we rejoice, although the garden is not always named from which the scions were obtained."* It was certainly his conversations with Goethe that Alexander von Humboldt had in mind in his testimony, on returning from his American journey: "Everywhere I was possessed with the feeling . . . of how, exalted by Goethe's views of nature, I had, as it were, been provided with new organs."†

Thus Goethe's genius lives on. Not alone in the sciences with which he was best acquainted; for, if we were always conscious of the culture which radiates from his spirit, we should find its trace in all the sciences. It is here particularly a question of that method which alone in the long run can lead to great results, the method based on a combination of induction and deduction, analysis and synthesis, experience and idea, or whatever other technical terms of the theory of knowledge we may employ to express the antitheses. We take it for granted that we should use these opposite functions of the understanding, that in investigation we should proceed in both ways, in order to arrive at the same goal. But if this had always been true, or if it had been true in Goethe's day, he certainly would not have pointed out in hundreds of different ways the necessity of such a combination and would not have dwelt so constantly upon the importance of it. We know, as a matter of fact, how the progress of science was retarded by the preponderance of first one and then the other function of the intellect. Hence Goethe repeats time and again: "Only both together, like inhalation and exhalation, make the life of science."[*] "Time is ruled by the oscillations of the pendulum; the moral and scientific world, by the alternation of idea and experience."[†] He warns the investigator against "clinging stubbornly to one mode of explanation."[‡] He demands "thoroughness in observation, versatility in method of representation."[§]

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* *Zur Morphologie* (*NS.*, vi., 20 *f.*).

† *Alexander von Humboldt, eine wissenschaftliche Biographie, herausgegeben von Karl Bruhns*, i., 417 *f.*

These are rules that have become the common property of investigators and their great value is constantly observed, especially at the present day, in the progress of the natural sciences. We are daily forced to learn our subjects over again; ideas which to-day seem firmly established must give way to others to-morrow. To us it sounds almost trivial in Goethe to teach that in the pursuit of scientific aims it is equally harmful to rely upon experience exclusively and to follow an idea absolutely; that a conception, an idea, may well lie at the bottom of an observation, may aid an experience, may even favour discovery and invention. Where is the man to-day who doubts that, without a guiding idea, investigation is likely to degenerate into uncertain groping and to end in dabbling? At the time when Goethe wrote the above words, however, the state of the sciences of organic nature showed signs of stagnation on the one hand, and of fantastic speculation on the other. We have already seen how he aroused science from its torpor and substituted for the fantastic the ideal, ideas gained by contemplation on the basis of experience. For idea and experience are not opposites which invalidate each other; an idea, according to Goethe, is the result of experience, and he characterises a conception as the sum of experience.[‖]

Thus Goethe, whom many, half-ignorant as to his true nature, count among the discredited natural philosophers, for though his head may tower into the ethereal region of ideas, never forsakes the firm ground of the real—an unconquerable Antæus. Hence in the famous conversation with Schiller concerning the metamorphosis of plants, which marked the beginning of their unique friendship, when Goethe, with a few strokes of his pen, drew a "symbolic plant" for Schiller, and Schiller remarked concerning it, "That is not an experience, it is an idea," Goethe had good reasons for his answer that he was very glad to have ideas that he could even see with his eyes. He saw the ideal in the real. While the "symbolic plant" makes a strange impression upon us, and while Goethe often confessed that he was able to express himself only in symbols, still he does not leave us in doubt as to how we are to understand him. "That is true symbolism in which the particular represents the general, not as a dream and a shade, but as a living, momentary revelation of the inscrutable."* To stand in the forefront of science one "must develop all the manifestations of the human being—sensuousness and reason, imagination and understanding—to a distinct unity."† Nowadays there can hardly be any one who would question the assertion that, without imagination, as Goethe says, a great naturalist is inconceivable.‡ Not an imagination that wanders vaguely and pictures to itself things which do not exist; but one that never forsakes the ground of earthly reality, and, guided by the standard of the real and the known, advances to things that it has surmised and divined to be true.

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[*] *Analyse und Synthese* (*NS.*, xi., 70).

[†] *NS.*, vi., 354. [‡] *NS.*, vi., 349.

[§] *NS.*, xi., 44.

[‖] *NS.*, xi., 158; *Spruche in Prosa*, No. 1016.

Goethe's is the ideal mode of thinking, which causes him to see the eternal in the transitory,§ as Spinoza saw things *sub specie æterni*. Hence with him study of nature was in more than one sense a matter of the heart, his devotion to her a natural necessity, the outgrowth of his religious longing. In Spinoza's *deus sive natura* he found only his own natural, clear, profound view of the world, which had taught him ineradicably to see God in nature and nature in God.‖ True, it is becoming in man to concede that there are inscrutable things, but he must set no limit to his investigation. He must pursue the inscrutable step by step to its final retreat, until he may be satisfied and willingly give himself up as defeated. Goethe once wrote to Frau von Stein that the book of nature was becoming so legible to him because he had no system and desired nothing but the truth for its own sake. The true is identical with the divine,* and he who makes the epitome of the true a part of himself, in so far as it is given to man to know it,

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* *Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 273.

† *Stiedenroths Psychologie* (*NS.*, xi., 75).

‡ Eckermann, *Gespräche*, iii., 196.

§ *Leben und Verdienste des Doktor Joachim Jungius* (*NS.*, vii., 120).

‖ *Tag- und Jahreshefte, 1811* (*W.*, xxxvi., 72).

Wer Wiſſenſchaft und Kunſt beſitzt,
Hat auch Religion.†

From the storms of passion, from the depression of spirit into which he was thrown in his contact with men and things, he fled for refuge to scientific investigation. Here he sought and found "salvation and comfort," and, thanks to his ideal mode of thought, he was able "to overcome his temporary displeasure with the finite by rising to the infinite."‡ Two years after his return from Italy he wrote to Knebel that his soul was driving him to natural science more than ever before and that in the consistency of nature he was finding beautiful consolation for the inconsistency of men. To him nature was "the great, good mother," and the reason that he for so long a time felt repulsed by Schiller was because the latter had treated her with such harsh expressions, as, for example, in his essay, *Über Anmut und Würde.* To be sure, she had provided him himself with all the organs of sense and faculties of soul with which to grasp her, and he felt drawn to her as to a friend, as we read in Faust's hymn of gratitude:

Erhabner Geiſt, du gabſt mir, gabſt mir alles,
Warum ich bat. Du haſt mir nicht umſonſt
Dein Angeſicht im Feuer zugewendet.
Gabſt mir die herrliche Natur zum Königreich,
Kraft, ſie zu fühlen, zu genießen. Nicht

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* *Versuch einer Witterungslehre* (*NS.*, xii., 74).

† If art and science one possess,
One hath religion too.

‡ *NS.*, vi., 348.

Kalt ſtaunenden Beſuch erlaubſt du nur,
Vergönneſt mir, in ihre tiefe Bruſt,
Wie in den Buſen eines Freunds, zu ſchauen.*

In his love-inspired absorption in nature Goethe has left to the world a beautiful legacy from which we derive great benefit. His descriptions of his travels, his poetic glorifications of nature, have aroused in us for the first time a genuine feeling for nature and have opened our minds to the majestic beauties of high mountains and to the magic charms of the world of glaciers, and we wander in his footsteps when we feel ourselves driven out into these regions.

In a fragment published for the first time in the Weimar edition of his writings Goethe speaks of four kinds of investigators, the last of which he calls the comprehensive. These, "whom one might call in a proud sense the creative, are productive in the highest degree. By the mere fact that they make ideas their starting-point they assert the unity of the whole, and after that it is, so to speak, nature's business to accommodate herself to this idea."† A few lines further on we read, "Productive imagination with greatest possible reality." Thus Goethe, in his relation to nature, is at the same time an artist and an investigator, an "after-creator," as it were. With the eye of an investigator he seeks to grasp her works as an artist. Nowadays the person of the poet scarcely stands any longer in the way of the recognition of the naturalist. "Scientific imagination" has become a proverbial expression. It is even becoming popular to draw a parallel between creative talent in science and artistic creation, and mathematicians like to designate themselves artists. The investigator must possess some of the intuition of the poet, says Helmholtz.* The "manifestations of the human being," which blended into a harmonious unity in Goethe, composed his greatness and his uniqueness. His "goddess," the ever active, ever new, strange, daughter of Jove, was not fantastic, but "exact, sensuous fancy."† Hence it was possible for him to become the poet-naturalist, as a supreme living evidence that poetry and science must not be looked upon as "the greatest adversaries," that, as "science has developed out of poetry," "science and poetry may be combined."‡ It will ever remain a matter of unfailing interest, a constant source of inspiration to new investigation, and a phenomenon of incomparable significance to the knowledge of human nature, that in one of its highest embodiments the two manifestations of the spirit have been united in such perfection.

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* Exalted spirit, thou hast heard my prayer
And granted all. 'T was truly not in vain
That in the fire thou turn'dst thy face to me.
Thou gav'st me for my kingdom nature grand,
And power with her communion to enjoy.
Not distant, awed acquaintance grant'st thou me;
Thou dost allow me in her deepest breast,
As in the bosom of a friend, to gaze.

† *NS.*, vi., 302.

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* Leo Koenigsberger, *Hermann von Helmholtz*, ii., 339.

† *Stiedenroths Psychologie* (*NS.*, xi., 75).

‡ *Zur Morphologie* (*NS.*, vi., 139 and 167.)

IV

AFTER THE WARS OF LIBERATION

Weimar becomes a grand duchy—Goethe's position in the new ministry—Karl August grants a constitution—Goethe's attitude toward it—His displeasure with freedom of the press—The Wartburg celebration and its consequences—Murder of Kotzebue agitates Germany—Goethe's attitude toward the reaction—He objects to romanticism in the tercentenary of the reformation—His relation to the older romanticists—To the younger generation—Bettina Brentano—Romanticism in Goethe's writings—Contrasts between his theory of art and that of the new school—His pronounced Protestantism—His self-liberation as compared with political freedom—His resignation as theatre director in reality a dismissal—Causes leading up to it—Effect on him—His seventieth birthday—Interview with Metternich—Sojourn at Marienbad—The Levetzows—Goethe's relation to Ulrike—His desire to marry her—His misunderstanding of her veiled refusal—Conditions in his home since August's marriage—The Marienbad *Elegie*—August's reception of the news of his father's matrimonial project—Goethe wavers between resignation and hope, but finally resigns himself—Ulrike's further history.

PEACE and quiet reigned throughout Germany and Europe after more than twenty years of struggles and upheavals. Germany came out of the age of revolution with an entirely new body politic. With thoroughgoing internal changes were united equally great transformations in external form. Several hundred small territories were absorbed by larger ones. What the Principal Decree of the Imperial Deputation (1803), earlier and later treaties, and Napoleonic edicts had not yet brought about was accomplished by the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

In the new distribution of lands the Duchy of Weimar did not come off empty-handed. As a reward for the German spirit of the Duke, and the heavy sacrifices which his country had made during the wars, it was increased in size by twice its area and was raised to a grand duchy. Karl August, ready as ever to share his good fortune, allowed his most distinguished councillors to benefit by the elevation and enlargement of the state. In the new Ministry of State, into which the old Privy Council was converted, Goethe was appointed prime minister, although the only official responsibility he retained was the superintendence of the immediate institutions of science and art. His salary was fixed at three thousand thalers, a very large sum for that day and for Weimar. Since, through the favour of his prince, Goethe possessed, in addition, two houses with large gardens, Karl August may be said to have offered the aged poet as comfortable an existence as possible.

The Grand Duke did not assume his new dignity and his new possessions without redeeming loyally the promise of a constitution which the "Vienna agreements" had made each German state. The constitution which he gave his country was thoroughly modern and liberal. Representatives chosen by free ballot from all the estates, burgher and peasant included, were from that time on to have a share in public legislation and administration.

On the 7th of April, 1816, when the new legislature paid its solemn homage to the Grand Duke, Goethe stood next to the throne. He must have had very strange sensations during the ceremony. He was taking part in an act which he inwardly condemned. He had stubbornly held fast his conviction that politics is an art which, like every other, has to be learned, and for this reason a large majority of the so-called representatives of the people know practically nothing of this art; that, indeed, as a rule, nothing reasonable is to be expected of a many-headed assembly in which the majority rules. Personally he must have felt in addition a shudder of indignation when he thought how in the future he should be held to give account to a stocking manufacturer of Apolda, or the burgomaster of Bürgel, or the village mayor of Stützerbach, for any measures he might take for the advancement of the University of Jena, or the School of Art in Weimar. In spite of the new constitutional conditions he may still have found consolation in the hope that the old tried authorities would be able to make their influence count, just as he himself continued, so far as the state diet was concerned, to exercise his powers autocratically; but he could not get over the fact that complete freedom of the press was assured by the constitution. This sharp instrument in the hands of alert and clever writers, as a rule politically inexperienced, short-sighted, and excitable, such as Weimar and Jena possessed in great numbers, could not fail to work mischief and bring the country into confusion internally and into danger externally, especially at a time when in the rest of Germany the freedom of speech was either limited or wholly suppressed.

Journals shot up like mushrooms in the little country. Five appeared in Jena alone: the *Nemesis* and the *Staatsverfassungsarchiv*, edited by Professor Luden; the *Isis*, by Professor Oken; *Des teutschen Burschen fliegende Blätter*, by Professor Fries; and the *Volksfreund*, by Ludwig Wieland, a son of the poet. One appeared in Weimar, the *Oppositionsblatt*.* Goethe would have liked best of all to turn his eyes away from these paper horrors. When the first evil products were laid before him he remarked angrily to his colleague Voigt that with so much liberty of the press he must certainly be allowed to retain the liberty of not reading.

With a certain irony the liberty of the press was turned first of all against the constitution which had introduced it. Oken criticised in his *Isis* the fundamental law of the Weimar State, which was otherwise received in the grand duchy, and in fact in all Germany, with joyous enthusiasm. His very adverse criticisms thoroughly aroused the anger of the Grand Duke, who begged Goethe to advise him what steps should be taken against Oken. Goethe's advice agreed entirely with his general attitude of mind: severity toward the thing, gentleness toward the person; the journal should be suppressed, but Oken should in no wise be persecuted. Even a disciplinary reproof he considered out of keeping with the dignity of a scholar and a university teacher. The Grand Duke would not agree to the suppression of the journal when six months had hardly elapsed since his proclamation of the freedom of the press, and, as he wished to heed Goethe's advice not to inflict any personal injury, he preferred to suppress his own anger and let the matter go. But things developed rapidly to a crisis.

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* Concerning the fate of Bertuch's journal, *cf.* Düntzer, *Goethe und Karl August*, 2d ed., p. 792.—C.

After the wars of liberation a deep sense of dissatisfaction came over all aggressive patriots who were not, like Goethe, willing to await the calm progress of history. The most active fermentation was going on in the breasts of the younger men who had fought in the war, or had lived through it, with enthusiastic hopes for the future. It had been their dream that the fairest flower springing up from the soil enriched with the blood of fallen heroes would be a Germany united in liberty, a mighty and independent state. But that all proved a vain delusion. In the individual states there was narrow-minded tutelage and oppression, and the whole country was bowed beneath the sovereignty of half foreign Austria and wholly foreign, barbaric Russia. Things had come to pass as Goethe had prophesied, and he sympathised fully with the young men's vexation at foreign suzerainty. As though to vex him personally, the execrable wretch Kotzebue had taken up his abode before Goethe's door in Weimar, as a Russian agent and spy. Kotzebue had been labouring for years to debase Goethe and his high art.

The third anniversary of the battle of Leipsic and the three hundredth of the reformation were approaching. The students of all Germany, at the suggestion of those in Jena, prepared to celebrate the two occasions together at the Wartburg. About five hundred *Burschen* met there, under the leadership of the most popular Jena professors, and celebrated the great memorial days with inspiring, devout orations, in order to lift themselves up to a higher existence and to gather strength for the continuation of their struggles for liberty, honour, virtue, and native country. The celebration closed with an *auto-da-fé*—arranged, to be sure, by only a part of the assembled crowd,—which delivered to the flames a number of writings whose contents or authors the young men hated. This celebration, together with garbled and exaggerated reports of the orations, and especially the heaven-licking flames of the punitive fire, called forth a storm of horror and indignation in conservative circles.

Although Goethe was at that time as conservative as anybody, nevertheless he was unable to see anything inherently harmful either in the orations or in the funeral pile. The latter may have reminded him how, in his early years, he had destroyed whatever picture or book was odious to him by shooting or knocking it to pieces, or by nailing it up, with the raging cry, "That shall not survive!" And he doubtless allowed himself to believe that the writings burned were calculated to arouse a similar repugnance in the minds of the young. Even he, old as he was, took special delight in the fact that on the burning pyre Kotzebue's *Geschichte des deutschen Reiches* had atoned for its sinful existence. He could not refrain from giving vent to his satisfaction in a few verses:

Du haſt es lange genug getrieben,
Niederträchtig vom Hohen geſchrieben,
Hätteſt gern die tiefſte Niedertracht
Dem Allerhöchſten gleich gebracht.

. . . .

Die Jugend hat es Dir vergolten:
Aller End' her kamen ſie zuſammen,
Dich haufenweiſe zu verdammen;
Sankt Peter freut ſich Deiner Flammen.*

* Quite long enough hast thou been borne,
Heaping on higher things thy scorn;
Thou hadst gladly placed the deepest malignity
On equal plane with highest dignity.

. . . .

As for the orations, the spirit which pervaded them was wholly in accord with his own feelings. "What could be more beautiful," he asked Frau Frommann, "than that the youth should assemble from all parts of the world to league themselves more firmly together for the promotion of good?" Likewise the general idealistic movement which had sprung up in the student world and was leading them to give up boisterous drinking and fighting, and still worse things, met with his heartiest approval. But he held that because of their ignorance of affairs young people should hold themselves aloof from politics and not seek to exert an influence in practical life. When one of their spokesmen with flashing eyes set forth to him his political views he would fain have fallen on his neck, and said, "But, my dear boy, don't be so stupid!"

By the side of all the good and noble things springing up around him on all sides the one thing that caused him anxiety was the political short-sightedness with which, in his opinion, the Grand Duke and his ministers were no less afflicted than were the professors and students of Jena. He was the only man in Weimar who had foreseen the consequences of the Wartburg celebration, and had expressed deep regret when permission was granted to hold it. Complaints now poured in from all sides. There were visions of conspiracy and rebellion, and the Weimar government, which had permitted the celebration, which had even favoured it by allowing it to be held in the Wartburg, was looked upon as an accomplice. The Prussian chancellor von Hardenberg and the Austrian ambassador in Berlin, Count Zichy, came in person to Weimar to make expostulations against the revolutionary manifestations there. Behind Prussia and Austria were the remonstrances and complaints of Russia and France. Affairs in the grand duchy seemed to have reached a crisis. Karl August bore it with grim humour. He wrote to Goethe: "The thing

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On thee hath Youth its vengeance wreaked:
From every quarter of the nation
Came hordes demanding thy condemnation;
Saint Peter delights in thy conflagration.

which one cannot so readily rid one's self of is the feeling of disgust at the insipidities, which by frequent repetition and much rumination become in the end positively bad taste." Goethe took the matter more seriously: "Present conditions disturb me to such an extent that I avoid all society."

Before he had gone any farther than Weimar Hardenberg became convinced of the good intentions of the government and of the comparative harmlessness of the movement among professors and students; but Zichy went on to Jena in order to look into the volcano's crater. After Goethe had there administered to him some soothing powders, he too departed with quieted feelings. However, the mistrust and anxiety of the governments had been too much aroused, and the academic hotspurs were no longer to be cooled; indeed, they grew even hotter under the prohibitions, reprimands, and punishments which it was deemed necessary to deal out to them in the interest of public peace. And as though the most evil forebodings of the pessimists were to be proved well founded, in March, 1819, the Jena student Sand, an earnest, industrious man, but a political fanatic, murdered Kotzebue as a calumniator, a seditionary, and a traitor to his country. The German Confederation, which had superseded the former Empire, now passed a series of strict measures against all professors and students who should endanger public peace and order, established in Mainz a central commission for the investigation of demagogical machinations, and introduced a censorship of all publications of less than twenty signatures. Even before the Confederation had taken these measures Weimar had taken the most necessary step to meet the present emergency by prohibiting the publication of Oken's *Isis*, which was most diligent in agitating the fire, and by dismissing the editor himself. This accomplished but little, to be sure, so far as the Great Powers were concerned. Prussia and Russia put Jena under the ban and forbade their subjects to attend the university.

How Goethe was affected by the political events, which everywhere brought in their train so many terrors, animosities, and indignities, and dealt especially heavy blows to his beloved university, which after the war had blossomed forth to new life, may best be seen from the fact that he called Minister von Voigt, who died on the 22d of March, 1819, a happy man because he had not lived to witness the murder of Kotzebue and to be disturbed by the violent commotion with which Germany was thereafter agitated. It is also worthy of note that Goethe in turn now used greater precaution than before in the publication of his own writings. When that same year his *Prometheus* drama, which he thought had been lost, came into his hands in a strange, roundabout way, he sent a copy of it to Zelter, with the strict warning not to let it become too public, lest perchance the drama might appear in print. "It would come as a very welcome gospel to our revolutionary youth, and the high commissions in Berlin and Mainz might make wry faces in disapprobation of my youthful whims." He used this precaution in spite of the fact that the objectionable part of it, the monologue, in which Prometheus rebels against the Olympian authorities, had already been printed in 1785.

Goethe speaks here of his youthful whims; but even the man of advanced years was not so very much out of sympathy with the spirit which the poem breathes. Not only had his philosophy of the world retained essentially its old pantheistic character, although it now sought other forms of expression; but even the desire for combat, which led him to throw down his gage to the opposition, had not abated in any appreciable degree. He was not a reactionary. "In their principle of conserving existing conditions and anticipating revolutionary movements I am entirely in accord with them [the monarchists], but not in their choice of means to that end. They call to their aid stupidity and darkness; I, understanding and light." And just as little was he the quietist, the man looking about anxiously for peace and dwelling in the comforts of peace, that many of his contemporaries, especially the younger ones, considered him to be. Within him there was the same boiling and bubbling as before, and he was daily tempted to enter the lists against the low, the harmful, the untrue, and the unhealthy, as is proved by the unbroken chain of his sarcastic and serious attacks in verse and prose, as well as by his conversations and letters. The considerations of self-preservation and public order prescribed for him certain narrow limits which he dared not exceed in the outward expression of his sentiments.

The approach of the tercentenary of the reformation, for example, aroused within him a strong desire for combat.* In a poem entitled *Dem 31. Oktober 1817* he declared his intention "not to lose his God-given power by failure to use it," but rather "as always to protest in art and science." To be sure, only in art and science. But he may have said to himself that these are the highest emanations of the human mind, and that if one keeps his mind sound in these fields it must of itself bring forth sound and helpful products in other fields. In the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the reformation the harmful feature which he attacked, because it was the source of the much lamented reaction in Germany and Europe, was romanticism, with its return to the Middle Ages, in which it thought could be found the most genuine and most profound type of Christianity, religion, and German patriotism. Hence he published at that time, in common with his friend Meyer, a determined manifesto—in the essay *Neudeutsche religiös-patriotische Kunst.*

Goethe's attitude toward romanticism was not always the same throughout the various periods of his long life.[20] At first the relation was a friendly one and for a moment it looked like a brotherhood in arms. In the nineties the two Schlegels stood on the same ground with him of enthusiasm for the Greek, and on his *Wilhelm Meister* was based the romantic theory of the truly "poetical." "The French revolution, Fichte's *Grundlage der gesammten Wissenschaftslehre*, and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* are the greatest tendencies of the age." "If any one were to give a thorough characterisation of *Meister*, he would in so doing really say what are the demands of the time in poetry; he might then rest on his laurels, so far as poetical criticism is concerned," declared Friedrich Schlegel. His brother August Wilhelm called Goethe the "restorer of poetry, by whom she has for the first time been aroused from her long slumber." Novalis heralded him as "the true stadtholder of the poetic spirit on earth." The most appreciative admirer and prophet of Goethe's genius was very early found in Karoline Schlegel, the clever Egeria of the romantic circle in Jena, but also the dangerous Dame Lucifer, as Schiller called this most intimate enemy of his among women. Schiller's relation to the circle soon grew cold, and then the romanticists were more than ever inclined to draw comparisons between him and Goethe and to make Goethe their idol. Goethe in turn clung to them for a long time and sought so far as possible to make peace between them and Schiller. He enjoyed as a continuation of the *Xenien* the fight of the romantic *Athenäum* against the platitude of the age, and put the two dramatic failures, August Wilhelm Schlegel's *Ion* and Friedrich Schlegel's *Alarkos*, on the Weimar stage. He shared with lively interest their universalistic literary tendencies, which reached from Calderon in the West to India in the East. For himself he added a further province in China; for the world, Persia,—in his *West-östlicher Divan*.

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* *Cf.* the draught of a letter (never sent) to von Leonhard, *Br.*, xxvii., 420 *f.*—C.

Tieck's relation to him was cooler than that of the two Schlegels, and yet he found grace in Goethe's sight with *Genoveva*, the very one of his dramas which was most romantic of all and which conjured up the whole colour splendour and magic charm of the Middle Ages. Goethe "became intoxicated," as he himself confessed, "with the wealth of tones in this *missa solemnis*, in which all the nations of Europe offer their homage to St. Geneviève." The poetic tone of Tieck's fairy world was not so very different from that of his own lyric creations, especially his ballads. His friendly attitude toward Schelling, the philosopher of romanticism, was due entirely to the deep intimate relation of their pantheistic conceptions of nature.

The second generation of romanticists stood in an entirely different relation to Goethe and their admiration for him was different from that of the Schlegels, Schelling, and Tieck, and yet even with them he found all sorts of common interests and many points of contact. *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, the collection of folk-songs published by Arnim and Brentano, he greeted with joy and gladly accepted their dedication of the work to him. This, as we know, was like the beginnings of his own lyric writing, which had its roots in the folk-song, and it reminded him pleasantly of Herder's collection, which, however, was of a more cosmopolitan character. For a moment he allowed himself to be dazzled even by Zacharias Werner, had two of the latter's dramas presented in Weimar, and in the Frommann home vied with him in the writing of sonnets, a poetical form with which he had hitherto been little familiar.*

Bettina Brentano won his specially close friendship. As the granddaughter of Sophie La Roche, as the daughter of his once loved Maxe, as the young friend of Frau Aja, she brought with her many pictures of happy days and caused very many dear shades of early love and friendship to rise before him, when she came on her pilgrimage to Weimar to see him in June, 1807. In her book dedicated to the glorification of his memory, *Goethes Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde* (published in 1835), she has portrayed her relations to him in a light certainly all too favourable to herself. She even interpreted the last of those seventeen sonnets, *Charade*, as referring to her, whereas we know that the true solution of the charade is the name Herzlieb. But the enthusiastic admiration with which she approached him, in her genuine womanly manner, though outwardly often with very youthful boldness, did not fail to make an impression upon him. Bettina became really his good child, his dear little friend, whose letters and pleasing picture accompanied him for a time and even found their way into his writings.

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* See vol. ii., p. 350 *ff*.

To these many personal relations of a friendly nature were added finally the manifold influences which romanticism exerted upon him as a poet. That he was converted by it to the sonnet has already been mentioned; also that the origin of the *West-östlicher Divan* is to be referred to this movement, though it soon went far beyond the source of its inspiration. Directly romantic is the close of *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* and, unfortunately, likewise that of *Faust*, in the Second Part of which in general all sorts of strange and foreign things point to the manner, both good and bad, of romanticism.

And yet, in spite of all these things, the differences were greater than the common interests and the agreements. Even in outward things it is a significant fact that, with the one possible exception of Schelling, these friendly personal relations of Goethe to the representatives of romanticism all ended in discord, ill feeling, and rupture. This, however, but revealed the deep-seated, essential differences. Their overwrought subjectivity made him all the more conscious of his classical objectivity, and their capricious formlessness of his finely developed feeling for style. The industrious man could have no pleasure in their glorification of "divine idleness." To their frivolous dallying with a *mariage à quatre* he opposed, in *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, almost pathetically and with premeditated harshness, the sacredness and indissolubility of this moral bond.* And the "pathological element" which he thought to recognise in Heinrich von Kleist made it to his mind once for all clear that, as he later briefly and trenchantly put it, "the classical is the wholesome and the romantic is the unwholesome." Even Uhland, as is well known, had to suffer under this pronouncement of condemnation.

The way for the rupture was early prepared by the theories of art set forth by Tieck and Wackenroder in *Franz Sternbalds Wanderungen* and *Herzensergiessungen eines kunstliebenden Klosterbruders*, to which the two Schlegels very soon professed their allegiance. It is true that in his youth

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* See vol. ii., p. 385 *f*.

Goethe had evinced a thorough understanding of German nature and art and an exultant enthusiasm for the wonderful Gothic structure of Ervinus in Strasburg. But meanwhile he had been in Italy and had taken that decided turn of affecting the antique; in the theory of art especially he had become a "heathen," and fragments from Greek temples were to him "sacred relics."

Romanticism took the opposite direction. It had begun by affecting the antique; but in its flaunted "rage for objectivity" there was from the beginning an element of overpassionateness and distinct subjectivity; their enthusiasm for things Greek was a pathological "Grecomania." And so after a sudden change, which soon took place, they no longer found their ideal among the Greeks: they now saw in the Middle Ages the source of renewal, not only for the life of the nation and for art, but also for Church and State, for politics and religion. Taking Dürer as a starting-point, the movement was at first rather Protestant in tone, but on going back to the pre-Raphaelites the leaders very soon began to complain of the dry, rational hollowness of the reformation, and in the end praised the period of the thirteenth century as the only genuinely Christian age. In the pictures of the Middle Ages they lauded the severe, spare figures, the naïve costumes, the genial, childlike simplicity and narrowness of the faces; and in medieval religion, the love of the wonderfully beautiful woman, the holy mother of Christendom, who with her divine power was ready to save every believer from the most terrible dangers. Thus in art Nazarenism was proclaimed, and in life Friedrich Schlegel, and after him many other fellow-romanticists, became Catholics.

This was just as objectionable to Goethe's artistic taste as to his "pronounced heathenism." So, after many signs pointing to the approaching rupture, he wrote, in 1805: "So soon as ever I find anything like the necessary time and mood I shall portray once for all the nature of these neo-Catholic artists"; for "a treaty of peace with such people accomplishes nothing; they only seek the more shamelessly to extend their influence." He protested publicly against "the verbiage of neo-Catholic sentimentality and against the unctuous nonsense of the disciples of the Klosterbruder and Franz Sternbald," and, in his *Winckelmann*, expressly declared his adherence to the opposing school of classicism. Yet even then he was not blind to the merits of medieval poetry and art. He found enjoyment both in the folk-songs of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and in the strong, healthy characters of the *Nibelungenlied*, and finally, through the influence of the Boisserée brothers, even became, as we have already seen, deeply interested in the Cologne cathedral and old German painters. To be sure, the rejoicing which this conversion of the "old heathen" produced among the romanticists was of but short duration. In his journal, *Kunst und Altertum*, he immediately afterward turned his back again on the Middle Ages and in 1818 proclaimed once more his educational ideal and artistic creed, "Let every man be a Greek in his own way, but let him be a Greek."

It was not only his classicism, but just as much, if not more, his Protestantism that revolted and protested against the Catholicising tendencies of the romanticists, and their fondness for the Middle Ages. Even in books which apparently had nothing to do with these things, as, for example, Friedrich Schlegel's book *Über die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier* (1808), he now discovered the despised features: "All the subjects which he [Schlegel, in this book] treats are, as a matter of fact, used only as vehicles to bring certain sentiments gradually to public notice and with a certain honourable appearance to set himself up as an apostle of an obsolete doctrine." He expresses himself still more vigorously. He sees in it "a very clever way of smuggling back into good society the miserable devil, together with his grandmother and all their everlasting, malodorous retinue." He condemned most decidedly Friedrich Schlegel's conversion to the Catholic faith, "because at no time has such a remarkable case occurred, of a superior and most highly educated talent, which, in the highest light of reason, understanding, and knowledge of the world, has been inveigled into dressing itself up and playing the bugaboo." He declared boldly, on the other hand, that "to draw nearer to Protestantism is the tendency of all those who would differentiate themselves from the populace." We now understand how, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the reformation, he could declare himself so decidedly opposed, as a Protestant, to this neo-Catholic movement and how he could maintain that "we cannot honour our Luther more highly than by publicly declaring with seriousness and with force, and by repeating often, what we consider right and what we hold to be advantageous for the nation and the times."

In the winter of 1816–1817 he even felt called upon to assert his Protestant views in opposition to Schelling, when the question arose of calling this scholar back to Jena. Nobody had a better appreciation than he of the importance of this great thinker. But the philosopher's views, with which his own had once so well harmonised, had meanwhile assumed a mystic, plainly Catholicising trend. Hence Goethe declared with determination that there was no place for such a man in Jena. To Minister von Voigt, who was in favour of issuing the call, he wrote that it would seem to him comical if, at the tercentenary of "our truly great Protestant victory, one should see the old out-of-date stuff again introduced under a renewed mystico-pantheistic form." To him the truly great Protestant victory meant, above all, the emancipation of reason, the "Christian man's" regained freedom of thought and belief. Hence in a cantata for the celebration of the reformation he would glorify Luther's memorable deed in no other way than by drawing a pregnant contrast between the Old Testament and the New, between law and freedom, which, as he adds by way of explanation, becomes law through faith and love. He would let it be known that the Catholic Church still stood on the ground of the Old Testament and had departed from it only in so far as it had added to this ground heathenism and polytheism. Hence in the poem *Dem 31. Oktober 1817* he could well consider himself and those like him as "preachers," as the real successors of Luther, who continue the reformer's battle against obscurants and Romanists:

Was auch der Pfaffe ſinnt und ſchleicht,
Der Prediger ſteht zur Wache.*

We now see why, after a conversation with Goethe, so much misunderstood as to his German sentiments and enthusiasm for liberty, Varnhagen von Ense, who had fought in the wars of liberation and now stood on the liberal side, should have written, full of astonishment, to his friend the Prussian Privy Councillor Stägemann: "Goethe no German patriot? In his breast was early gathered all the freedom of Germania, and there it became, to the never fully appreciated benefit of us all, the model, the example, the main trunk of the national tree of education. We all walk in the shade of this tree. Never have roots taken a firmer hold and penetrated deeper into the soil of our native country, and never have they drawn more powerfully and more constantly from her vital sources. Our warlike youth and the loftier sentiments which inspired them have truly more in common with this spirit than with many another who boasts of having been particularly active at the time."

These words of Varnhagen show correctly Goethe's opposition to the reactionary political tendencies which romanticism had assumed through the work of Novalis and Gentz. They also prove that as a man of liberal thought and patriotic sentiments Varnhagen was in no sense offended at Goethe for holding himself aloof from the national pathos of romanticism. Indeed, at that very time Goethe was himself one of the greatest national possessions of the German people. As Varnhagen correctly observed, Goethe took liberty in that high sense of the self-emancipation of man to a life of reason. He saw herein the German's most peculiar and most sublime task and worked at it himself with all his strength throughout the whole of his life. Thus he fought in his own way for the cause of Germanic freedom, and his efforts are deserving of recognition. Everything in opposition to his labours, whether tyranny, narrowness, or stupidity, he either designated by the general term "priestcraft," or called it "Philistinism,"—the word which he employed more frequently and for which he showed the greater preference. With reference to his activity in this field he placed himself, in righteous self-consciousness, by the side of the greatest German liberators, Blücher and Luther.

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* Whate'er the sneaking priest may plan,
The preacher stands on guard.

Ihr könnt mir immer ungeſcheut
  Wie Blüchern Denkmal ſetzen;
Von Franzen hat Er Euch befreit,
  Ich von Philiſternetzen.*

As a liberator Goethe could hope to exert an influence only because he himself was free and because he made himself more and more free from the thousand bonds which fettered others. This spiritual self-liberation gave him also that extraordinary equanimity toward everything that came to him from without. True, he occasionally lost his equanimity for a moment, but he regained it the next moment, especially in the later years of his life. And that was an inestimable blessing, both for him and for the world. Without this liberating equilibrium of soul, his high degree of sensitiveness, a necessary qualification of the great poet, would have brought his power and influence to an untimely end.

During the year 1817 he had more than one specially hard trial to undergo. We have already heard of the storm of reaction which, toward the end of the year, caused heavy waves to break over the deck of the Weimar ship of state. The beginning of the year, however, had brought him personally still worse experiences. The loving care with which he had fostered the Weimar Theatre did not save him from grating ingratitude. In the long years that he had superintended the stage it had caused him many a hard hour. But in so far as actors, musicians, authors, audiences, financial distress, and disfavour of the times were the cause of his vexation, his innermost being had not been affected. He overcame these things as one overcomes bad weather.

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* As well to me as Blücher ye
  A monument may raise;
From Frenchmen he has made you free,
  I from Philistine ways.

In the case of the conflicts with the Duke, into which he was from time to time drawn on account of the theatre, it was different. These were particularly sharp from the time that the beautiful and distinguished actress and singer Karoline Jagemann became the object of the Duke's love, and desired to see the theatre conducted according to her own ideas. As far back as 1808 the opposing forces had come to such a violent clash that Goethe asked for his dismissal. The difference was temporarily adjusted, but strained relations continued, owing to the secret influence of the actress Jagemann. In April, 1817, the gathering storm broke.

An actor by the name of Karsten was at that time travelling about with a trained poodle which he was exhibiting to the theatre-going public in a melodrama adapted from the French, entitled *Der Hund des Aubry de Montdidier*. He directed to Goethe a request for permission to produce this piece in Weimar, with his dog in the title rôle. Goethe flatly refused the request as a lowering of the dignity of the stage. The actor then applied to the Grand Duke, and the latter, a passionate lover of dogs, signified his desire that the request be granted. As Goethe persisted in his refusal the Grand Duke issued a command that the performance be given. Sorely offended at the disregard of his objections, Goethe left home and went to Jena, leaving the staging of the piece to the other members of the board of directors.

He may at that time have made known his intention to retire from the directorship.[21] But he still lived in hopes that an amicable adjustment would be possible and that the Grand Duke would abandon the performance. The futility of his hopes was demonstrated on the 12th of April, when the performance actually took place. And even before Goethe had taken a decisive step, the Grand Duke, especially prompted, as is said, by the actress, wrote to Goethe on the 13th of April, granting his dismissal, alleging as the reason for his action that various utterances which had come to his notice had convinced him that Goethe wished to be relieved of his duties as director of the Court Theatre. By reporting at once to the board of directors his disposition of the case, he made his decision irrevocable. Thus Goethe was turned out of the office.

As a sage and a seer he was prepared for many things, but that his imperishable achievements of twenty-six years at the head of the Weimar Theatre should come to such a humiliating and offensive end had certainly never entered the realm of his faintest suspicions. Very soon Karl August in his natural goodness of heart felt to what an injustice he had allowed himself, in the heat of passion, to be carried away. He went to Jena, where Goethe was still staying, and there appeased the poet's anger and sealed their reconciliation with a hearty embrace. Even though the dismissal could no longer be recalled, nevertheless Goethe was able to continue with honour to perform his other official duties, and—what is of more importance—it was possible for the friendly relation between prince and minister to continue.

Though the circumstances under which his separation from the theatre had been brought about may have affected him very painfully—years afterward the wound still burned so that there is not a word about the event in his *Annalen*—nevertheless he could but welcome the fact itself. He had found less and less pleasure in the institution. It was a perpetual source of trouble to be able no longer to meet the competition of the large theatres. The previous year he had lost his best actors, Herr and Frau Wolf, who had gone to Berlin, and he was too old to train others to take their places. Furthermore his mission was now fulfilled. He had created in Weimar a style suited to the higher type of dramatical production, and this style had been adopted and was still cultivated by the best theatres of Germany. He could now leave the Weimar stage to work out its own destiny, and could devote the valuable time and the peace of mind of which it was robbing him to the great problems that it was still incumbent upon him to solve. By a very peculiar, but most happy, dispensation of fate, the dismissal in 1817 and the decrees of the German Confederation in 1819 gave him the rest which he most ardently desired. From that time on neither public affairs nor his official position caused him any further disturbances. The fruits still hanging on his tree of life had a warm serene autumn in which to attain a perfect maturity.

On the 28th of August, 1819, Goethe reached his seventieth birthday. On this occasion, as usual, he himself withdrew from the birthday celebration. He spent the day quietly on the way to Karlsbad. Throughout Germany, with the exception of Frankfort-on-the-Main, the important epoch in the great poet's life was celebrated only in a quiet manner. Political dissatisfaction lay like a mountain of lead on the spirits of all. The representatives of the German states, assembled in Karlsbad, were just in the act of clipping the wings of the German national spirit shorter than before. They called it suppressing the revolutionary spirit. The conferences were ruled by the all-powerful Austrian minister, Prince Metternich. He was the first person in Karlsbad to whom Goethe paid a visit. The poet's motive for haste in making this visit was probably not merely a desire to discharge a duty of politeness toward a prince whom he had known for some time: he doubtless recognised the opportunity to dispose Metternich more kindly both toward Weimar, which the statesman would gladly have erased from the list of German states, and toward the Grand Duke, whom he scornfully referred to as the "old buck." Goethe says in his *Annalen:* "As usual, I found in him a gracious lord." This means that the poet succeeded in accomplishing his purposes.

After Goethe had again taken the cure in Karlsbad the following year, but, as it seems, without being entirely satisfied with the results, he decided the next year (1821) to try the mineral springs of the newly established Marienbad. He met there the beautiful widow Frau von Levetzow and her three charming daughters, Ulrike, Amalie, and Bertha. Just as he had formerly been so fascinated with the mother that he compared her to Pandora, so he now discovered an unusual attraction in her oldest daughter. She was only seventeen years old, to be sure, but it was younger women that the aged poet particularly liked. He joked concerning himself at the time as follows:

Alter, hörſt du noch nicht auf?
  Immer Mädchen!
In dem jungen Lebenslauf
  War's ein Kätchen.
Welche jetzt den Tag verſüßt,
  Sag's mit Klarheit! *

Whether because of the benefit derived from the waters of Marienbad, or because of his longing to see Ulrike's dear face once more, suffice it to say, we find him again the following summer at the springs in company with the Levetzow family. What a twelvemonth before had been a pleasant pastime became now a deeper, more serious feeling, which developed into love. A third long sojourn together the following summer (1823), and the fire of love flamed forth in full force from the heart of the aged poet. The brown hair and blue eyes, the nineteen years, the ingenuous assurance, the serenity, cheerfulness, goodness, and cordiality of the young girl, who had received her education in Strasburg and hence, in a sense, was an Alsatian,—these things taken together may have caused Ulrike to appear to the poet as a Friederike brought back to life. "Repeated reflection" is an optical phenomenon

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* Greybeard, still no end in view?
  Maidens ever?
In thy youth thou soughtst to woo
  Kätchen's favour.
Who doth now thy day delight?
  Tell me frankly.

that he had observed more than once in the course of his life. And did he not now awake to a new existence under the magic influence of this budding maiden? Did he not experience a new youth? He even found pleasure again in dancing! He attended the dancing parties and, this summer, finished his seventy-third and entered his seventy-fourth year dancing. Who could have told by his appearance that this man with delicately flushed face, fiery eyes, a full head of brown hair with hardly a trace of gray, an elastic step, and an erect bearing, who chatted graciously and with animation, and moved about upon the floor with one of the youngest ladies, was really a man of seventy-four? And had he not reason to hope that, if he should enter into a permanent union with youth, this rejuvenation would continue, in defiance of nature, till the demon death should drag him into his grave? Why should Ulrike not be prepared to enter the bond? Why should she not return his love? He saw how all the young girls were attached to him, how their faces lighted up when he approached, how tenderly they treated him, how eager they were to caress him and be caressed by him.

Geh' ich hier, ſie kommt heran,
Niemand ſieht uns beiden an,
Wie wir lieben! *

What a rosy hue would be imparted to his home if this rising sun should enter it! To be sure, it had not been desolated by the death of Christiane. Soon after her decease his own son had married Ottilie von Pogwisch, the dowerless daughter of a divorced lady at the Court. Ottilie had married the son more for the sake of the father, to whom she looked up with tender admiration. She was a cheerful, intelligent, original woman of fine temperament, and Goethe had in her the best partner imaginable for his conversations, no matter what they might concern. She had meanwhile brought into the world two sons, whom Goethe

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* Where I go she comes to me;
No one in our looks can see
How we love.

loved dearly and who afforded him great joy. There was now more life and variety in the house than before Christiane's death. But the married life of August and Ottilie quickly became very unhappy. Their two natures were incompatible. Being each endowed with a strong spirit of liberty, they followed their own ways, August the precipitous paths from which his father had hoped to turn him aside by means of marriage. There were many moments of ill-humour over which the husband and wife were unable to gain control, even in the presence of the father. In a letter from Marienbad, in which he wished gently to prepare the children for a knowledge of his future intentions, Goethe referred very mildly and delicately to the situation at home in these words: "The days we have spent together, good and sensible people though we be, have often been extremely dull, to my despair. We lack a third or fourth member to complete the circle." He signed himself a "'loving' father in the most beautiful sense of the word."

Hopeful as the aged poet was of receiving from Ulrike a favourable reply, he himself was neither able nor willing to make a proposal to her. But a distinguished mediator was found in the person of the Grand Duke, who happened to be present. He acquainted the mother with Goethe's desire. She was certainly not in doubt as to Ulrike's sentiments, but, as it was her duty to inquire, she did so and received an unfavourable, or at least an evasive, answer, which was equivalent to a refusal.[22] There was a world-wide difference between caressing in her proud happiness the glorious man of fame who showed so plainly his affection for her, between giving free expression to her tender feeling for him while allowing him the same liberty towards her, and marrying him. Youth demands youth, and even the most clever, most amiable, most celebrated old man can not equal the simple, bashful youth, unknown to fame, who beholds in his beloved his all, who becomes one with her in heart and mind and goes through life exulting and lamenting with her, and sharing with her his pleasure and his pain.

Out of consideration for the distinguished suitor and for his highborn wooer, as well as for the undisturbed continuation of the so valued, beautiful intercourse, Frau von Levetzow probably gave, instead of Ulrike's frank or veiled refusal, an answer which postponed the final decision and left some room for hope. Thus the days in Marienbad, which were followed by another series of days spent together in Karlsbad, came to an harmonious end.

The moment of separation was a hard one for Goethe. Every parting from a beloved person is painful. He must have feared that a future meeting would be denied him, either by fate—his age may have caused a vision of death to rise before his eyes—or by the enigmatical will of the beloved maiden, for his pain rose to an excruciating intensity. He journeyed toward home filled with painfully bitter feelings. But while man by misery is rendered dumb a god gave him the gift to tell his woe. He poured his sorrow into the soulful stanzas which later became known as the Marienbad *Elegie* (second number of the *Trilogie der Leidenschaft*), and alleviated his pain by lending it words. Along with his lamentation of sorrow he sought also to recall as closely as possible the picture of his beloved, together with the happiness of the vanished weeks, and this, too, helped to reconcile him.

Wie zum Empfang ſie an den Pforten weilte
Und mich von dannauf ſtufenweis beglückte,
Selbſt nach dem letzten Kuß mich noch ereilte,
Den letzteſten mir auf die Lippen drückte:
So klar beweglich bleibt das Bild der Lieben
Mit Flammenſchrift ins treue Herz geſchrieben.

Nun bin ich fern! Der jetzigen Minute,
Was ziemt denn der? Ich wüßt' es nicht zu ſagen.
Sie bietet mir zum Schönen manches Gute;
Das laſtet nur, ich muß mich ihm entſchlagen.
Mich treibt umher ein unbezwinglich Sehnen,
Da bleibt kein Rat als grenzenloſe Tränen.*

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* As at the door she waited with a greeting
And then each step upon the stairs would bless;
The last kiss giv'n, would run, my leave entreating

When he arrived at home on the 17th of September there was another hard ordeal awaiting him. He had to speak frankly to his children about the intentions which he cherished. Ottilie was ill and had nothing to say. August expressed himself all the more plainly. While he had the highest respect for his father, he could not understand how, with his usual wisdom and discretion, his father, at his advanced age, and after he had come so perilously near dying the previous spring, should want to marry such a very young girl. The idea may have seemed to him a crazy whim, a fantastic aberration, which would have to be dealt with without any consideration. Furthermore the thought that his present existence, and still more his future, was jeopardised by the proposed marriage, must unconsciously have intensified his excited opposition to it. Ottilie's sister, who lived in the house with them and thought as he did about the matter, contributed nothing toward his pacification. So a harsher clash could not have been imagined. In a letter written at the time (September 25, 1823) Chancellor von Müller, one of Goethe's dearest and most intimate friends in the last fifteen years of his life, characterised August's bearing as rude and loveless. He spoke of him as a crazy fellow, who played toward his father the part of one piqued. He referred also to Ulrike's (the sister-in-law's) gruff one-sidedness and shallow naïvete, adding that such companions were ill suited to guide the poet gently and tenderly through such a crisis. Charlotte von Schiller's report of the affair is similar. One can fancy how the old man's tender heart, still bleeding from the wound of parting, suffered under the cudgellings of his closest environment.

A "lastest" kiss upon my lips to press,—
These flame-traced scenes of her I dearly cherish
From out my faithful heart shall never perish.

I now am far away. What is the duty
Confronts me here? No answer I can find.
The present offers much of good and beauty;
Yet of its weight I fain would rid my mind.
A ceaseless longing hath of hope bereft me,
No counsel save unbounded tears is left me.

Chancellor von Müller said in the same letter: "He is at times extremely ill-humoured and depressed."

The stubborn opposition led him to reflect. Becoming doubtful whether the realisation of his dream would mean happiness for himself and his beloved, he decided to renounce the plan. A week later he said to Müller: "I shall get over my affection for Fräulein von Levetzow, I know; but it will mean a long, hard struggle." Such a resolution was more easily formed than carried out. A revulsion of feeling came. The opposition which the renunciation encountered in his own inner being caused him to reconsider the matter from all points of view. For example, such questions arose as whether the sacrifice was after all necessary, and whether it was not too costly, seeing that it was exhausting his strength. These hard struggles with himself and with those about him were certainly contributory causes to another serious illness in November. In this illness the remedy which gave him most strength, and to which he had recourse time and again, was the *Elegie*, that painful, yet sweet, reflection of the wonderfully beautiful summer days. Was not its effect upon him a clear indication of the direction in which he should turn for self-preservation? Thus at the close of the year we find him free from all thoughts of renunciation and looking forward to the new year, with anxious, but happy, expectation.

On New Year's eve he wrote to Frau von Levetzow the significant words: "The new calendar for 1824 is standing before me. The twelve months look neat and distinct, to be sure, but also perfectly indifferent. In vain do I seek to discover which days will be red-letter days for me, and which will be black. The whole table is still a blank, while wishes and hopes fly hither and thither. May mine meet yours. May nothing, *nothing* oppose their success and fulfilment! Talk over everything together in an intimate hour, as you would do more extensively, perhaps, while walking back and forth on the terrace.*"

Inspired by this hopeful expectation, he says, in the poem *An Werther* (first number of the *Trilogie der Leidenschaft*), which he composed in March, 1824, for the jubilee edition of the novel, that Werther's shade meets him on newly flower-clothed meadows. In an April letter to Frau von Levetzow we hear how his heart beats in anticipation of their being together again. "Think of me with the dear children and grant me the hope that, arriving with the same feelings, I shall be welcome to the dear ones in the old place. Meanwhile the neat goblet remains the confidant of my thoughts; the sweet monograms approach my lips, and, if it were not so far off, the 28th of August should afford me the most pleasing prospect. A cosy clink of glasses and so forth. Ever yours.—GOETHE."

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* In front of the house in Marienbad.

Summer came, and this year the Levetzow family went to Dresden. Goethe received a most friendly invitation to come there. He could have gone to the Bohemian baths very conveniently by way of the Saxon capital; but he stayed at home—in spite of all the longing letters. His resignation was final. Whether it had meanwhile been forced upon him by an unequivocal refusal from Ulrike—it was said that the Grand Duke had presented Goethe's suit once more to Frau von Levetzow—, or whether it came from his own voluntary reconsideration, is uncertain. In any case any further meetings after a final renunciation would have been inadvisable. Goethe never again saw Frau von Levetzow or her daughters; but he kept himself in touch with the dear family by means of the friendly letters which they now and then exchanged.

Like Friederike, Ulrike remained unmarried. She lived to be a very old woman and died only a few years ago, on the 13th of November, 1899, on her estate Trziblitz, in Bohemia. Every one who approached her went away refreshed.

As Goethe was forced to turn his thoughts away from Ulrike, the remembrance of the beautiful mistress of the Gerbermühle came forward again more prominently, and in lingering with her in the spirit and in his cordial correspondence with her his love-craving heart found satisfaction and repose.

V

FROM 1824 TO 1830

Goethe's house his monastery—Description of it—His way of working—His assistants—Eckermann and his *Gespräche mit Goethe*—Great stream of visitors at Goethe's home—Distinguished guests—Goethe a grandfather—His youthfulness, in spite of his years—Typical extracts from his conversations—His humour—His angry moods—*Novelle*—Biographical writings—New complete edition of his works—His many-sided interests—His thirst for knowledge—His attitude toward new literary tendencies—His reading of newspapers and periodicals—His habit of viewing things in their broad, general relations—His recognition of his own place in history—His striving after goodness and purity—His spiritual transformation—The springtime of his soul—His humility—His power over his contemporaries due to his great humanity—The jubilees of Karl August's coming to the throne and Goethe's arrival in Weimar—Death of Karl August—Goethe's sojourn at the Castle of Dornburg—*Dem aufgehenden Vollmonde*—*Zwischen beiden Welten*—Death of Frau von Stein—Death of Grand Duchess Luise—Death of Goethe's son August—The poet's power of recuperation.

THE ways toward the east and toward the west had become dangerous paths, upon which the poet feared to enter. Consequently he avoided all travelling for the present. Indeed for a long time he somewhat stubbornly refused to go even beyond the limits of the city of Weimar. There were four years, for example, when he did not visit even Jena, where he had formerly been accustomed to spend weeks and months every year; and yet the institutions under his supervision must often have demanded his attention. To be sure, Weimar had now become a more quiet place for him since he had severed his connection with the theatre and no longer went to Court, except on extraordinary occasions.

As he made no other visits either, and took part in no gatherings outside his own home, his house became his world, his castle in which he held court. He himself preferred to call it his monastery, though there was little aptness in the term; for behind the walls of this monastery was unfolded a scene of most abundant life. In these rooms there was nothing dead. Everything spoke to him in its own language, whether it was kept in portfolios, in cases, or in drawers, or was fastened on the walls as an ornament. There was a very large collection of engravings, etchings, drawings, autographs, coins, medals, plaques, majolicas, plaster casts, minerals, plants, fossils (about 4000), skeletons,—a small museum of art and natural history, which he had gradually collected and to which his fiery zeal was still constantly making additions. A good drawing or an interesting fossil could make him happy for days.

The many objects of art gave his rooms a very distinguished stamp. They made one forget entirely the plain furniture and the poor architectural proportions. But there was one room which was kept free from all artistic ornamentation, namely, his study. In fact he had this room furnished even more plainly than the rest of the house. No curtains, no sofa, no carpet, no easy chair,—nothing but hard, stiff, clumsy oak furniture, and bare walls. He did not wish to let any object of art distract his attention or any luxury, or even comfort, make him careless or lazy. In this scantily furnished room he spent the forenoon, beginning at five or six o'clock, in continuous hard work. He usually walked about the large table and dictated to his amanuensis. He covered the greatest variety of subjects, such as novels, biographical writings, essays, and letters, and spoke with such fluency that the amanuensis had difficulty in following him. To be sure, it had all been thought over and sketched in the afternoon or evening of the preceding day, or before eight o'clock in the morning, the hour at which one of his amanuenses arrived. He employed no fewer than four amanuenses. The chief burden rested upon John and Schuchardt, the latter a man of university training and in later years the director of the Weimar collections of art. Goethe's servant Friedrich and the library secretary Kräuter also did some work for him as copyists. Riemer and Eckermann served as assistants of a higher order. The former, as we already know, had begun with the new century; the latter, not until the summer of 1823.

Johann Peter Eckermann, born on the northern border of the Lüneburg Heath, of very poor parents, had spent his youth in peddling, herding cattle, and gathering wood; had then gradually awakened to a grasp of the higher world and, with a warm interest in art and literature, had tried his skill in drawing, writing, and criticism, until, at the age of thirty, feeling himself irresistibly drawn toward Goethe, he had journeyed on foot from Hanover to Weimar, where he was given an audience by the man whom he worshipped, and who had accorded his poems a favourable reception. Recognising immediately the usefulness of this man, who was endowed with fine feeling and a rare gift of hearing, and who, as a musing, pliant child of nature, could happily supplement Riemer's iron-clad book-learning, Goethe decided to retain him in his employ. He found in Eckermann a sympathetic appreciator of his half-finished writings and even of those which had barely been sketched. The young adept could divine the master's plans, and knew how, by means of coaxing and flattery, to induce him to execute them. He also had the gift of engaging his great sovereign in animated conversation, and of leading him in this way to bring out from the rich treasure-chamber of his soul the sparkling jewels which he had not been able to set in written words. With absolute devotion to Goethe, to whose words he listened as to the revelations of a god, he grasped everything with great distinctness and reproduced it in his diary with such fidelity that not only we of later generations, who have familiarised ourselves with Goethe's peculiar ways of thinking, feel that his subsequently published *Gespräche mit Goethe*[23] are thoroughly genuine, but even those who had known the poet personally have assured us that in these conversations they could hear Goethe speaking.

Beside Eckermann and Riemer Goethe had other helpers: in the science-of-art department, his old friend Meyer; in the official supervision of the state institutions of art and science, his son, who assisted him also in many other things; and in scientific studies and collections he not infrequently was aided by Soret, who was called from Geneva in 1822 to be the governor of Karl Alexander, who later became Grand Duke.

And still this staff of amanuenses, assistants, and advisers who read him reports on special topics, does not exhaust the list of those who were constantly about him. There were further Chancellor von Müller, Chief Architect Coudray, and, from the middle of 1826 on, his family physician Dr. Vogel. One or more members of this circle were usually his guests at meals. Eckermann came ordinarily at noon and Riemer in the evening and, after eating, continued their work with him.

Moreover, though the many-headed college of helpers and family friends made all monastic seclusion an impossibility, such a thing was further prevented by the large number of visitors who, day in and day out, streamed into the famous house. On a fixed day in the week appeared the Grand Duchess Luise; on another day the Hereditary Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna; together with them, or at other times, the Princesses Auguste (who later became the German Empress) and Marie (who later married Prince Karl of Prussia), to be instructed by Goethe in all that was new in art and literature. At unfixed times came the Grand Duke, the Hereditary Grand Duke (the latter very frequently), and his younger brother, Duke Bernhard. Then came the great train of his acquaintance and that of interested people of Weimar and Jena, and, finally, the endless procession of foreign guests from the whole civilised world, among whom the great were not without representation. Even for his contemporaries he was no longer the author of *Werther* or of *Faust*, but the supreme representative and patron of spiritual life in general. Men entered upon the worldly, and yet sacred, pilgrimage to Goethe with heart-stirring expectation. The consciousness of having gazed into his eyes cast on many a life a splendour which shone out brightly in memory ever after.

First of all the young generation felt drawn to show him their reverence and enthusiasm. Even their most gifted representative, Byron, had not refused to pay literary homage to his "liege lord." Although Goethe did not receive every nameless writer or immature student, or the Berlin butcher's wife who wished to express to him her deep-felt admiration for him as the author of *Das Lied von der Glocke*, (!) nevertheless his liberality was extraordinarily broad. If he had dared follow the promptings of his heart he would have admitted every curious person who waited patiently outside for an opportunity to catch a glimpse of the famous man.

Warum ſtehen ſie davor?
Iſt nicht Türe da und Tor?
Kämen ſie getroſt herein,
Würden wohl empfangen ſein.*

The sacrifices of time and strength were still greater when people of importance from abroad prolonged their sojourn in Weimar and engrossed his attention on more than one day. He himself held back not a few when they were on the point of departing; especially if they were artists, such as Madame Szymanowska, who was the inspiration of one of his most soulful poems, and Felix Mendelssohn, or if they were friends such as Zelter, Boisserée, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Count Reinhard, and Privy Councillor Schultz. For a man less robust, less receptive, and less productive than he was this life would have been too noisy, too irregular, and would have taxed his strength in too many ways; but him it kept young. To go through his collections with connoisseurs, to sit at a well-filled table and talk with people of deep thought and feeling about art, science, and life, to listen to a private concert in a select circle of ladies and gentlemen,—these to him were sources of rarest enjoyment and refreshment.

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* Outside the house why do they stand
Are there,pray, no doors at hand?
If they bravely came within
They would hearty welcome win.

Beside this he had his quiet, idyllic pleasures. Not in solitude, absorbed in his collections or in some book that he was reading—that always afforded some excitement for his mind, which immediately wandered far afield—but in his intercourse with his grandsons, Walther[24] and Wolfgang,[25] born in 1818 and 1820 respectively. His special favourite was the younger of the two, his namesake, to whom he gave the same nickname, Wölfchen, that he himself had once been accustomed to hear from his father. At the age of eight and thereafter Wölfchen was a chief personage in his diary. "In the evening Wölfchen. Very engaging and fawning in order to accomplish his purposes." "Later Wölfchen, who sat down by me and read. I went over the pictures of his child's book with him." "In the evening Wölfchen, who cleared several drawers neatly and was entirely well-behaved in all his play." The words "entirely well-behaved" lead us to surmise that he was capable of being something else. Indeed we even have a suspicion that the elder Wolfgang was not free from blame in the matter, and when we have read the following scene described by Soret we may perhaps complain, with the doctor in *Werther*, that he spoiled the children:

"At Goethe's house for a few moments in the evening. I found in his company his grandson Wolf and his intimate friend the Countess Karoline Egloffstein. Wolf gave his dear grandfather a great deal to do, climbing about over him and sitting now on the one shoulder and now on the other. Goethe endured it all with the greatest tenderness, uncomfortable as the weight of the ten-year-old boy must have been for one of his age. 'O dear Wolf,' said the Countess, 'don't worry your good grandfather so terribly! Why! you are so heavy he must be quite weary.' 'That makes no difference,' replied Wolf, 'we are going to bed soon and then grandfather will have time to become completely rested from this exertion.' 'You see,' said

Goethe, 'that love is always of a somewhat impertinent nature.' "

The children's mother, Ottilie,[26] understood how to give the house an attractive, homelike, and comfortable appearance and to add to this an element of splendour. Her graciousness and amiableness, her cheerfulness and her sprightliness, gave the whole just such an air as Goethe desired. And when, in addition, "the dear daughter" would fondle him and kiss him it made him all the more happy. The moments of ill-humour, produced by the lack of mutual understanding between her and her husband, were less and less frequently observed by Goethe. They were more and more crowded out of the field of vision by the growing grandsons, who now hardly ever left his presence.

We have here spoken of Goethe as an old man and a grandfather. And yet, though his cheeks were gradually fading and his hair growing grey, he remained ever young. This youthfulness was time and again a source of astonishment to strangers, and, what signifies more, even to those intimately associated with him. "His whole expression was cheerfulness, vigour, youth," wrote Eckermann in 1823. "He stood there like Apollo, with never-fading inward youth," said the same man in May, 1825. Schuchardt says: "He spoke with strong voice, with dramatic expression, and while he was dictating *Die Wanderjahre* to me I was often startled when he gave a drastic or pathetic impersonation of the characters." But more clearly than in these general descriptions, which lay peculiar stress on outward things, his youthfulness is revealed in his conversations which have been preserved and handed down. How merrily he joked, and how he could mingle seriousness with playful humour! How he could disguise himself, and tease, or put on a tragic air, like Mephistopheles! How he could rant and rave, and that too, if in the presence of intimate friends, in a style as vigorous as though he were still the Leipsic student or the wild original genius of the Storm and Stress period. Let us listen to him for a few moments.

In doing so we shall recognise something more than his youthfulness.

"Now Sömmering has died," he remarked to Soret in March, 1830, "scarcely a miserable seventy-five years of age. What beggars men are, that they have not the courage to hold out longer than that! I think better of my friend Bentham, this most radical fool. He is still well preserved, and yet he is a few weeks older even than I am." Soret sought to defend Bentham against the reproach of radicalism, declaring that in England Goethe also would have been somewhat of a radical and would have inveighed against the abuses of the administrative government. "What do you take me for?" replied Goethe. "Do you mean to imply that I should have spied about for abuses, and, what is more, should have discovered them and called them by their right names, I, who should have lived on abuses in England? Born in England, I should have been a rich duke, or, rather, a bishop with a yearly income of thirty thousand pounds sterling." Soret ventured the opinion that it might, however, have been different if he had drawn a blank in the lottery of life. "Do you think that I should have committed the folly of hitting upon a blank? . . . I should have lied and played the hypocrite so much and so long, in verse and in prose, that my thirty thousand a year should not have escaped me."

On one occasion Chancellor von Müller quoted an utterance of a certain author to the effect that "humour is nothing else than wit of the heart." Goethe flew into a most violent passion over the expression "nothing else," and exclaimed: "Cicero once said that friendship is nothing else than etc. Oh! thou ass, thou silly fellow, thou abominable whippersnapper, to go to Greece to get wisdom and then to produce nothing more clever than that nonsensical phrase!"

On another occasion (in June, 1830) Müller talked with him about biblical criticism and faith. "Mankind," remarked Goethe, "is still involved in a religious crisis. Since men have learned to see how much stupid stuff has been foisted upon them, and since they have begun to believe that the apostles and saints were no better men than such fellows as Klopstock, Lessing, and we other poor rascals, it is only natural that there should be some strange clashes in men's heads."

Gentle, peaceable Boisserée visited Goethe in 1826. Their conversation turned to the then prevailing symbolism in art. "I am a believer in plastic art," snapped Goethe; "I have sought to make the world and nature clear to my mind, and now come these fellows, cast a mist before my eyes, show me things now at a distance, now oppressively near, like *ombres chinoises*. The devil take 'em!"

On the following day Boisserée was again at the home of his revered patron. "The reviling began again," he noted in his diary. Paris, German and French partisanship, whims of princes, decadence of taste, follies of all kinds, priestcraft in France and rationalistic zealotism in Germany, Philhellenism as a cloak to hide other partisanship, and such things, were severely satirised by Goethe. "With all these mocking words," continues Boisserée, "it seemed to me in the end as though I were on the Brocken! I said so to the old man and he replied: 'Why! we are not yet ready to descend. So long as we have not thoroughly discussed the whole world we must continue with this clean conversation about society.' "

He gave a conversation with Chancellor von Müller a somewhat similar bright turn: "Whoever desires to associate with me must occasionally put up with my churlish whims." As Meyer was present during the conversation and kept silent, Goethe added roguishly: "Old Meyer is wise, very wise; but he does n't speak out, does n't contradict me, and that is vexatious. I am certain that down in his heart he is ten times more inclined to scold than I am, and that he considers me a weak light besides."

Humour did not always smooth the excited waves. He was not in a mood for humour when his moral feelings were wounded, not even when the man with whom he was talking was the offending person. For example, on one occasion Müller showed him with a certain degree of pleasure a mischievous epigram on a member of Weimar society. He burst into a passion and exclaimed: "By such hostile and indiscreet rhymery one only makes enemies and imbitters one's own mood and existence. Why! I would sooner hang myself than be everlastingly denying, everlastingly on the side of the opposition, everlastingly lying in wait for a chance to cast a venomed dart at the faults and failings of my neighbours and fellow-creatures. You are still mighty young and frivolous, if you can justify such a thing." If in such cases humour could not overcome the discord of the moment, love could, love for man and for the particular child of man who stood before him. And so, even in the course of this conversation, he became more and more friendly, and in the closing sentence of his account of the evening Müller says he was very glad that his communication had provoked the explosion.

Such stormy, hot-blooded, moody, satirical, angry effusions were just as much a necessity of his full heart as they had been in his youth. The Chancellor once wrote down the observation (March, 1823): "Like a storm cloud, he sought to unburden himself of his over-abundance of energy by means of spiritual lightning and thunder." In comparison with what it had been in his youth, the over-abundance seemed to have increased,[27] as much because of his broader knowledge and insight as because of his greater receptivity and activity. In 1828, when he was in his seventy-ninth year, he characterised his activity as boundless, indeed, almost ridiculous.

If we seek to get some conception of this activity we shall fittingly begin with the fact that he was first and last a poet. To be sure, the poetic stream no longer flowed so freely and abundantly as in his younger years, but the amount of literary work undertaken was as great as ever and it required more energetic application, inasmuch as hand in hand with the decrease of his facility of creation had gone an increase of the difficulty of the subjects, especially *Die Wanderjahre* and the Second Part of *Faust.*

After tirelessly recasting and filing, he finally succeeded in 1828, in his *Novelle*, in finding a finished form for an old epic plan to which he had given the provisional title *Die Jagd.* Now with epic breadth, now with courtly elegance, here with touching tenderness, there with most solemn dignity, he develops with deep penetration the rich symbolic content of this court and animal story, so that we can foresee the victory of pious, courageous love over wild force, and believe in it, not as a strange miracle, but as the manifestation of an eternal law.

In addition to these works of pure fiction, he was constantly occupied by his biographical writings. True, he no longer allowed himself the time for the artistic elaboration which he had given the first volumes of his autobiography. It is the original freshness of the letters and the unfailing clearness of the diaries out of which he composed his *Italienische Reise* (at which he had been working since 1816) and his descriptions of the wars of the revolution, not his reconstructive power of presentation, that gives these works their permanent value. Even the fourth part of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* hardly attempts to combine the biographical details into a unified picture. The loosely compiled *Annalen*, which he brought down to 1822, and his *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe*, are, and pretend to be, nothing but collections of material. It was a question of recording quickly, in the time still left at his disposal, as much as possible of his remarkable life.

In addition to all this he assumed in 1826 the burden of a new complete edition of his works. Then, too, the serial publication *Kunst und Altertum*, which he continued to edit in collaboration with Meyer, gave him so much more to do as in it he now devoted his critical attention to the world's literature. These undertakings alone would have exhausted the strength of even younger people. For him a few morning hours sufficed to accomplish this part of his daily task. Then came official business to claim his attention.

He was now relieved of most of the administrative branches which had earlier weighed upon him, but the direction of the educational institutions, which he retained, had assumed incomparably greater dimensions. To still other things he devoted himself voluntarily, simply because he had once for all acquired an interest in them. Ever since the days when he had directed the construction of highways and had superintended the building of the castle he had considered himself the superintendent of all Weimar constructions, both above the ground and beneath the ground, and no causeway, no church or school, indeed, no gatekeeper's lodge, could be built in the grand duchy without the plans first having been laid before him.

After the poet and state official the scholar demanded his rights. Here his burdens had greatly increased with the rapid advance of the sciences. As this process is going on almost all the time we usually see scholars, as they grow older, limiting themselves more and more, even in the special field which they cultivate. Goethe never thought of such a thing. On the contrary, he broadened in his old age the great circle in which as an independent investigator he had promoted the development of science by the addition of a new field, that of meteorology.

Furthermore there were the art acquisitions, the artistic productions, and the theories of art, in the most important European countries which demanded consideration. Even in the fields in which he himself did no work he kept himself informed as to the progress of science, in order to satisfy his requirements as a far-seeing scholar no less than those as an educated man. Philosophy, theology, history, geography, and political economy came constantly within his range of study. In the same way as the sciences, polite literature had broadened its scope to an unusual degree. There was an unheard-of productivity in all civilised countries, and there existed such an intimate relation between the various literatures that it was indeed possible to speak of a world literature. To keep himself informed in the chief phenomena of this world literature was for Goethe as much a source of great delight as it was a command of duty. Byron, Manzoni, Béranger, Victor Hugo, Carlyle, and Walter Scott, to mention but a few of the foreign writers, received from him attentive consideration, and though he may have crossed himself ten times before Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, nevertheless he read his works to the end. We find a further indication of Goethe's youthfulness in the fact that he did not assume an unsympathetic attitude toward the newer tendencies.

With calm composure, as though he were saying nothing of special importance, he wrote in July, 1830, to Boisserée: "I am now keeping my eyes on the main centres of life in the fields of art, literature, and the sciences. Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and Milan occupy me especially; Paris, London, and Edinburgh, in their way." But art, literature and science, were not the only things included within the range of his interests; it embraced also matters pertaining directly to practical life. He was most intensely interested in the building of canals, harbours, and tunnels, which were being more and more urgently demanded by the development of local and foreign commerce and by the growing desire of man to shorten distances. Of the Thames tunnel, the Erie canal, and the new Bremen harbour, he sought, by means of most accurate drawings, outlines, and descriptions, to obtain as clear conceptions as possible of the structures themselves and of the difficulties encountered and the means of overcoming them. Other great commercial projects, such as the Panama, Nicaragua, Suez, and Rhine-Danube canals, aroused in him such lively, indeed, passionate, interest that he said he would like to live about fifty years longer just on their account.

In the realm of politics he followed with close attention the Greek war of liberty, the partisan fights in France and England, and the movements in Germany. German, French, English, and Italian newspapers and periodicals came regularly to his house. Even though out of pressure of work, or out of vexation at the mass of worthless stuff in the journals that covered up what was worth knowing, and with the consciousness that he would learn about important things through his personal relations, he often gave up the reading of journals for weeks, even months, at a time, nevertheless he always came back to it again and read then, if possible, what he had skipped. He realised that, if he wished to understand foreign countries, he must study them, even in their seemingly unimportant phenomena of life.

With his stupendous thirst for knowledge—"He desires always to be advancing, always to be advancing, always to be learning, always to be learning!" Eckermann once exclaimed, astonished—and with all the variety of his interests, it was an almost daily experience that between morning and evening he ran through thousands of years. When perchance in the morning he read in the newspapers the debates of the Chamber in Paris, then turned to Walter Scott's or Bourienne's descriptions of the life of Napoleon, then studied a drawing by Rembrandt, became absorbed further in the consideration of a medal of Mohammed II., read an essay by Villemain on the dramas of Hrotswitha or a chapter from Niebuhr's *Römische Geschichte*, made a critical examination of plaster casts of Greek statuary, and then in addition investigated an elephant's tooth which had been found in the calcareous tufa of Weimar, it may be said that thousands, yes, myriads of years had marched by before his eyes. Hence he could say of himself that he lived in millenaries, and because of this existence of æons it seemed strange to him when he heard men talk of statues and monuments, because, in the spirit, he already saw them destroyed and wiped out.

As his eyes surveyed the restless surgings and the violent upheavals of history it was within his power to recognise the broad general relation of things and the small significance of the day, and in the presence of the most important contemporaneous events he was able to preserve his composure, or, in case it was shaken for a moment, to regain it quickly. Events which left long-lingering impressions on other people were to him, in the end, but "phantasmagorial clouds" hastening by, and in every case, even though they had a rather substantial nucleus, were but natural phenomena which often occur in history and which in their origin and development need cause the man of understanding no excitement or fear. He also studied himself and his work from this broad point of view, and succeeded in forming "the conception" of himself as a link in the chain of historical developments. Thus he became to himself an historical phenomenon, as he frankly confessed to Wilhelm von Humboldt. This attitude of mind became a source of deep pacification, of which, with his continual overwhelming youthful responsiveness and sensitiveness, he was in greater need than any other man in the world.

Through this comprehension of himself in his great world-relations he gained something more than repose. He saw that his way of influencing the world must be based on goodness and purity. The ruler, the statesman, the general, the party leader, who under definite, temporary conditions exert an influence in the service of definite, practical purposes, may achieve great things, even out of impure motives. He, the poet, who wished to develop the minds of men to a higher grasp of life, independent of time and place, dared labour only with a good and pure soul. "One must be something in order to do something," he once said of the poet, taking "do" in the highest sense. Hence we see him more consciously, more steadfastly, more surely than in early life, making of himself a good and pure man. This rising to the ideal was so obvious that when Bettina saw him in 1824, the first time in thirteen years, she declared that his genius had resolved itself partly into goodness. Through this goodness and purity he possessed now far more than ever before the power of lifting men up and ennobling them both morally and spiritually. He redeems the highest and the best that is in them and frees them from the dark and the low. He consecrates them, as Iphigenia consecrated Orestes. A touching example is afforded by a letter from Privy Councillor Schultz, written in 1824, in which he said of the sculptor Rauch, who had just returned from Weimar: "Rauch came to see me one evening. He was in a certain exalted state of feeling which I have noticed in others who came away from your presence, of which, indeed, I myself have been personally conscious. It is a kind of transfiguration or, rather, sanctification." Young Grillparzer, who approached him as a stranger, said of their meeting: "At first he seemed to me like a Jupiter, then like a father."

To Goethe the transfigured state of being to which he had attained was the highest happiness of his old age. When he now looked back the sun of his knowledge of the world and himself seemed earlier to have stood at a low altitude. It had been winter then, or merely the promise of spring. If in those past years he had accomplished any permanent good or had manifested pure sentiments, it was because of his happy instinct through which shone his inborn reason, or it was done under the benign influence of others who loved him or were loved by him. When instinct had slumbered and good influence had been lacking he had stumbled. But now, when the sun stood at a high altitude, his reason was freed from its crust of ice,* and it was able to work out the divine, the essential, in his nature, his truly genuine and eternal personality, and to attain the goal of his longing, by "making his microcosm revolve about a pure centre and bringing him into a worthy relation toward the Infinite." Hence he now ventured for the first time to speak with touching accent of the "springtime of his soul." The beauty and splendour of this springtime could no longer be disturbed by anything. Not even by the sorest temptation, by the clouds of incense which arose to him from the fires of innumerable sacrifices. Though his fame was sung from the Mississippi[28] to the Volga, in a glorious symphony whose mighty accords made the croaking of uncomprehending or malcontent individuals indistinguishable, though he was lauded a hundred times, in word and writing, as a god whose existence made the world happy, he remained the same simple man. Not as though he were not conscious of his worth and looked upon all the pæans chanted in his honour as idle sound; but in the knowledge that he owed what was praised in him to a favour of fate, which had formed his nature as it was and not otherwise, even to his ardent striving after the ideal. And as he said, in 1830, that he was perhaps the only Christian then living, in the sense in which Christ would use the word, he could also call himself, with humility and pride, "the humblest" of all.

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* "I presume I was late in becoming reasonable, but I have become so at last," he remarked to Chancellor von Müller, half in jest, half in earnest, in June, 1830.

It is in this high human quality, not in his works, that we must seek an explanation of the conquering, beatific power which he exerted over his contemporaries. If, after all that has been said, there should still be need of testimony, let us listen to the words of Wilhelm von Humboldt, who was himself one of the best and most enlightened men of the time. Nine days after Goethe's death he said that Goethe had exercised the mighty influence for which he was distinguished by his mere existence, unconsciously as it were, and without any intention. "This is entirely distinct from his spiritual creations as a thinker and a poet; it lies in his great and unique personality."

If we now take up again the chronicle of Goethe's life there is not much more to be recorded in the way of outward events. As is usually the case with old people, he did nothing but celebrate jubilees and bear other people to the grave. Both these things were to him sources of deep agitation and we can understand why, at the age of eighty, he should have prayed to the gods for endurable sorrow and moderate enjoyment (letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, March 1, 1829).

First came the jubilees. On the 3d of September, 1825, fifty years had passed since Karl August had come to the throne, and on the 7th of November fifty years since Goethe had come to Weimar. By these important periods both fully realised how infinitely much that was good, great, and beautiful had grown out of their life and work together. By the side of this all temporary clashes, ill feelings, and misunderstandings sank into the sea of forgetfulness. They had been fugitive shadows which clouds in sailing by had cast over the sunlit earth. At the jubilee of Karl August's reign Goethe called himself the most favoured servant of his ruler. And as he was the one most blessed he wished also to be the first to congratulate his sovereign. At six o'clock on the morning of the jubilee he went to call on the Grand Duke in the Roman House, which was situated in the solitude of the Park. As Goethe entered, Karl August stretched out both hands toward the beloved friend of his youth, his teacher, confidant, minister, and poet. Goethe grasped his hands and, overcome with emotion, could utter but the words: "Together till the last breath." The thoughts of both flew back to the days when they had entered into the bond with youthful, overflowing enjoyment of life. The few who witnessed the scene heard the Grand Duke exclaim: "O for eighteen years and Ilmenau!" After many remembrances of those days, he added with great animation: "But let us also remember with gratitude that even to-day we still enjoy the fulfilment of what was once sung to us in Tiefurt:

Nur Luft und Licht
  Und Freundeslieb'—
Ermüde nicht,
  Wem dies noch blieb.*

He embraced Goethe and they continued the conversation in a low voice which the others present could not hear.

Now came the 7th of November. According to Karl August's will it was to be celebrated not alone as the fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's arrival in Weimar, but also as that of his entrance into the service of the state—a most glorious honour to confer upon his Frankfort guest after the lapse of half a century. "For," remarked the Grand Duke in an order issued to Chancellor von Müller, "it was with the first moment of his sojourn here, and not later, with the taking of the corporal oath [at his entrance into office on the 11th of June, 1776], that Goethe began to work and labour for the welfare and fame of Weimar." After repeating this testimony in his letter of congratulation to Goethe he continued: "Accordingly it is with the keenest pleasure that I recognise the fiftieth return of this day as the jubilee of my first servant of the state, the friend of my youth, who has hitherto accompanied me through all the changing fortunes of my life with unwavering fidelity, affection, and steadfastness; to whose prudent counsel, lively interest, and ever-pleasing services I owe the success of most important undertakings; and the winning of whom for ever I consider as one of the highest embellishments of my reign." In order to make known to the whole population the recognition which he had expressed in his letter of congratulation he had it posted in public. When Goethe found it out he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "That is just like him!" In addition Karl August sent him a medal which was to stand for all time as a memento of the jubilee. Finally he arranged for the publication of an *édition de luxe* of *Iphigenie*, which he doubtless considered the poet's most finished creation and, at the same time, the noblest impress of his spirit. He also had the play presented in the evening.* It was preceded by a prologue, during which a bust of Goethe was crowned on the stage.

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* Pure light and air
  And love of friend—
Against all wear
  These boons defend.

> Nun wird, Ihm ſelbſt aufs herrlichſte zu lohnen,
> Die edle Stirn mit ew'gem Schmuck belaubt.†

The deep inward feeling of gratitude and the admiration and reverence of the grand ducal pair may have been less apparent in the facts just related than in their countenances and words, especially during the long visit which they paid the celebrated man. Chancellor von Müller said to Fritz Schlosser: "The graciousness of the Grand Duke and his exalted wife was overwhelming." The citizens of Weimar and the University of Jena also celebrated the day in a way befitting Goethe's great services to the world.

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* Goethe was present at the performance up to the third act (*Goethes goldner Jubeltag*, p. 40).

† And now is placed a laurel wreath unfading
Upon his brow, reward most glorious.

The entry which the poet himself made in his diary consisted of these few very suggestive words, "Most solemn day."

It was the evening glow, casting a most gorgeous purple light upon the bond between Karl August and Goethe. The night was approaching,—for the younger of the two more quickly than for the older.

About two and a half years had passed since Goethe's golden jubilee, when, on the 14th of June, 1828, death came softly, but suddenly, to summon hence his princely friend and ruler. The end was in keeping with his life. The brave, determined man died standing at an open window. It was a hard blow for Goethe. He said to Eckermann: "On the whole there was nobody who understood him through and through, as I did." "He was one of the greatest rulers that Germany ever possessed." "Only a paltry century later, and how he, in such a high position, would have advanced his age!" "There was much of the divine in him. He was animated by most noble graciousness and purest love of man. He would gladly have made all mankind happy." With thoughts such as these Goethe wrote to Sulpiz Boisserée: "The surviving members who truly belong to the family of the noble Prince now recognise no other duty and cherish no other hope than to continue to live in accordance with his glorious purposes in their broad, general application."

It was hard indeed for Goethe to overcome his grief. It made no small gap in his life to feel no longer the presence of this distinguished, energetic, benign ruler by his side, and to look about in vain for the friendly patron of his literary works, his scientific investigations, and his other favourite pursuits, and a fellow guardian of a thousand precious memories. In his great sorrow during the first days he did not feel capable of going to the Grand Duchess Luise with a message of condolence, nor even of sending her a letter. Not until a week had passed did he succeed in writing her a few lines. To Soret, who was among those near the Grand Duchess, he wrote: "Even this little has cost me much; for I shrink from touching with words that which is unbearable to the feelings."

The saddest act, the funeral of Karl August, was still before him. It was to occur on the 9th of July. "In order in the most painful state of his inner being to spare at least his outward senses," he begged permission to retire to the Castle of Dornburg, which was very willingly granted him. So he left his Weimar hermitage, from which he had not departed for several years, and went to the Dornburg for a long stay. The castle, surrounded by flowers and vineyards and situated upon a height affording a broad, serene outlook upon the Saale valley and the mountains, pleased him so much that he prolonged his sojourn to more than two months. This place, which charms every visitor, appeared to him, after his sorrowful impressions in Weimar, "in intensified colours, like the rainbow on a dark grey background."

He often awoke before daybreak and lay in the open window, feasting his eyes on the glory of the three planets just then in conjunction and refreshing his soul in the growing splendour of the dawn. When the world in this solemn beauty lay before him so still and pure, he realised vividly the significance of the Homeric words, "holy morn." Spending then almost the whole day in the open air he directed his attention chiefly to plants and the atmosphere; for here botany and meteorology were his favourite occupations. Out of interest in a new theory of viticulture he "conversed familiarly with the branches and tendrils of the grape-vines, which gave him good ideas." In this rejuvenating intercourse with nature, in his cheerful mountain lookout, and in the warm summer air, his lyric fountain began again to flow. The man of seventy-nine wrote songs, even a love song, and one of which he might have been proud in the days of his youth. The soft light of the moon united him with the last loved one whom he still tenderly cherished, Marianne von Willemer. They had agreed to think of each other at every full moon. On the evening of the 25th of August, when he saw the moon rise in wonderful splendour out of dark clouds into the blue nocturnal sky he greeted it joyfully as a strong assurance that Marianne returned his love:

Zeugeſt mir, daß ich geliebt bin,
  Sei das Liebchen noch ſo fern.

So hinan denn, hell und heller,
  Reiner Bahn, in voller Pracht!
Schlägt mein Herz auch ſchmerzlich ſchneller,
  Überſelig iſt die Nacht.*

In the copy which he sent to Marianne he was wise and considerate enough to change "*schmerzlich schneller*" to the unpoetical but less exciting "*schneller, schneller.*"

On the 11th of September he returned to Weimar with his mind pacified and his strength renewed. A happy surprise was awaiting him there. In the antechamber to his study he found standing the great clock which had once marked for him the hours in his father's house. After the death of his mother it had passed into the hands of strangers, from whom the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz had bought it for the purpose of doing the poet a pleasure.

"To live long means to outlive many," Goethe once said. He might have said, "To live long means to bury many." In this his experience was only too rich in the course of his long life. Even before the death of Karl August, Charlotte von Stein, the ardently loved companion of an important period of his life, had passed away—on the 6th of January, 1827. Of late years the relation of the two had been as serene and harmonious as possible, free from reminiscences of all the bitterness which they had experienced.[29] The death of Goethe's wife removed the first and last hindrance, inward as well as outward, that had ever separated them. The period of life from 1776 to 1786 arose again in its old splendour before his eyes, and in 1820 he paid to Frau von Stein the highest and most beautiful homage in memory of the past. He praised her under her former poetical name "Lida," placing her side by side with Shakespeare:

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* That I am loved dost thou assure me,
  Though my love be far away.

Higher soar soft-pinioned greeting,
  Clear thy path, thy splendour bright!
Though my heart's pain haste its beating,
  Overblissful is the night.

Einer Einzigen angehören,
Einen Einzigen verehren,
  Wie vereint es Herz und Sinn!
Lida! Glück der nächſten Nähe,
William! Stern der ſchönſten Höhe,
  Euch verdank ich, was ich bin.
Tag' und Jahre ſind verſchwunden,
Und doch ruht auf jenen Stunden
  Meines Wertes Vollgewinn.*

And to her last letter of congratulation on his birthday, in the year 1826, he had answered, his heart plainly trembling with emotion: "To see preserved through so many years the mutual inclination and love of those living in the immediate neighbourhood of one another is the highest blessing that can be bestowed upon man."

The news of her death cannot have come to Goethe unexpectedly; for she was considerably past eighty years of age and had grown weak and decrepit. When the end really came, it was doubtless a great shock to him. For that very reason he took good care to make no reference to it to anybody, either in conversation or in writing.

The year 1830 brought the aged poet two more heavy losses. The first came through the death of the Grand

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* Only one loved idol owning,
Only one ideal enthroning,
  How it quickens heart and brain!
Lida, nearest joy and rarest,
William, star on high the fairest,
  For my all I thank ye twain.
Days and years the past have entered,
Yet within those hours is centred
  All my life's substantial gain.

Duchess Luise. During the second half of her life in Weimar he had stood nearer to her than in the first half. He admired her noble attitude of resignation, which made petty vexations and oppositions, such as had been frequent in the beginning, no longer possible; he admired the courage and tact which she had shown during the terrible days of October, 1806; he reverenced her as his protectress, who sought by means of compromise to adjust the dissensions and differences between him and Karl August, as well as the other powers of the grand duchy—for example, the diet; he loved her for her lofty human sentiments, evidence of which she had given in her attitude toward his marriage; and, finally, he loved her as his faithful, devoted spiritual pupil. And now this eminent woman was called away from this life, leaving another place vacant in his more intimate circle. Those about him were apprehensive as to how he would receive the news of her death, which occurred on the 14th of February. Eckermann gives the following account: "I said to myself: for more than fifty years he has been associated with this princess; he has enjoyed her special grace and favour; her death must move him deeply. With such thoughts I entered his room. . . . Already informed of the death, he was sitting at the table with his daughter-in-law and grandchildren . . . all the bells of the city began to toll, Frau von Goethe looked at me and we began to speak louder, in order that the tones of the death knell might not rouse and agitate his inner being. For we thought that he felt as we did. But he did not feel as we felt; the state of his inner being was entirely different. He sat before us like a being of a higher world, inaccessible to earthly sorrows."

He was having his divine hour.

The hardest hour which his powers of soul were called upon to undergo came in the late autumn of the same year, when he was bereft of his only son. With all the love and veneration which August cherished for his father, he had, as time went on, become a source of ever-increasing annoyance and ever-diminishing pleasure. When Goethe wrote of himself, in the year 1827, that with the highest pleasure, which he was enjoying and which might raise him above himself, there was still combined much that reduced this pleasure, the most prominent moderating factor which he had in mind was doubtless his son's condition. Though not wanting in talents, August was not gifted enough to accomplish great things, and, on the other hand, was not unaspiring enough to be satisfied with small things—as, for example, his office as councillor of the board of domains, or his services as an assistant to his father. He thirsted for more important achievements, the more so as he was chafed by the feeling that he was everywhere esteemed only as the son of his father. The deep dissatisfaction arising from this source was further intensified by his unhappy, loveless marriage, and by his own irascible and eccentric nature. By virtue of this nature he resorted to a most dangerous remedy to benumb his sense of inward disruption: he gave the rein to his natural inclination toward sensual enjoyment. Under the combined influence of such hostile powers he went to ruin, body and soul. He saw and felt his decline and longed for an event that would snatch him from his accustomed path of life. A journey to Italy had left a trail of light throughout the whole gloomy life of his grandfather, and had been the means whereby his father had experienced a regeneration of body and spirit. Such a journey seemed to him the event for which he yearned.

Goethe gave his consent, but with little hope of beneficial results. He knew that his son's condition was entirely different from his own and his father's. To Eckermann, who was to accompany August, he said by way of instruction for the journey, "The chief thing is that one learn to control one's self." On the 2d of April the two set out on the way. They went first to Frankfort, then up the Rhine to Switzerland, over the Simplon to northern Italy, of which they made a thorough tour, and thence on to Genoa. Here Eckermann, who had been ill for some time, was forced to remain behind. August went on alone to Florence, then to Leghorn, and, as a sign that a new era had dawned, journeyed thence by steamboat to Naples. According to his father's statement, his letters from Naples began to indicate an unhealthy exaltation. He finally turned his steps to Rome, and had been there but a few days when, under the strain of an attack of scarlet fever, his shattered constitution gave way. He died in the night of the 26th to the 27th of October, "*patri antevertens*," as the touching, laconic epitaph on his tomb tells us.

On the 10th of November the news of his death arrived in Weimar. Outwardly Goethe preserved his composure perfectly; but inwardly his grief raged all the more violently. We know this from his own words, from the testimony which he bore in confidential letters. Even though he had not confessed it we should have been able to recognise it from many signs. One of the most remarkable of these was the timidity with which he avoided the words "death" and "die" whenever the conversation turned upon August. To his daughter-in-law he broke the news of the death in these words: "August is not coming back." To Zelter he spoke twice of his son's "staying away,"* and on a third occasion veiled the terrible fact in the mild words, "He set out on the way in order to rest by the Pyramid of Cestius." Even in his own house no one dared mention the death of August.

The important thing was not merely to keep the wound from being touched, but to heal it. "Here it is the great conception of duty alone that can keep one up; the spirit is willing and the body must," was one of his utterances during the first days of mourning. So he gathered together all his strength and sought to forget his sorrow by keeping his mind more intent on his work. The pain was alleviated in this way, it is true, but for the violent suppression of natural feelings he had to pay the penalty, as usual. This time the penalty was so much the heavier because it had cost the man of advanced age so much more exertion to control his emotions. On the 26th day of November he suffered an uncommonly severe hemorrhage, which for any other man at his age would have been fatal. But his good constitution, supported by the mighty spiritual fire, which was fed by his unfinished *Faust*, overcame even this attack most completely and in a wonderfully short space of time. *Faust* and his life were not to remain fragments.

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* The passages are so remarkable that we quote them here: "The staying away of my son oppressed me very violently and disagreeably, in more than one way, and so I took up a piece of work that, I hoped, would entirely absorb my attention."

"I now have to become gradually reconciled to the staying away of my son. In the attempt, which I am forced to make, to become once more a householder I am meeting with no little success."

Two years before he put the last hand to *Faust* he had finished *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*. This was not an accident, but an inward necessity. *Die Wanderjahre* is both a preparatory work to *Faust*, and runs parallel with it. It is *Faust* in the pupal stage. Hence we shall prepare the way for *Faust* by studying first *Die Wanderjahre*.

VI

WILHELM MEISTERS WANDERJAHRE

Die Lehrjahre implies a sequel—Composition of the new novel—General plan—*Die Wahlverwandtschaften*—Publication of "First Part"—The novel gains by holding back of "Second Part"—New sociological theories—The work finally published—Additions to second and third volumes eliminated in later editions—The novel an aggregation—Carelessness in redaction—Work and resignation the fundamental ideas—Wilhelm commanded to travel—His instructions—Aimless wanderings—Visit with a handicraftsman—*Sankt Joseph der Zweite*—The handicraftsman a symbol of the working world—Reasons for this choice—Wilhelm visits Jarno—His inclination to become a surgeon—The age of specialties—The giant's cave—Visit to the uncle—The uncle's work—Contrast with the uncle of *Die Lehrjahre*—*Die pilgernde Törin*—*Wer ist der Verräter?*—Visit to Makarie—Contrast with the Beautiful Soul—Wilhelm's introduction to astronomy—The starry heavens and the moral law—*Das nussbraune Mädchen*—Felix in the pedagogical province—*Der Mann von funfzig Jahren*—Wilhelm finds Nachodine—Visit to Mignon's old home—Journey to Lago Maggiore—Lenardo—Wilhelm studies surgery—Tour of the "pedagogical province"—The social community and the democratic community—The "Bond"—Economic revolution foreshadowed——Nachodine and Lenardo—Work of the "Bond"—*Die neue Melusine*—Goethe and emigration—Odoard's colonisation scheme—The "Bond" divided—Purification of Philine and Lydie—Felix's suit for Hersilie—Rejected, he rides into a river, but is rescued by his father—Natalie and Frau von Stein—The emigrants in the New World—Their government—Valuation of time—World piety—Need of new men—New educational theories—Goethe's system, as seen in the "pedagogical province"—Subjects and methods—Prominence of music—Reverence for the divine in one's self—Three picture galleries—Three styles of greeting—Impression of the novel as a whole—The gospel of labour—The educated class of the day—Goethe's plea for less theory and more practice—General lack of interest in public affairs—The brotherhood of man—World piety.

ON the 12th day of July, 1796, Goethe announced to Schiller his determination to write a sequel to *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. Inasmuch as, at the completion of his apprenticeship, the German journeyman enters upon his travels, it was obvious what title should be chosen for the new work. In order to prepare the way for a continuation of the novel, and to suggest to his readers the possibility of one, Goethe had left the structure of *Die Lehrjahre* in such a state that additions could easily be made. They are almost exclusively of an internal character—that is to say, they point to the continuation of certain chains of thought. The only one of an external nature is the journey which Wilhelm plans to the home of Mignon, a motive which is later treated only in an episodical way. The internal motives are partly pedagogical: the contradictions between the abbé's liberal principles of education and the stricter principles of Natalie have not been reconciled, and a more detailed account of Natalie's method of education has been promised for a future chapter. They are partly ethical and sociological, as, for example, the transformation of the tower society into a world federation, an organisation for philanthropic work in the world. From these signs pointing to the distant future we recognise that it was originally Goethe's intention to give the contents of *Die Wanderjahre* that general character which he actually did give it more than thirty years later.

He also seems rather early to have had clear ideas as to the manner of treatment. It was to be entirely different from that of *Die Lehrjahre.* What he planned to paint was not one comprehensive, self-consistent picture, but a frieze-like series, joined together by luxuriant didactic foliage. This style of composition is evident in what he wrote in 1807, when he began serious work on the novel. On the 17th of May he made the solemn note in his diary: "At half past six in the morning began to dictate the first chapter of *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre.*" Then in the second half of May, in June, and later in August, he put into final form, in quick succession, the story of *Sankt Joseph der Zweite*, which runs through the first four chapters; then *Die neue Melusine*, *Die gefährliche Wette*, *Der Mann von funfzig Jahren*, *Das nussbraune Mädchen* (who was called Nachodine even at that early date), and *Die pilgernde Törin*,—all more or less independent stories. He finished these on the 5th of August, and during the following days "thought over" further the "novelistic motives for *Die Wanderjahre.*"

The fact that he speaks of novelistic motives is an indication that, even at that time, he had also some purely didactic motives in mind. Meditation on the novelistic portions, as we prefer to call them, produced at the moment no new results. But at the end of the year his tree of life dropped a glorious full fruitage into his lap. His heart was then aglow with unhappy love for Minna Herzlieb, and resignation was forced upon him. His experience transformed into poetry, together with the motive of resignation, was eminently suited for *Die Wanderjahre*, and he decided to introduce the passionate composition into the novel. But it sprang up with such vigour that its magnitude soon burst the framework of *Die Wanderjahre;* and its blood was so hot that its glow would have killed the colder-blooded daughters of fancy and worldly wisdom, with which it was to be associated. So he set it apart as an independent work and gave it the title *Die Wahlverwandtschaften.*

In April, 1810, he made another serious attempt to continue *Die Wanderjahre.* In May he wrote to Frau von Schiller that at Michaelmas his friends would be forced to accompany the same old Wilhelm on a journey, on which they should meet many different earthly and heavenly saints. He worked at it with considerable diligence during the summer, but then laid it aside. Apparently he came upon difficulties which, for the moment, he was unable to surmount. Perhaps the interruption was not unwelcome to him. The work was such a convenient repository for the many problems of life and other topics of the time which agitated him that it seemed to him advisable to continue to use it for that purpose as much longer as possible. In this way ten long years were allowed to go by. He had meanwhile reached the age of seventy and it was now time to gather the harvest into the barn.

So he took up the refractory material once more and got together a volume which he sent into the world in 1821 as the "First Part" of *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre.* In addition to the Makarie episode, the important ending of the story entitled *Das nussbraune Mädchen*, and many other features later to become prominent, the "First Part" lacked almost entirely the sociological element contained in the subsequent complete edition. Hence we may infer that this element was reserved for the "Second Part." Goethe was guided by wonderful instinct in deciding what to publish and what to lay aside for the time being.

The next decade abounded with new sociological theories and movements which enabled him to test his own ideas and extend them. The bookkeeper Fourier published in 1822 his *Traité de l'Association Domestique et Agricole;* Count de Saint-Simon published the same year his *Système Industriel*, in 1824 his *Catéchisme des Industriels* and in 1825 his *Nouveau Christianisme;* in 1824 the Scotch manufacturer and philanthropist Robert Owen established in Indiana his communistic colony New Harmony; the Genevan Sismondi's *Nouveaux Principes d'Économie Politique*, which had appeared in 1819, was now received with favour and experienced a second edition in 1827; and, lastly, in 1824 *The Westminster Review* was established in London for the stronger advocacy and better dissemination of Bentham's utilitarianism. It was doubtless in view of these rapidly multiplying sociological discussions and experiments that Goethe said to Sulpiz Boisserée, on the 17th of February, 1827, that he now understood why this work could not be finished sooner.

In 1825 he had again taken it in hand. It advanced slowly and at intervals, but not until the autumn of 1828 did a more rapid progress begin. The poet gave up the plan of publishing a "Second Part" to follow the already existing "First Part." He preferred to pull to pieces what was already done and weave it into an entirely new texture. Finally in February, 1829, in his eightieth year, after many pains and sighs, the great work was finished,—and yet not finished. It was still to experience a strange fate while being printed. In the new form it appeared so voluminous that Goethe reserved for it three volumes in the complete edition of his works then being published. But when the second volume was printed it was found that both this and the third would be too small in comparison with the others of the series. What was to be done?

As a minister and a poet he had always been a man of determination, and so this situation could not embarrass him. To his faithful Eckermann he gave two bundles of manuscripts, containing aphorisms on art, nature, and life, and commissioned him to select from them as many as would be necessary to fill up the required number of pages. As a matter of fact these aphorisms were just as much in place in the novel, perhaps even more, than the story *Wer ist der Verräter?* or *Der Mann von funfzig Jahren.* Eckermann accepted the task and compiled two large groups, which were inserted at the close of the second and third volumes under the respective titles *Betrachtungen im Sinne der Wanderer* and *Aus Makariens Archiv.* To make the strange additions still more strange, each group closed with a poem—the first with *Vermächtnis*, the second with *Bei Betrachtung von Schillers Schädel*— and the whole work ended with an enigmatical "To be continued." When the public shook their decidedly puzzled heads at these foreign scions ingrafted upon the original stock, Goethe laughed and said that in a future edition Eckermann might remove them. This was done, and so we now have before us the work as it was to appear according to the poet's last will, but not in the final form in which he himself published it.

This closing phase of the composition of the work shows plainly enough what liberty the poet allowed himself in his last novel. He had gradually extended this liberty farther and farther. We are justified in supposing that originally it was his intention to incorporate in the work a series of stories which in content were foreign to the real body of the novel, but in their teaching were in close affinity with it. They were to illustrate the chief ideas of the novel in the hope that the pictures would enhance the effect of the ideas. It was certainly also a part of Goethe's plan to make each individual story a complete whole in itself. As he proceeded with the work he forsook this high artistic ground and introduced some chapters which serve no other purpose than to afford agreeable interruptions of the long didactic portions. Other stories he broke off abruptly and left the ruins standing exposed, or concealed them beneath a scant temporary covering.

He himself did not fail to recognise the piecemeal character of this strange creation, and so he designated it an aggregate, a complex, a *collectivum*. But he was not dissatisfied with it. Like everything else, he had come to look upon even this form as a symbol, and that too an apt one. On the 23d of November, 1829, he wrote to Rochlitz: "It is with such a booklet as with life itself: in the complex of the whole are to be found necessary and incidental elements, projected and unfinished portions, plans now successfully wrought out and now frustrated, and all this, taken together, gives it a kind of infinitude, which cannot be expressed or comprehended in reasonable and sensible words."

As we are unable to reconcile ourselves to any such symbolism we naturally feel vexed at the poet's capricious insertion and patching together of heterogeneous and fragmentary bodies, and our vexation is increased by the incredible carelessness of the redaction. When Olympians are careless they are careless with Olympic greatness. Once the author had given up the plan of making the novel a work of art, he ceased to exercise care in its structure. He repeated himself, he contradicted himself, confused names, passed, in the midst of a personal narrative, directly from the first person to the third and back again from the third to the first, showed no regard for the relations of time and place, erased now too much, now too little, made promises without fulfilling them, and so on. But the less attention he paid to the exterior, the more he bestowed on the interior; and no caprice of composition, no sin of redaction must keep us from penetrating this interior and bringing out the treasures which lie concealed therein. The way will be considerably easier for us if we are prepared in advance for its deviations and unevennesses, and if we seek the goal not in the development of events, but in that of ideas. Then the isolated poetic portions will shine out as stars, and we shall not ask what part they play in the system of worlds.

The two great fundamental ideas running through *Die Wanderjahre* are work and resignation. Resignation means much. It means limitation, concentration. It is man's duty to limit his striving and to concentrate all his powers on the limited field. Resignation means the conquering of passions, means the giving up of many inherited and earned advantages, rights, and possessions. It transforms the man of impulses into a man of reason, the selfish man into a public-spirited man, the egoist into an altruist. It exerts such a profound influence on man's nature and development that Goethe considered it, next to work, the most important principle of life. Hence he gave the novel, which was to show forth the foundations of a prosperous individual and public life, the subtitle *The Resigned.*

In order that he may treat these great fundamental ideas in their full depth and breadth Goethe ignores what has been accomplished in *Die Lehrjahre*, namely, that Wilhelm has already attained to limitation and definite, productive work. He still presents him to us as the same old Wilhelm, striving after an indefinite, very general idea of education, without any fixed occupation, without any definite aim, except perchance that of being happy in belletristic comfort by the side of Natalie. And because he still is the same old Wilhelm the secret society of the tower which, under the guidance of Lothario and the abbé, is about to convert itself into a world federation, has sent him out to travel. It tears him from Natalie at the moment of his highest happiness in order that he may learn resignation. He must not stay anywhere more than three days, in order that through eternal change he may learn perseverance. He must not complain—wise Natalie herself had forbidden him that—as he might destroy his powers by fruitlessly dwelling on his pain. And wherever he may meet the members of the federation he must speak to them neither of the past nor of the future, but always of the present, so that he may be kept free from penitence and from dreams, and may concentrate the full clearness of his thought and the unbroken strength of his will upon the demand of the day.

Wilhelm roams about with Felix through the Alps and descends now on this, now on that, side of the mountains. As his life, so his wanderings have no fixed goal. In a pass he meets the family of a handicraftsman; the mother, with a nursing child, riding on an ass, the father, with two strikingly beautiful boys, on foot. Wilhelm fancies he sees the holy family. He visits the family, who live in what was formerly a convent in the valley below, and is charmed with the idyl which reveals itself to him there, and which Goethe has painted with the delicate, soft, warm colours of a Fra Angelico. It is a picture of peaceful, busy, contented, healthy, moral life,—an overture to *Die Wanderjahre*, significant in that it suggests all the motives to appear in the whole work, yet even more significant in its contrast with *Die Lehrjahre*.

Whither had Goethe taken Wilhelm in *Die Lehrjahre?* To inns and castles, among actors and nobles. Some lived on appearance and in appearance. Others lived on inheritance, and those most distinguished among them, the Count and the Countess, lived also in appearance. Nowhere was there any happy family life; indeed, marriage was looked upon almost with indifference. In *Die Wanderjahre* Wilhelm is taken to the home of a handicraftsman, where everything is thoroughly real and of the family's own making, and where pure, deep satisfaction and strict morality spring from marriage and work.

Here, as farther on, Goethe has chosen the handicraftsman as a representative of the working world. Not as though he placed a lower value on intellectual work—such a thing would have been out of the question with him—but because work with the hands is a plainer and more suggestive symbol. Both the work itself and the fruit of it stand out before us in more tangible form. The handicraftsman is a little god.* He brings forth daily new creations, almost independent of nature, dependent only upon his own hands. In this respect he has an advantage over the peasant, whose activity is useful, but not creative. By his industry, care, and cleverness the peasant merely makes it possible for nature to bestow her gifts richly and with regularity. Often, however, she fails to respond to his labours and then all his work seems fruitless. Goethe may have left the peasant out of consideration for the further reason that in his day the peasant was too bowed down by the consequences of the feudal yoke, was too dull and dead, to be of any use for higher poetical tendencies.

Furthermore the man who works with his hands, especially the handicraftsman, has another great and real advantage over the man who works with his head. The activity of the brain-worker always has extensible, and hence variable, limits; that of the handicraftsman, on the other hand, has absolutely fixed limits. Goethe early gazed with envy and longing upon this happiness of the handicraftsman. We hear the sentiment reflected in the words of the divine, original handicraftsman, Prometheus, who preferred a small kingdom which he could fill with his activity to a boundless one exceeding and dissipating his powers. We hear it more definitely in Werther's letters from Switzerland, where Goethe, through Werther, exclaims: "I have never so clearly realised as during these last days that I could be happy in a state of limitation, . . . if I only knew some stirring occupation . . . that demanded of the moment both industry and decision. . . . Every handicraftsman seems to me the happiest of men. What he has to do is known to him, what he can accomplish has already been decided. . . . He works . . . with application and love, as the bee constructs her cells. . . . How I envy the potter at his wheel, the cabinetmaker at his workbench!"

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* Der du an dem Weberstuhle sitzest,
Unterrichtet, mit behenden Gliedern
Fäden durch die Fäden schlingest, alle
Durch den Taktschlag aneinander drängest,
Du bist Schöpfer, dass die Gottheit lächeln
Deiner Arbeit muss und deinem Fleisse.

[Thou who sittest at the weaver's loom,
Know'st thy trade, with nimble hands and feet
Hast'nest threads a hundred threads between,
Binding all in one with rhythmic beat,
Thou art a creator; on thy work,
On thine industry, must God e'er smile.]
Vorspiel zu Eröffnung d. Weim. Theaters (1807).

Finally Goethe had a third motive for bringing the handicraftsman into the foreground. He foresaw more distinctly than others the extraordinary importance of this class in coming years. To make society feel this importance seemed to him a service of the highest value.

On the third day Wilhelm leaves the happy carpenter's family and climbs back up into the mountains, where he meets Jarno. In the spirit of the federation and out of personal conviction Jarno has resigned the great world and a half-idle life, and has limited himself by becoming a miner.[30] In order to have some outward sign of the new life which he has begun he has assumed a new name, Montan. He has become somewhat quicker, ruder, and more realistic than he was in *Die Lehrjahre*. He is a true son of the nineteenth century, and that too, as we are surprised to see, more of the end than of the beginning of the century. "Fools' nonsense," he exclaims to Wilhelm, "your general education. . . We are now living in an age of one-sidednesses. The essential thing is for a man to understand something thoroughly and completely, or do something excellently. . . . Make an organ out of yourself and then wait to see what position mankind will generously assign to you! . . . The best thing is to limit one's self to one handicraft." Under the weight of Jarno's words Wilhelm confesses timidly that he is inclined to devote himself to a "special occupation," a particularly useful art, namely, surgery.

His chosen calling, then, was not to be that of a physician practising in all branches of the field. Apparently this seemed to Goethe too general, too theoretical, and left too much room for fancies and opinions, which make one uncertain and dissatisfied. It had to be a specialty, and that, too, one which particularly requires manual skill; in fact, the word surgery means literally handicraft. Wilhelm attaches to this change to surgery but one condition, viz., that he shall be freed, through Jarno's intervention, from his obligation to remain nowhere longer than three days.

Wilhelm took leave of Jarno and on his wanderings came to a basaltic cave, which, in his ignorance of nature, he took to be a black castle of giants. Felix explored the interior and found there a splendid little golden casket, which was locked. We may interpret the casket as a symbol of life. It seemed golden to Felix, for whom it was still locked, so that he could see it only from without. The wanderers proceeded farther and came to a large estate.

With "St. Joseph" all had been good and excellent, but the influence of the goodness and excellence had been confined to a narrow sphere. It was beautiful home piety. Modern life demands the higher stage of world piety, labour for the common good on a broad scale, a transformation of work for self into work for all. There is nothing in this in contradiction with limitation. The tendency is to be widely extended. Lothario had already made a small beginning toward the carrying out of this high aim. We see it realised on a grander scale on the extensive estate of the uncle of *Die Wanderjahre*, into whose castle Wilhelm now enters. Lothario was a European, but had been in America. The uncle was an American, but had settled in Europe. According to Goethe's idea the new social organisation of the world needed men from the new world, unhampered by old customs and prejudices, but saturated with old culture, practical men in the highest sense, but not egoists, utilitarians and at the same time devoted philanthropists.

The uncle's grandfather was such a man. Born in Germany, he had lived for a long time in England and had been influenced by the thorough, noble work of Penn to emigrate to America. He had there acquired a large amount of landed property, which his son considerably increased. But this great estate did not hold the grandson fast. When he visited Europe and became acquainted with its high culture the unfolding of a worthy social activity seemed to him more attractive in the midst of this culture than among the mosquitoes and the Iroquois.

So he obtained possession of the old family estate, over which he ruled, according to the author's conception, about like a free baron. But in addition to being ruler and owner he was also a most industrious and most faithful worker and official. He gradually put his lands into excellent condition, but allowed the profits of the undertaking to inure so far as possible to his servants, his peasants, and to the needy, even far beyond the boundaries of his possessions. On his estate was to be seen the motto, "Possessions and common property." He considered his possessions common property which he merely managed for the others. Hence it was his duty to make these possessions as useful as possible. He held together that he might give; he was an egoist for others. The reduction in his income owing to his public spirit he characterised with humorous, one might almost say American, graciousness, as an expense which gave him pleasure, and in which he did not even have the trouble of letting the money pass through his hands.

He considered it one of the most important tasks of his administrative office, a labour of charity in the higher sense, not only to give to others, but to help others to advance, to inspire them, by means of gifts, to productive work. For example, to the industrious and careful farmers he presented young trees from his nurseries free of charge, whereas he made the careless ones pay for all they received. He was inexorably strict with lazy workmen and ejected a farmer who neither paid his rent nor kept his farm in good condition. Toleration of such people would have had a demoralising effect on the general community and would, at the same time, have been robbing the public.

As every man must be useful, so must everything. On the uncle's possessions there is no park, no flower garden; even certain parts of the castle are turned to a practical use not ordinarily found. Vestibule, staircase, and main drawing-room are hung with maps and charts of all parts of the world, and pictures and plans of the most important cities and their environs.

What a contrast with the uncle of *Die Lehrjahre*, who made of his castle a temple of all the plastic and graphic arts, including music, who spent a fortune in building a burial hall and decorating it in most exquisite taste! He is a man full of worldly wisdom and human kindness, and he places the highest value on activity, but he limits himself to the cultivation of the beautiful and is satisfied with inciting others to activity, though only such as accidentally come in contact with him. Who would deny that this uncle is a very congenial personality, perhaps to many people the more congenial of the two? But who would deny, on the other hand, that the other uncle is the more necessary member of society? Here again is fully shown the contrast between the eighteenth century and the nineteenth. In the rush and struggle, in the seriousness, of the times, the beautiful personality perishes, but the useful, public-spirited personality, demanded by the times and by struggling, suffering humanity, arises to take his place. The uncle of *Die Wanderjahre* does not fail to recognise the great importance of the beautiful; on the contrary it is to him the crown of human existence and striving. But what is necessary—that is, the useful—must be done first. Only then will it be possible to rise to the beautiful. Hence his motto, posted conspicuously on his estates: "From the useful through the true to the beautiful."

In *Die Wanderjahre* Wilhelm is less the hero than the patient factotum who is made to do everything, read everything, and connect the whole. During his stay at the castle of the uncle he is made to read, in addition to various correspondences, two stories, *Die pilgernde Törin* and *Wer ist der Verräter?* The former is a translation from the French and contains the history of a beautiful young lady of good family, who has been deceived by a lover. She wanders about in the world, engages herself as a servant where she has the opportunity, and as she herself gives up home, comfort, and security, and in this sacrifice and in her work finds peace of soul, so she everywhere teaches resignation and leads others to resignation, in fact, by her conduct forces them to it. To fools she appears foolish, to the wise wise.

What moved Goethe to insert this story in *Die Wanderjahre* is easy to recognise. But it is useless to attempt to discover any connection between the other story (apparently not written till 1810) and the novel. In the first edition, where it appears very near the close of the work, it is read aloud to Wilhelm by Friedrich under the pretext that Wilhelm will thereby be made acquainted with other excellent members of the confederation. But as these excellent members are nowhere else mentioned, this connection with the novel seemed to the author, when he was recasting the work, too loose and arbitrary. So he preferred to give up the connection entirely and to make an official of the uncle hand the story to Wilhelm simply as a literary counterpart to *Die pilgernde Törin*. Wilhelm was to see in a charming picture, in contrast with the "pleasantness of rich, aristocratic, French confusion"—for the official was but a narrow-minded judge of *Die pilgernde Törin*—"the simple, honest righteousness of German conditions."

We are transported to the rural dwelling of a chief farm-bailiff. Here he lives with his two daughters, the quiet, soulful Lucinde, and the vivacious, teasing Julie. Since early life Julie has been looked upon as the future wife of Lucidor, the son of an old friend of the farm-bailiff, and it has been expected that Lucidor would become his father-in-law's successor in office. But when, after completing his studies at the university, Lucidor becomes better acquainted with the two sisters, he likes Lucinde much the better. To his despair, however, she shows no signs of returning his affection, but, as it seems, is about to become engaged to another guest by the name of Antoni. Shall he now marry the one he does not love, thus fulfilling his father's most cherished plans and securing for himself a comfortable and respectable position, or shall he sever the bonds already woven and throw himself on his own resources, with a deep wound in his heart? He decides in favour of the second alternative and is about to flee from the house, which has seemed to him so cheery and yet so dismal, without telling any one of his sorrows. Meanwhile he has betrayed himself by his passionate soliloquies and has thus revealed all his secret feelings and relations. Julie loves Antoni far more than Lucidor, and Lucinde gladly releases Antoni in order to be united with Lucidor. Two happy pairs greet us at the close of this charming, dramatic story. That this counterpart to *Die pilgernde Törin* has nothing to do with the ideas of the novel is perfectly obvious. It is thrown in merely for the entertainment of the great mass of readers.[31] In a work of pure fiction Goethe scorned such devices; in a didactic work it was possible to resort to them.

Wilhelm betook himself from his uncle's castle to Makarie's country-seat. The uncle's nieces, Juliette and Hersilie, the very images of the two daughters of the farm-bailiff, had told him so many remarkable things about their aunt Makarie that he was glad to direct his steps thither.

Makarie, the blissful, as her name implies, is a heightened Natalie and hence the heightened reverse of the Beautiful Soul. The contrast comes out more distinctly, and the author's purpose is easier to discover, because of the fact that, like the Beautiful Soul, Makarie has from her youth up been very ill. She is a heavenly being in both the literal and the figurative sense of the term. She is a heavenly body in a human frame; she lives the life of the solar system, feels the motions of her heavenly sisters, but she also gazes into the innermost nature of man and resembles an ancient sibyl, uttering purely divine words on things human. But all her wonderful gifts do not serve the purpose of enabling her to retire into herself in blissful repose; she employs them to bring happiness to all men whom she can reach. Everybody receives her counsel and her help. She acts as a peacemaker and an alleviator; she unites men, guides them, discovers their possibilities, purifies them, and restores each to his better self, to a new and purer existence. In her feeble body there dwells a restless spirit. Its eyes sweep the whole horizon and its influence extends in all directions. Whoever is about her must be active as she herself is. Her housekeeper, Angela, is "untiringly industrious," day and night alike, so that the friend of the house, the astronomer, suggests that she might be called Vigilie, the night watch. Like Natalie, Makarie always has in her home a number of young girls whom she is educating. Not city girls, nor girls from the upper classes, but peasant girls, who work hard in field and garden. The education which Makarie gives is considered so excellent that peasant youths prefer to choose their wives from among her pupils. The less Makarie is able to check the decline of her body, the more she preserves everything around her from decay—not alone in the moral and spiritual realm, but also in the purely material. She lives in an old house, but to Wilhelm's astonishment it seems as new, complete, and neat in its joints and elaborate ornamentations as though mason and stonecutter had just gone away.

And thus, mystical and supersensuous though the real centre of her nature may be, nevertheless she everywhere keeps within the clear, practical limits of the novel. She knows how to unite the highest things and the most general with the lowest and the most particular.

How different the Beautiful Soul was! She kept within herself and enjoyed her peace by herself. She devoted all her free time to "investigating her soul" and communing with her invisible Friend in prayer and in fancy. She did did not even feel in her soul that charity was a necessary part of her life. She gave money to the poor, gave it gladly and abundantly, but, as she confesses, only for the purpose of redeeming herself. "Any one who wished to win my care had to be a relative of mine by birth." She did not trouble herself at all about others. One had to experience accidentally the pleasing influence emanating from her blissful, peaceful being, for one would never experience it as the result of any effort or purpose on her part. Her life in God was centred wholly in existence beyond the grave; Makarie's had interests both this side the grave and beyond.

Makarie was like the sun, which describes its circle in the heavens, but is constantly sending its animating rays to the earth. The belief that one can please God, can approach him, by being inactively devoted to him, merely by purity of heart, would have seemed to Makarie a misunderstanding of religion, a failure to comprehend God.

It was an emanation of her starry nature that she was deeply interested in astronomy. Accordingly there was to be seen on her estate an observatory, presided over by an astronomer. After a serious conversation in the evening with Makarie Wilhelm is considered by the astronomer worthy to share completely in the wonders of the starry heavens. "A most serene night, with all the stars gleaming and sparkling, unfolded before his gaze, and he seemed for the first time to see the high dome of heaven in its full splendour." For in ordinary life it was not only roofs and gables, forests and rocks, but also his inward commotions, that kept him from seeing the sublime glory of the sky. Here he is freed from these inward fogs by Makarie, and the sight overwhelms him. Blinded and subdued, he holds his eyes closed. "What am I compared with the All? How can I stand before him, in his midst? How else can man see his position with respect to the Infinite, than when he gathers together in the innermost depths of his soul all his spiritual powers, which are drawn toward many sides; when he asks himself: Dost thou even dare fancy thyself in the centre of this ever-living order, unless there likewise arises within thee a constantly moving something, circling about a pure central point?"

Involuntarily we think of the closing section of Kant's *Kritik der praktischen Vernunft*, where we read: "Two things fill the soul with ever new and increasing wonder and awe, the oftener and longer the mind reflects upon them: the starry heaven above and the moral law within. . . . The first sight of an innumerable host of worlds destroys, so to speak, my importance as an animal creature. . . . The second, on the contrary, enhances my value as an intelligence, infinite through my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animality and even of the whole world of sense."

Both Goethe and Kant make the spiritual in man preserve his equilibrium with respect to the sublimity of the physical world. But Kant starts with reflection, Goethe with objective vision. Kant speaks only of the moral law, Goethe of the whole of human activity, which has unselfish love more than the categorical imperative at its centre. Kant places the moral law and the dome of heaven side by side, without any effect upon each other. Goethe, on the contrary, makes the starry heaven arouse the consciousness of the inner universe ("There is a universe within thee, too"), and sets this world in rapid motion around the pure sun of human love. In other words, he makes the movements of the macrocosm call forth analogous ones in the microscosm. This gives us a characteristic picture of the difference between the pantheist and monist Goethe and the theist and dualist Kant.

Wilhelm departs from Makarie's circle, which is related to that of the uncle as heaven is to earth. The two circles overlap, inasmuch as Makarie strives to descend from heaven to earth and the uncle to rise from earth to heaven. Both uncle and niece are represented as childless, so that the simple love of children may not draw them away from the great love of humanity. At the moment of Wilhelm's departure Makarie expresses to him the desire that he may go in quest of her nephew Lenardo, who has been away on a journey for three years, and calm his mind concerning the fate of a certain girl in whom he is interested, so that he may return home with liberated heart. This girl is the daughter of a farmer, whom the uncle ejected from his farm on account of unpaid rent and careless management. When the order of ejection was issued the daughter went to Lenardo and suppliantly begged him to intercede for them. He promised to do so and redeemed his promise, but not as earnestly as, in his opinion, the occasion demanded. Hence he ascribed to himself the blame of the ejection of the farmer and his daughter, and felt all the more downcast as he feared that they had since been living in want, and the charming form of the daughter, as she knelt pleading before him, had left an indelible impression upon him. On account of her brownish complexion she was jestingly called the nut-brown maiden, while her real name was Nachodine. Goethe doubtless attached some mysterious meaning to this name, but in the course of the narrative he abandoned the name and thereafter always referred to her as "the beautiful, good girl." Behind her we may see his old friend Barbara Schulthess.

Wilhelm meets Lenardo, but, as the result of a confusion of names in one of Lenardo's letters to Makarie, the pacification which Wilhelm brings proves futile. The fate of Nachodine remains as much a mystery as ever, and in this exigency Wilhelm, following his usual custom, steps in as a helper and undertakes to find her. Lenardo tells him to go to an old friend of his in a neighbouring city, a collector of antiquities who enjoys an extensive acquaintance, and perhaps he may there find a trace of the vanished maiden. Wilhelm takes leave of Lenardo without having won him for Lothario's world federation.

Wilhelm learns nothing at all about Nachodine from the collector of antiquities. Rather, the only purpose this man serves is to impress upon him anew certain truths that he has already heard and observed; with this difference, that he extends the conception of handicraft to include all practical and proper laying hold upon things. "All life, all activity, all art," the old man tells him, "must be preceded by handicraft, which is acquired only in limitation." "Knowing one thing well and practising it gives higher education than halfness in a hundred things." For this reason he recommends to Wilhelm as an educational institution for his son Felix, who certainly cannot travel about for ever with his father, "the pedagogical province," where these principles are observed. He arouses in Wilhelm further the hope that the directors of that extensive educational institution may put him on the track of Nachodine. After depositing with the collector the golden casket found by Felix, Wilhelm sets out thither.

We shall leave aside for the present the description of the pedagogical province, which opens the second book of *Die Wanderjahre*, and remark in passing that Wilhelm leaves the province without even asking after Nachodine. In the great seriousness of the pedagogical chapters Goethe evidently forgot that this was one of the purposes for which he had made his hero enter the pedagogical province. In order to cheer the reader somewhat after the long didactic presentation of the regulations and fundamental principles of the pedagogical Utopia, he leaves Wilhelm to his fate for a time and inserts a long story, *Der Mann von funfzig Jahren*, a unique cabinet-piece. Humour, depth of thought, objectivity, tenderness of feeling, drawing-room tone, and atmosphere of nature all unite in a charming harmony, which even the peculiar little interruptions interspersed by the poet cannot disturb.

The story is a treatment of the theme of elective affinity, without tragic outcome. The beautiful Hilarie has fallen in love with her uncle, the major, who is fifty years old and already retired. She has been promised to the major's son Flavio, who is away from home, serving as a lieutenant in a garrison. The major is not displeased at the discovery of his niece's warm affection for him, and by beautifying arts takes all pains to give his well-preserved appearance a still further semblance of youth. The painful feeling that he is robbing his son of his betrothed is soon completely obliterated by a visit at the garrison, where Flavio confesses to him that he is in love with a young widow, a glorious creature, whom the father must see. The father consents and no sooner do the two see each other than a mutual attraction begins to develop between them. With the widow the feeling is stronger than with the major. The major departs and the picture of Hilarie comes again victoriously into the foreground. Business reasons compel him to be away for several months from the country-seat of his sister, and from the presence of Hilarie.

Meanwhile a sudden rupture has taken place between Flavio and the beautiful widow, by which Flavio is most deeply affected. Troubled in mind and broken in body, he flees one dark November night to the castle of his aunt. A long illness confines him to his bed, and when he has fully recovered he finds himself unexpectedly in love with Hilarie. The cousin whom she had not seen for a long time, and who had meanwhile developed to full manly beauty, had also, at the first moment of his arrival, exerted a magic power over Hilarie. The two do not confess their feelings to each other; indeed, they hardly confess them to themselves, though many excursions in each other's company bind them closer and closer together. A skating party leads them to a wonderfully vivid realisation of the irresistible force which draws them to one another, and at the same time brings about the catastrophe. The glorious passage may here be quoted in full, if only to show what shining poetic pearls are to be found in the rough shell of *Die Wanderjahre*.

"Now to-day our young couple could not tear themselves away from the smooth ice. Every time they skated toward the illuminated castle, where many guests had already assembled, they must turn suddenly around and glide far away in the opposite direction. They did not wish to separate, out of fear of losing each other; so they clasped hands in order to be entirely certain of each other's presence. They seemed to enjoy the motion most when their arms were crossed and resting on each other's shoulders and their dainty fingers were unconsciously playing with each other's hair.

"In the heaven aglow with stars rose the full moon, which completed the magic of the surroundings. They could see each other again clearly and, as was their custom, each sought to read an answer in the shaded eyes of the other. But the answer seemed to be a new one. From the depths of those orbs a light seemed to shine forth and indicate something which the mouth wisely refused to utter.

"All the tall willows and alders along the ditches, all the low bushes on the hills and hummocks had become distinct; the stars flamed, the cold had increased, but they did not feel it; and they skated up the long glistening reflection of the moon directly toward that heavenly body itself. Then they looked up and saw in the glitter of the reflection the form of a man swaying to and fro, who seemed to be pursuing his shadow, and who, though himself dark, was surrounded by a splendour of light. He came toward them and involuntarily they turned aside. It would have been disagreeable to meet any one. They avoided the form which moved continually toward them. It did not seem to have noticed them and was following its straight path toward the castle. But suddenly it changed its direction and circled around the almost frightened pair several times. They sought with some discretion to gain the shady side for themselves, and in the full light of the moon the man came toward them, stopped near them and stood still. It was impossible not to recognise Flavio's father."

The major saw clearly what changes had taken place during his absence. He was ready immediately to give up Hilarie, for the hope of a sweet compensation in the person of the beautiful widow beckoned to him in the distance. But the happiness of the men was thwarted by the resistance of Hilarie. In a flush of moral austerity she declared it would be improper, even criminal, to pass from the father to the son, and so we see at the close of this part of the story four people who resign themselves.

But the resignation is only temporary. After a certain length of time Hilarie's austerity is relaxed and the two pairs are found together as nature had intended they should be. Hence the story, in its meaning, is hardly connected by a thin thread with the great whole. In a remark preceding the narrative Goethe says that the characters of "this apparently isolated incident will be most intimately interwoven with those whom we already know"; but we cannot agree with him. On the contrary, the connection, which we shall later learn, is so arbitrary, so superficial, so superfluous, that we are of the opinion that Goethe's only purpose in making the prefatory remark was to lure the reader on and give him to expect that the charming love affair would wind along through the whole novel.

After the breaking off of the story we hear of Wilhelm again. He has found Nachodine and she is in a most satisfactory position. But he conceals her whereabouts from Lenardo in order to hinder the latter from going in quest of her and endangering her peace of mind. Then he decides to enter upon a pilgrimage to the home of Mignon. On the way he meets a painter who has read *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* and now intends to paint for German readers the places where Mignon lived as a child. In spite of the fact that a considerable space of time must have elapsed since the close of *Die Lehrjahre*, Marchese Cipriani, it seems, has not yet returned from his travels. Consequently Wilhelm does not need to take possession of Mignon's inheritance, which was promised him, but is at bottom a very unpleasant thing for him to think about.

There is, however, a gain awaiting him at the lake. The painter opens his eyes to the surrounding world as the astronomer had opened them to the starry world. Then the author brings to him the two beautiful women who have resigned themselves, Hilarie and the widow, who have become friends and have undertaken for their consolation a journey to Lago Maggiore. The four travellers experience together several weeks of romantic bliss, the main elements of which are painting, boating, singing, and sentimentalising, ending with a moonlight evening which is the exact counterpart of the evening when Werther was with Lotte for the last time before his flight. Here, however, the ones to flee are the women, who leave behind a letter in which they forbid the men to follow them. The painter, who has meanwhile conceived a serious affection for Hilarie, is made worthy by this experience to be received into the order of the resigned.

Lenardo has received Wilhelm's news and manfully gives up the nut-brown maiden. "Doing without speaking must now be our watchword. . . . Longing disappears in doing and working." He has been joyfully welcomed as a comrade by the members of the federation. His enjoyment of technical affairs, his inclination to begin at the beginning, his longing to go to America, and his possessions there, have especially recommended him. His property joins that of the federation. The plan is to construct through both a canal, which will increase their value beyond calculation. As the abbé explains to Wilhelm, it will be possible for Lenardo to carry out his own ideas and colonise the two banks of the canal with spinners and weavers, masons, carpenters, and smiths.* At the same time the abbé informs Wilhelm that he is now liberated from the obligation to stay no longer than three days in one place. Wilhelm is thus in a position to study surgery as a profession. In order to give him the necessary time for study the poet makes a pause of a few years.

The time passes by. Wilhelm has become a surgeon and now feels it his duty to look after Felix. Because of his fondness for horses Felix has been sent to the horse-rearing region and is being educated in horsemanship. It is apparent that the romantic ideals of calling and education set forth in *Die Lehrjahre* have been thoroughly lost sight of. Wilhelm leaves Felix still longer with the pedagogues, as he himself has not yet entirely finished his travels. During his visit to the pedagogical province he also takes part in a miners' festival, at which he meets Jarno again, and where a spirited debate on the Vulcanist and the Neptunist theories takes place. The controversy over the two geological theories filled the poet with such a passionate interest that neither here nor in *Faust* could he refrain from unburdening his heart on the subject. An accident gives Wilhelm an opportunity to exhibit the skill that he has acquired as a surgeon.

The second book closes with a long letter from Wilhelm to Natalie, in which he explains to her how he came to study surgery, and, recalling in that connection an experience of his youth, he tells the story of the drowned fisher-boy, a tragic idyll of simple, touching beauty. Wilhelm is proud that he is now a useful, indeed necessary member of society; happy to be practising a calling which Jarno has called the most divine of all, because it permits him to heal without the aid of miracles and to perform miracles without using words.

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* Plainly enough we here see in *Die Wanderjahre* the shadow of the end of *Faust*.

With the third and last book we enter the third and last stage of the social community. In the first stage we found a patriarchical relation: St. Joseph provides for his house as the father of a family. Natural, inborn love binds the members together. In the second stage we found the relation one of enlightened absolutism: well-to-do persons devote their possessions, their thought, and their labour to the welfare of a wide circle of people to whom they are not bound by the natural ties of birth. Still, with all their love of man, they stand in the relation to their neighbours of a ruler to his subjects. What they give them bears the character of support and those supported bear the character of dependents. We now come to the third stage, the democratic community.

Lenardo has enlisted for the future colony in America more than a hundred handicraftsmen of all kinds, who are meanwhile working under his direction at home. But he is not their lord; he is the chosen leader, the first among equals. Not even his title bears any indication of leadership. In fact, it does not indicate a person at all, it means only a thing. He is called "the bond." Lenardo's only honour and duty is that of being the bond of union. Although he is a baron and belongs to a very old family, he puts himself socially on a perfect equality with the workmen, in order to carry out the spirit in which the union is conceived, after the model of the future world federation. He eats at the same table with them and after the day's work is done spends the evening with them. He considers even the carrier Christoph his equal, whereas in *Die Lehrjahre* the Count and the Countess consider people who in themselves are benevolent and kind, or even like the actors are educated and socially clever, as persons far below their rank, whom, according to the feudal habit, they address in the third person, as though they were chattels. And the actors recognise the relation as justified and vie with each other in unworthy servility.

Here, on the other hand, the labourer has awakened to a consciousness of his worth. There is not the slightest thing to indicate that he does not feel the equal in all things of the titled leader. True, he is not indebted to him for anything. What he has he earns by his own labour. Materially and socially he is a thoroughly independent man. Far from expecting any sense of inferiority on the part of the labouring men, Lenardo seeks, rather, in every way to increase their self-consciousness. In a significant address he gives them to understand that they are more fortunate than many an exiled prince who is unable to support himself by the labour of his hands, and that personal property which is the product of labour is far more valuable than real property, which has for thousands of years been considered the true source of national prosperity.

In the "Bond," as the whole society is called, after the leader, exemplary discipline prevails, in spite of all the liberty enjoyed. The members are ruled by the rhythmic order of the songs which they strike up at every exalted moment, at every important period of the day's course. There is a voluntary adjustment of themselves to a beautiful harmonious whole. From their songs we catch the practical moral foundation of the "Bond," in these words:

Und dein Streben ſei's in Liebe,
Und dein Leben ſei die Tat.*

Thus the "Bond" appears to us as a most beautiful social picture of the future. In his delineation of the picture Goethe has not only taken account of the full consequences of the French revolution: he has also, with wonderful prevision, drawn on the approaching economic revolution. It is especially worthy of note that the transition of the old civilised countries from agricultural to industrial states, which Lenardo prophesied, has already become a reality.

Even the crises which that machine-and-steam-incited revolution brought in its train were not to be left unreflected, and could not be, in the sociological novel. We are introduced to them by the experiences of Lenardo while enlisting handicraftsmen for the new colony in America. For the industrial undertaking across the sea he seeks to obtain, among others, spinners and weavers, and goes for this purpose to the mountains. We recognise Switzerland as the country which he visits. The spinning machine invented by Hargreaves and Arkwright in 1768, and the power loom, invented by Cartwright in 1784, have already been in use for some time in England, and at the opening of the new century begin to be introduced on the continent. Their use is gradually extended till they approach the Alps and threaten to throw hand-labour out of employment. Care stalks about in the industrious mountain villages. And not care alone. Severe conflicts, which strike deep into the emotional life of the individual and the tenderest relations of the community, are brought on by the approach of terror-inspiring machinery.

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* And let love control thy striving,
And thy life be one of deeds.

We see an example in a family with which Lenardo stands in a specially close relation. It is the family of the ejected farmer, whom he unexpectedly meets in his wanderings, evidently in the neighbourhood of the Lake of Zurich. The farmer had retired to that industrial region, and his daughter Nachodine, by her cleverness, cordiality, and beauty, had won the heart of the son of a manufacturer, who employed a large number of spinners and weavers. After the early death of her husband and his parents she assumes the management of the business, which she conducts successfully, with the aid of a foreman. The foreman soon falls in love with her and makes her a proposal of marriage. She is not indisposed to accept him, but she cannot agree with him concerning proposed changes in the factory. He considers it an unavoidable necessity to introduce new machinery, as otherwise their competitors will get ahead of them and take away their market; but Nachodine, while she recognises the force of his arguments, cannot find it in her heart to share in an enterprise which, by the employment of machines, would rob the poor spinners and weavers of their daily bread and cause the populated valleys to be deserted. Rather than do that she will sell her home and go to America, where, free from such considerations, she can apply herself to the new mode of manufacture. The foreman considers the idea of emigration a foolish fancy, and so both are depressed in spirit and their relations to one another are disturbed.

Lenardo finds them in this unharmonious state. The sight of "the beautiful, good girl" not only arouses in him the old feelings, it increases them to such an extent that he can hardly refrain from offering her his hand at once. Nachodine also feels a genuine affection for the junker, now matured to noble manhood, to whom she had once looked up from her oppressed position; whereas her feelings toward the foreman had not gone beyond intellectual admiration inspired by her appreciation of his worth. The foreman notices the change that has taken place and sorrowfully relinquishes his suit. Lenardo also leaves Nachodine without making her a definite proposal, as he does not know how it would be received.

So we again have three who resign themselves. Lenardo overcomes his pain by determined activity. Wilhelm finds him at the head of the "Bond," and by his side Baron Friedrich, the wild, frivolous brother of Natalie, who, never afflicted with haughtiness, is now filled with the seriousness of the time and of the aims of the federation, and gladly joins the rank and file of the handicraftsmen, busying himself in many ways as a zealous workman, even as a scribe.

The "Bond" is occupied with the rebuilding of a burned town. The farm-bailiff has placed at their disposal as a residence the old, dilapidated castle of a count in an adjacent village, and as he has also granted them other privileges the labourers feel called upon in turn to repair the castle, which soon affords the "happy sight of a dwelling inhabited by living beings," and, as the author adds, gives evidence that "life creates life, and he who makes himself useful to others puts them under the necessity of making themselves useful to him." According to this ethics kindness is viewed from the standpoint of egoism.

The evenings, which assemble the companions for social entertainment, afford the author an opportunity to institute a kind of *Decamerone*. The different ones take part by telling various experiences of their past lives. One evening the barber's turn comes and his experience is a fairy tale, *Die neue Melusine*.

This brings us back again from work to the other great motive of *Die Wanderjahre*, resignation. In no other part of the novel has Goethe laid so much emphasis upon this principle of life, or thrown light upon it from so many different sides. It must be admitted that the tale, with its serious tendency and its significant ending, is painfully out of place in the mouth of the barber. Originally it was to have been told by a stranger of strong character. But Goethe had his secret reasons for the change and we shall later discover them.

The barber once met at an inn an unusually charming, rich lady of high station, who immediately aroused in him a passionate desire to possess her. His desire was so great that he unceremoniously transgressed all bounds of propriety and clasped the beautiful lady in his arms. She pushed him back and warned him that through his passionateness he was in danger of forfeiting a good fortune, which was very near him, but could be seized only after he had undergone certain trials. "Demand what thou wilt, angelic spirit," he exclaimed fervently, he, the untried. The lady gave him the commission to journey on alone with a casket which she was carefully guarding, and to wait at a certain place until she appeared. She gave him a purse filled with gold to defray the expenses of his journey. Hardly had he arrived in another town when the frivolous fellow yielded to the allurements of the gambling table and lost all his money. In his despair he threw himself on the floor of his room and tore his hair. Then the beautiful lady appeared, granted him forgiveness, and gave him more money, but declared that he must once more go out into the world all alone and that he should there be on his guard especially against wine and women. He continued his journey with the firm determination to obey his beloved. But in the next large city he fell in with pretty women and soon became engaged in a bloody combat with a rival, from which he was carried home severely wounded. In the night the beautiful strange lady suddenly entered his room and sympathetically applied a healing balsam to his wounds. Instead of thanking her and showing contrition, he heaped reproaches upon her, saying that she was to blame for it all, because she had left him alone. She bore his reproaches with composure and promised to remain with him from that time on. They had not long been together when he caught a glimpse of a beam of light issuing from the casket. Being unable to control his curiosity, he peeped in through a crack and there saw his beloved as a neat little dwarf. She regretted his invasion of her secret, but expressed her willingness nevertheless to live with him and care for him if he would promise her to guard himself against wine and anger and never to reproach her with her dwarf's condition. He promised, and sealed his promise with an oath. But in one single evening he broke all three promises. Then she told him she must leave him for ever and return to her people. In the despair of parting he asked whether there were no means whereby they could further remain together. She answered that there was indeed a means, if he could make up his mind to become as small as she was. He consented and through the power of a ring, which she placed on his finger, he became a dwarf.

The rest we know from the Friederike chapter. Well as it went with him in the kingdom of the dwarfs, he retained the standard of his former size, an ideal for himself, which tortured him and made him unhappy. He filed the ring off and regained his former stature. He now stood in the world of men as poor and lonely as ever before. What a fool! He had thought he needed but to reach out his hand for the treasures of this world and they would be his. To obtain beauty, love, wealth, enjoyment, in a word, happy fortune and greatness, he had thought he needed to make no sacrifices; either of liberty or of independence, either of good or bad habits, of passionate impulses, or of pains, labour or patience. He wished to be master of one and all these things, and was not even master of himself. He desired love, fidelity, and devotion, and yet for the sake of his own enjoyment and his anger he broke the most solemn oaths and violated the nearest and most natural considerations. He fancied there was a way to attain happiness without resignation.

No painful experience teaches him anything. He always seeks to lay the blame on others, or on circumstances, instead of on himself. It is only when the final stage has been reached, when a whole period of his life has vanished into nothingness, that he is made wiser and is forced to recognise the necessity of resignation. And so at his reception into the "Bond," through a dash of humour on the part of the author, which gives way immediately to a most charming and most profound seriousness, the barber allows to be imposed upon him the hardest of all resignations, silence. Only with the permission of Lenardo does he dare speak. But by the very fact that he forgoes speaking he develops a far greater skill in speaking than before. Since he is forced to carry about in silence all that he experiences, has heard, and has seen, there takes place within him a process of sifting, arranging, and shaping, so that when his tongue is loosened his experiences burst forth as works of art. His loss is converted into gain, his punishment into a reward. Resignation brings about concentration. Concentration increases power. Thus the fundamental ideas of *Die Wanderjahre* are most cleverly interwoven with the moral of the tale. It was doubtless for the sake of this moral that the author made the barber the narrator and hero of the tale.

The day soon approaches on which the "Bond" is to set out for America. Formerly Goethe would not have had any patience with such an emigration. He had energetically controverted the belief that, in order to be of use in the world and find suitable employment for one's powers one must seek out a peculiar and entirely new and unworked field of activity, and had made Lothario return from America cured of this delusion and exclaim on his old home estate, "Here or nowhere is America!" In 1821, a quarter of a century after the publication of *Die Lehrjahre*, the author still maintained the same point of view in the first edition of *Die Wanderjahre*. Here he called the idea of emigration a whim and said that people left their own country in the hope of a better condition, but that their hope was very often deceptive. No matter where men go they will always find themselves in a world of limitations. Hence the members of the "Bond" have entered into an agreement to forgo all thought of emigration. But a few years later the poet's views had materially changed. In 1827 he sang:

Amerika, du haſt es beſſer
  Als unſer Kontinent, das alte,
Haſt keine verfallene Schlöſſer
  Und keine Baſalte.
Dich ſtört nicht im Innern
  Zu lebendiger Zeit
Unnützes Erinnern
  Und vergeblicher Streit.*

And in the new edition of *Die Wanderjahre* he assumed a thoroughly revolutionary attitude toward the old continent. "In the Old World," he makes Wilhelm say, "everything moves at a jog trot; people always want to treat new things in the old way and growing institutions after a dead fashion."

For this reason the "Bond" and the federation will establish their new state nowhere but on new soil, and the American possessions of Lothario and Lenardo fulfil this condition perfectly. But the author does not entirely forsake his old point of view. It was not possible for him simply to throw overboard the idea which he had earlier defended so vigorously, and which in itself is correct, that an honest man, if he strives, can achieve much that is good and beautiful even in the Old World. It will be remembered that he had had the correctness of this idea confirmed by the American uncle. Hence he makes only a part of the "Bond" emigrate to America, while the others come to the determination to remain in Europe. They owe this determination to an energetic man who is engaged in great colonisation projects in Europe, Odoard, the stadtholder of a detached province of a great empire.

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* America, with thee life 's better,
  Thou 'rt free from our old Europe's faults;
Thee no ruined castles fetter,
  Cumber no basalts.
No useless tradition.
  No purposeless strife,
Hinder the fruition
  Of thy pulsing life.

Odoard has had some painful experiences. In order to suppress his hopeless love for a daughter of the reigning prince of his country he married the daughter of the prime minister. They lived together for several years at a distance from the capital and were apparently happy. One day the husband discovered the faithlessness of his wife, and about the same time the appearance of the princess fanned the almost extinct embers of his love for her to a bright flame. The narrative is interrupted at this point and we can only surmise that, in order to still the double pain brought upon him, Odoard has taken up with all his energy his plans for the colonisation of the province put under his charge. He is apparently guided by the conviction which permeates the federation, and which Jarno once expressed in these words: "Toward the healing of the sufferings of the soul the understanding can do nothing, the reason little, time much, determined activity everything." In a clear and convincing address before the members of the "Bond"—such addresses before large crowds are a very modern feature of *Die Wanderjahre*—he sets forth his plans and the prospects which they open, and in this way enlists a group of labourers for his province. Staying at home is shown in a still narrower sense to be both possible and advantageous. Some of the labourers had entered into relations with the fair daughters of the village in which they were staying. The discovery of this fact led the shrewd farm-bailiff immediately to found a business enterprise. He formed among the peasants and their future sons-in-law, who were skilled workmen, an association for the erection of a furniture factory, for which he provided the wood from the crown forests. What was to his advantage was to the advantage of all the others. In the very place where they were, and, in a certain sense, in the midst of the divided-up land, his happy idea created for those who were ready to emigrate some arable land on which they could settle and which they could cultivate. From none of the settlers was anything taken. They kept what was their own and new earnings came to them besides. All these blessings flowed from the wonderful power of labour rightly organised and guided.

For the great majority of the "Bond" permanent work is not to begin till they have crossed the sea. As the uncle demands of his people that they put aside on Sunday everything that weighs them down, in order that they may begin the work of the new week fresh and free, so the federation, if we understand Goethe aright, demands of its members that they enter unfettered into the new community life in America. Of the most of the members, especially of the men, this is taken for granted, but we have been witnesses of the liberating process in the case of the more prominent among them, Lothario, Lenardo, Friedrich, Wilhelm, and Jarno. Through resignation and labour they have become new men. This process of transformation is not yet complete in the case of two of the women, two former sinners, Philine and Lydie, the one the beloved of Lothario and the other later the wife of Jarno. Both have, it is true, honestly endeavoured to atone for their wrongs. Philine has become a conscientious wife and mother and an industrious dressmaker, Lydie a zealous and careful seamstress. But they are unable with their own strength to take the final step of the process; they require the help of a pure human being. So they go to Makarie, the "divine," who through the blessing of her hands completes in them the process of purification. Now for the first time they look forward with joyous hope to the New World. And what do these former worshippers of the idol Frivolity look forward to with pleasure? In harmony with the serious spirit of *Die Wanderjahre*, with which they have become imbued, they anticipate with pleasure the unlimited work awaiting them across the sea. Philine's scissors begin automatically to cut the air when she thinks of providing the new colony with garments. Lydie sees in fancy the number of her sewing pupils already growing into the hundreds and a whole nation of housewives taught by her to sew accurately and neatly.

At Makarie's castle appear further the major and the beautiful widow, and Flavio and Hilarie, but only for the purpose of introducing themselves to us as happy pairs. We are also told that Nachodine will soon arrive at the castle. She is to take the place of Angela, who is soon to be married. Nachodine has transferred her business to the foreman, and he has installed the new machinery, but without causing the harm that had been feared. On the contrary, "the inhabitants of the industrious valley are occupied in a different and more lively way." In this point Goethe was better able to see beyond the immediate future than were many of his contemporaries, better even than such a distinguished political economist as Sismondi. He saw not merely the wounds which the new machine strikes; he saw also the new productive powers which it elicits.

When the "Bond" set out for the harbour Wilhelm separated from them to go to visit Felix before starting across the sea. He sailed up a river toward the pedagogical province.

Felix's education had meanwhile been finished, and hardly had he been dismissed from the institution when he hastened to Hersilie, whose picture had accompanied him constantly since the first time he had seen her. He discovered in her keeping the casket which he had found in the black cave of giants and which after the death of the collector had been brought to her. She had also received the key to it. Felix wrested it from her by storm and was eager to open the casket, but in his attempt he broke the key in the lock. As the casket is a symbol of life, which cannot be taken by storm, so is it also a symbol of Felix's relation to Hersilie. He embraces her and kisses her. Al-

Although she cannot help feeling for him a strong love in return, she pushes him angrily away and tells him never again to appear before her. "Then I shall ride into the world till I die." He dashes away on horseback, gallops across the plain, fails to see the banks of the river, they crumble away and he falls into the water.

This happens just at the moment when his father's boat is passing the spot. Felix is drawn out of the water, apparently dead; but a letting of his blood brings him back to life. As Jarno had prophesied, the father's art of healing has performed a miracle without words, has brought back the dead to life. And the one dead is his own son. Father and son, overjoyed, glide down the stream to join the other emigrants for the voyage together across the ocean.

But they do not meet Natalie, Lothario, Therese, and the abbé. These have gone to America in advance of the rest. Why Goethe should have made these persons go ahead of the others seems at first past finding out. It is most striking in the case of Natalie. After years of separation from Wilhelm the thing most natural, most obvious, and most imperative, would have been for her to await his return and then go with him to the New World. The novel offers no explanation of her conduct. Perhaps one may be found in life, as it is reflected in the novel.

In the case of Natalie, as is evidenced by her poetical sisters, Iphigenia and Leonora of Este, the poet had no other model than Frau von Stein. So long as she lived she and Goethe, with all their natural affinity for each other, were kept apart by an impassable chasm. And it is in this way that the first edition of *Die Wanderjahre* treats their relation. Wilhelm has an endless longing for Natalie. On his wanderings he sees her on a mountain peak and on the edge of a deep gorge. Through his field glass he sees her fair, pure figure and her slender arms which had once embraced him so sympathetically after his unfortunate trials of sorrow and confusion. "And in thine angelic, fond caresses found my troubled bosom blessed peace." She beckons to him with her handkerchief. He reaches out toward her, but he cannot, he dare not cross over. We wonder what grey-haired Frau von Stein may have felt when she read this passage. Goethe sent her the edition on the 25th of July, 1821, when he was getting ready for the journey to Marienbad. He accompanied the gift with a few lines in which we can feel the emotion of his heart: "Dear, esteemed friend: While the wanderer again goes far away, I beg you to keep his picture and likeness with kind sympathy." In the second edition he erased the peculiar passage and excluded a meeting before they had crossed the sea; for meanwhile Frau von Stein had died. Goethe could now be united with her only after they had both passed into the beyond. And so Wilhelm is not allowed to see his Natalie again till he has crossed the ocean. Lothario and the abbé are her necessary companions. One other thing shows us the mutual relation between Frau von Stein and the novel. Makarie, as we have been convinced, is a heightened Natalie. She was lacking in the novel of 1821; she appeared in the edition of 1829. Makarie is "the sainted one."

Let us accompany the emigrants across the water and examine the constitution in accordance with which they intend to live in the new state. It is conceived in the spirit of Germanic individualism[32] and Germanic religion, but contains *aperçus* of a constitution, rather than a clearly formulated régime. The foundation is Christianity, because it teaches faith, love, and hope, out of which comes forth patience. Morals arise from reverence for one's self and are practically embraced in the two commandments, "Be moderate in what is arbitrary" and "Be diligent in what is necessary." All citizens have equal rights. They have a share in the administration of authority and in legislation, either by their votes or through representatives. They choose a supreme authority, which seems to be thought of as vested in a group of colleagues.[33] These move about everywhere, because the people do not desire a capital city and because in this way needs are better recognised and equality is preserved in administration and in public life. Equality is striven after only in things of chief importance, in secondary matters each man is to retain his liberty. A police department is established, but no judiciary, for the present. The members of the federation may have foreseen that for a long time to come there would be no lawsuits. The punishment of crimes rests with the police, but only with the co-operation of a jury.[34] Brandy shops and circulating libraries are not endured. Goethe looked upon both as poisonous institutions. Every man who desired to be received into the federation must have some specialty in which he is thorough. Mere sentiment, as in the case of other organisations, is not sufficient, especially as it cannot be tested. All are to be impressed with the greatest respect for time "as the highest gift of God and nature." To remind the people constantly of the importance of this gift clocks are set up everywhere, which by the aid of the optical telegraph indicate the hours and quarter-hours throughout the day and night. Again in this point Goethe showed a wonderful knowledge of the modern world, the world of labour. It was he who told the disinherited that time was their great inheritance:

Mein Erbteil wie herrlich, weit und breit!
Die Zeit iſt mein Beſitz, mein Acker iſt die Zeit.*

This couplet appeared as a motto to the first edition of the novel. "It is better to do the idlest thing in the world than to sit idle for half an hour," is one of the morals that Goethe copied from Sterne in the *Betrachtungen im Sinne der Wanderer*.† But greater than making the most of time is the blessing of time. Odoard sings loud the praise of time as the mightiest lever of progress. What all his persuasion was unable to do, time accomplished. "Time makes spirits free and gives them a wider outlook. In a broadened heart the higher advantage crowds out the lower. Time takes the place of reason." Cronos steps again into the place of Zeus. Or, better still, they are united. Reason lies in development. By organising itself into a state according to these fundamental ideas and laws, at the same time attracting to itself and assisting on both sides of the water all who are like-minded with them, and further by making its state a model, an inspiring example for other states and communities embracing millions of inhabitants, the federation comes nearer and nearer to its aim of broadening itself to a world federation and practising world piety. "We do not wish to withdraw from home piety the praise that is due it . . . , but it is no longer sufficient. We must grasp the idea of a world piety, must bring our honest human sentiments into a practical relation with a wider sphere, and not only help our neighbours to make progress, but include at the same time the whole of humanity."

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* How lordly my heritage, how great!
For time is my possession, time my vast estate.

"Mein Acker ist die Zeit" was one of Goethe's old maxims. In a letter of the 26th of April, 1797, to Fritz von Stein he says: "I confess that my old symbol is becoming more and more important to me: 'tempus divitiae meae, tempus ager meus.'"

† *Cf. Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 500.—C.

The poet took one more thing into consideration. For the new society and the new state new men were needed. In his own ministerial office he had observed with great sorrow how hard it is to carry out reforms, to say nothing of reorganisations, without new men. On the 21st of September, 1780, he wrote complainingly to Frau von Stein: "In civil matters, where everything goes on in a settled order, it is impossible either to hasten especially the good or to remove any particular evil; they all have to go together, just as the black and white sheep of one flock go into the fold and out again together. And even for the little that could be done there is a lack of men, new men, who would do what is proper without making mistakes." Nothing but a new education can provide these new men.

Ever since Rousseau's *Émile* (1762) a great many of the leading minds everywhere, and especially in Germany, had studied the problem of creating new men by means of a new education. Rousseau's command, back to nature and let nature have her way, a good thing in itself, had kindled a mighty flame. But it indicated a way rather than an aim. And there was room for difference of opinion concerning the way, even though one approved his point of departure. Nevertheless men believed they had a method that would answer the purpose in his direction back to nature. So they devoted their chief attention to the working out of the aim. The enthusiasm for things Greek newly awakened by Winckelmann set up as the aim of all education the Greek ideal of the creation of a man morally good and beautifully developed physically and spiritually. This ideal was defended in manifold ways by Wieland, Herder, young Goethe, Schiller, Friedrich August Wolf, Jean Paul, and many other prominent men of the classical period. But of the triangular pyramid of the ideal education it was in reality almost always the spiritual side alone, the general, comprehensive education, that attracted attention. This resulted in partial atrophy of virtue, will power, and body, and in inadequate preparation for the special calling which one had to fulfil. What was gained amounted to little more than beautiful dilettanteism in all possible arts and sciences. Even men of such rich spiritual and material endowments as Goethe could strive toward the Winckelmannian ideal of education only temporarily and that not without danger. And who was to help the overwhelming majority?

For them there arose another teacher, the greatest of modern times, Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. His educational plan for the regeneration of mankind was based neither on theories, nor on enthusiasm for a dreamed-of natural condition or a dreamed-of ideal Greek condition, nor on observation of the corrupt, artificial upper class of society, but on just the opposite of these things. It was based on life, on reality, on observation of the distress, the misery, and the generally neglected condition of the great mass of the people. Education for work by means of work was the watchword of his pedagogy, which has justly been called social pedagogy. Man must be made capable of bettering his own condition. To this end he must be properly prepared for his future calling. Hence serious, strict training for a calling must precede word instruction or at least accompany it. The calling in life of most men consists in practical work. While one is preparing man for such work by means of diligent activity in agriculture, housekeeping, or some commercial industry, one is training not only his hands, but also his head and character. One is leading him to "a clear, firm knowledge of his nearest and most essential relations and to a firm realisation of his power." One is teaching him to be public-spirited and submissive, for he learns to work with others. Beside making him true, simple, and strong, one is leaving him innocent, because one shields him from such evils as "the humbugs and presumptions, the idle pretentions and thousandfold confusions, of verbal teachings and opinions." In this way one can achieve, along with an education for a calling, a general human education, and one can promote virtue by paving the way for prosperity.

During the mature years of his life Goethe stood on the ground of this program, the details of which Pestalozzi himself had neither fully nor clearly worked out, and the main principles of which Fichte in 1807 sought with fiery zeal to apply to German conditions, in order by means of national education to save Germany from destruction under foreign rule. Guided by experience and observation, both of himself and others, men of age and minors, among the latter Fritz von Stein, whose education had been left to him, Goethe had gradually receded from the Winckelmannian ideal in the form which it assumed in educational practice; he had given up, as Pestalozzi harshly expressed it, "the delusion of creating a golden age by means of boasted muchness of knowledge." Pestalozzi, with whom he had become personally acquainted in 1775, had made a powerful appeal to him, the more powerful since to the reformer it seemed as though the poet's tremendous power were turning in a selfish Promethean direction, away from filial-mindedness toward God and hence from fatherly-mindedness toward suffering humanity. In his first writing, *Abendstunde eines Einsiedlers* (May, 1780), he had called out to Goethe: "Outward and inward majesty of man, achieved along the pure path of nature, is understanding and fatherly-mindedness toward lower powers and talents. Man, in thy majesty, weigh the use of thy powers according to this standard: fatherly-mindedness of high powers toward the weak, undeveloped herd of humanity. O prince in thy majesty! O Goethe in thy power! Is that not thy duty, O Goethe, since thy path is not wholly nature? Forbearance toward weakness, fatherly-mindedness, fatherly purpose, fatherly sacrifice, in the use of one's powers,—that is pure majesty of mankind. O Goethe, in thy majesty, I look up to thee from my lowliness, I tremble, keep silent, and sigh. Thy power is like the impulse of great rulers, who sacrifice the national blessing of millions to the glory of the empire."

How Pestalozzi was deceived in Goethe! What he at that time desired was already active in Goethe's soul, or was prepared for active employment and waited only for an opportunity to manifest itself, though the manifestation was different from that which Pestalozzi had in mind. Even in the special field of education Goethe had come very near the Swiss reformer, and came still nearer him during the succeeding years. In *Die Lehrjahre* we have seen the completion of the process of his turning away from the educational ideal of Winckelmann to that of Pestalozzi.

Having once taken up these pedagogical ideas in *Die Lehrjahre*, Goethe continued to elaborate them in his mind and, after they had made their way through *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, they found their full symbolic and direct expression in *Die Wanderjahre*. Goethe has not made it easy for us to obtain a clear picture of all the details of his educational plan as it is represented in "the pedagogical province." He perhaps did not think it over himself in all its parts, in all directions, and in all its consequences. And so, speaking through the mouth of Lenardo, he says that it is a series of ideas, reflections, proposals, and purposes, which would go well together, it is true, but might hardly ever be found together in the ordinary course of events. He was satisfied with throwing out suggestions, but these suggestions are characterised by such depth that men will be able to draw on them for a long time to come. His educational system, like those of Pestalozzi and Fichte, is intended for all, poor and rich, indeed more for the former than the latter. As the majority of the population belong in the country the callings of the inhabitants of the country must be cultivated above all, and, moreover, as the power of the educational system can be unfolded only outside the parental home, the boys are taken—Goethe says nothing about the girls—to the great public educational institution which, as in Fichte's plan, embraces a wide territory: lowland, highland, hilly country, cultivated land, meadow land, and forest. To this territory Goethe gives the name "pedagogical province." To the pedagogues of *Die Wanderjahre* natural education means first of all individual education. For this reason the development of the individuality is allowed as much liberty as possible, in fact it is lent assistance. Not even in matters of dress does the individual need to conceal his peculiarities—quite a contrast to the principles of *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*. The pupils are carefully observed in order that their individualities may be studied. When a decided inclination toward a certain calling has been discovered the pupil is educated in accordance with this inclination. But whereas in the choice of a calling heed is paid to his inclination, in his education for the chosen calling the pupil is obliged to obey fixed laws. This is particularly true where one would least expect it, viz., in the education for an artistic calling. In this connection the remarkable observation is made that genius is most willing to show obedience, because it quickly grasps the use of it. "It is only the mediocre who would like to put their limited peculiarities in the place of the unlimited whole, and to excuse their blunders under the plea of insuperable originality and independence. But we do not accept any such excuses. On the contrary, we guard our pupils against all missteps whereby a large part of life, in fact often the whole life, is thrown into confusion and disruption." As in Fichte's system, all pupils seem to have to take one course, that of farming. At least Felix is sent to this department without question. It was doubtless because of the healthfulness of the occupation, the opportunities of instruction which it affords—here a large part of the descriptive sciences is learned incidentally—and because of the pleasure which young people as a rule take in such work, that Goethe introduced this arrangement. It corresponds also to the view of Pestalozzi, that "the cultivation of the fields is the most general, the most comprehensive, and the purest foundation for the education of the people." After the agricultural course the pupils are given special training according to their various callings. In the instruction offered them this specialisation is carried out as far as possible, out of consideration for the individuality as well as for the principle that the best results are obtained by limitation, whereas a multiplicity of subjects may lead to distraction and dabbling.

This principle is not carried out as rigidly as with the uncle, whose watchword is "Always but one thing." Otherwise an education would require too long a time. Furthermore the point of view that variety stimulates must not be lost sight of. They seek accordingly to combine with a practical subject one or two that are theoretical. For example, with instruction in herding and breaking horses is grouped instruction in the living languages. Whether any instruction in the dead languages is offered we are not told. The living languages are taught in a living way, in accordance with the principle that one learns nothing outside the element which is to be mastered. This living method of teaching is made possible by the fact that pupils of the chief nations are brought together in the horse-rearing region, where each of their languages in turn is spoken exclusively for a whole month. The pupil receives at the same time grammatical instruction in the particular language which he desires to learn more thoroughly. There are special teachers for this purpose and they live with their pupils all the time, so that, though pedants are not wholly wanting among their number, these "riding grammarians" are not to be distinguished from their centaur pupils.

The scientific instruction is given in immediate connection with practice in the particular calling, for "activity of life and efficiency are far more compatible with satisfactory instruction than is commonly supposed." Here it is given during the quiet hours of herding.

Instruction in the elementary subjects is necessarily co-ordinated with the course in agriculture, which all the pupils are obliged to take. These subjects are singing, writing, reading, and arithmetic, and one must think of them as taught not simultaneously, but in echelons. The greatest importance is attached to singing by note, which is considered the best means of refreshment, discipline, and instruction. Instruction is imparted, by making the pupils write their own notes. As the children are taught to write on the blackboard the signs representing the tones which they produce, and to reproduce the tones according to these signs, then to add the words below, they practise hand, ear, and eye at the same time and learn more quickly to write accurately and neatly. Then, as everything has to be executed and copied according to definitely fixed numbers, they learn much more rapidly the value of the art of measurement and computation. Singing is also made the means of impressing upon the pupils the moral and religious teaching which they receive. In addition to this every activity and every amusement is accompanied by song.

While vocal music is taught with the elementary subjects, and hence is included in the agricultural group, instrumental music is accorded special attention and placed in a separate department. It is a professional study and with it is grouped instruction in lyric poetry and dancing. A further department is devoted to the plastic and graphic arts, with which is combined instruction in epic poetry. Dramatic art, on the other hand, to our surprise is placed on an equality with theatrical art, and is wanting in the curriculum of the pedagogical province. There is a lack both of actors, because the inhabitants of the province have become through education too true to represent anything which they themselves are not, and of an audience, because in the province there is no idle crowd. Besides, the pedagogues think that the theatre ruins the sister arts. Hence it is excluded, as it is from Plato's state. Along with the students of the plastic arts are educated the apprentices of the building trades. This association is supposed to honour them and edify them. In his province Odoard intends to declare at the outset that the handicrafts are strictly arts. Whereas everywhere else singing is heard while the pupils are at work, in this region deep silence prevails. The work occupies the whole man. Songs are heard only during the intervals of rest. Even the feasts which are celebrated in the other departments are wanting here. The disciples of art have no need of them. "To the plastic artist the whole year is a feast," is the beautiful and profound reason assigned.

Of the other callings for which the pedagogical province prepares the only one mentioned is mining, so that not a few practical and theoretical branches of instruction are wanting. But it is easy to make the practical application of what is given to what is wanting. We know the system: it combines training for a particular calling with scientific instruction, takes individual inclination into consideration, lays special stress on the laws underlying everything done and everything learned, beside paying attention to many smaller details. And that is enough. Although one can see how this system might be differently carried out, still we may say in its favour that it develops hand, eye, and head of the pupils in a way that is natural and answers the purpose, and that it gives a good preparation for the place they are to fill in life.

But is this all? Will it make the new men whom the new age demands? Is there not also need of the elevation of the moral powers? The casually mentioned instruction in certain religious and moral doctrines is something, but not enough. History has fully demonstrated that. A peculiar supplementary training must be given, which will consecrate man to a new higher existence, which will rid him entirely of his animality and make him truly a man of reason, a *homo sapiens*, and which will make him conscious of his exalted godlikeness.

This need of supplementary training is met by the creation of an invisible church, in which the pupil constantly moves about. This invisible church arises from the awakening of reverence. All higher religions have endeavoured to solve this problem, but none has solved it completely. Therefore the pupil must pass through them all. On the lowest stage stand the heathen or ethnic religions, the highest type of which is the Jewish, which is based on reverence for what is above us. The second is based on reverence for what is on an equality with us. It is called philosophical religion, because the philosopher draws everything higher down to his plane and elevates everything lower to his plane, that is, he puts everything on an equal plane with himself. The third is the Christian religion, which is based on reverence for what is below us, that is, reverence for misery, dishonour, suffering, and death. It is the last stage to which mankind has been able to attain. It takes all three of these stages of reverence together to produce the highest stage, reverence for one's self, just as they in turn have developed out of this.[35] That is to say, reverence for ourselves is reverence for the divine in us. At first we perceive the divine in us only as an indistinct feeling, which impels us to seek a divine something outside ourselves, recognise it, and adore it. If, however, by rising one step at a time through the various religions of reverence, we have recognised that everything outside ourselves, the high as well as the low, is permeated by God, we have in so doing recognised the divine in ourselves and are thus led to adore it. The indistinct feeling of the divine in us has developed into clear consciousness. According to this method of reasoning, as the author says, man may consider himself the best creature that God and nature have brought forth and may continue to occupy this high standpoint without being drawn down again to the common level by vanity and selfishness.

It is in this way that Goethe makes his pantheism lend itself to the production of the highest moral effects. It makes no particular difference if his graduated system is artificial, and is neither historically nor logically above criticism. If, for example, philosophical religion produces reverence for everything on an equality with us, and puts the lower things on an equality with us by raising them to our plane, it thereby awakens reverence for what is below us and its scope is made to include the scope of the Christian religion. Goethe himself falls into this and other inconsistencies in the pedagogical application of his religious philosophy, as we shall soon see.

How are the pupils introduced to this religion of reverence? Are the history, so far as any exists, and the significance, of this religion impressed upon them by direct instruction? The history probably is, but the significance is not. Such a thing would be inadvisable both because of the pupils' undeveloped power of comprehension and because of the fact that when the significance of anything profound is revealed to people clearly and frankly they believe that there is nothing behind it. Hence the "pedagogues" employ the method of teaching by suggestion and use symbolic object lessons as the means best adapted to their purpose. These lessons are enveloped with a solemn atmosphere. They are given only in the "sanctuaries," which are erected in a valley forest surrounded by high walls. About an octagonal hall are arranged three galleries adorned with pictures. In the chief pictures of the first gallery are represented events from the history of the Israelites, and in the less important ones events of like significance from the history of other nations, particularly the Greeks. To this gallery the pupils are admitted from their first year on. For the paintings of the second gallery the subject chosen is the life of Christ, exclusive of his passion. The representation is limited to miracles and parables, as it is only through these that the deep significance of his life can be shown. This series of pictures is made to serve as an illustration of philosophical religion by asserting of Christ that he appeared in his life as a philosopher, putting the lowest and highest things on an equality with himself, apotheosising the lowest things and humanising the highest. To this gallery only the more mature pupils are admitted. The last gallery, which is devoted to the passion and death of Christ, and hence to the Christian religion in the narrower sense, is opened but once a year, and then only for the pupils who are graduated. It is the sanctuary of pain, the too early or too frequent sight of which might fail to produce, or might deaden, the awe-inspiring impression it is intended to leave. An introduction to the fourth religion, that of reverence for one's self, is superfluous, as it grows out of the others of itself.

The "pedagogues" do not yet consider their full duty performed. They have a second and third way of elevating their pupils to the different stages of reverence. The second is mentioned but briefly. During the instruction in the formative arts, we are told, the three stages of reverence are introduced and emphasised, as everywhere else, though with some variation in the method to suit the nature of the work in hand. The third way is, like the first, symbolic and suggestive, but with this difference, that it is intended to imbue the minds of youth daily and hourly, instead of now and then, with the principles and practical workings of the religion of reverence. It is applied in their salutes. The youngest pupils salute their superiors by crossing their arms over their breasts and looking up at the sky, as a sign that above them is a God, who is reflected and revealed to them in parents, teachers, and those in authority. The intermediate pupils salute by folding their hands, as though bound, behind their backs and looking down at the ground with a smile, as a sign that the earth is for us a source of inexpressible joys and sorrows. Here, in contradiction with the fundamental philosophy of religion, but with logical correctness, the Christian religion is put second, which leads to a further contradiction, in that veneration of joy is made its substance. This style of salute is not imposed upon the pupil for very long. Then he is called upon to man himself. He is to come into the fold of philosophical religion. He now salutes by taking his place in the rank and file of his comrades and keeping his eyes on them. Selfish segregation has ceased. His companions are constantly before his eyes and he is determined from now on to act only with his eyes fixed on the others or in union with them. He has become a social nature. He is worthy to enter life. Since as a sacred mystery the meaning of the gestures is only partially revealed to the pupils the youths themselves attach to them a most profound significance, which bears good fruit.

Two great advantages that accrue to the pupils from their education in the pedagogical province are not specially mentioned. Through much work in the open air and with their hands they become and remain healthy, and through their extensive occupation with real things they become objective. Both these aims seemed to Goethe of the utmost importance. He complained bitterly that the young people were being ruined both spiritually and physically by too much theoretical instruction. And if they did not feel well themselves how could they be expected to feel and act kindly toward others? In the education of young Fritz von Stein his chief aim was, as he confessed to Schiller, to make the boy "very objective."

Since the pupil is being specially trained for his calling he acquires early in life a feeling of assurance and the ability to do things. The consciousness of this ability to do things, together with a feeling of healthiness, an appropriate freedom of life, the beautification of each day's course by songs and games, all this must afford the pupil a high degree of happiness, one of the fairest gifts of life. Thus education in the pedagogical province is designed to make full, whole, harmonious men in a way entirely different from any ever dreamed of by the neo-humanists. If we assume that the results correspond to the aims, we see issuing from this province young men who are clear-headed, well-prepared and know what they want to do, and who in addition are healthy, truthful, respectful, and happy,—men who are able in useful activity, in truth and beauty, to usher in a new life.

Die Wanderjahre leaves with us about such an impression as would a great factory in a most romantic mountain glen. We hear the whir of spinning wheel and the rattle of loom, we see the motion of trowel and hatchet, plane and spade, and at the same time we look up to the stars and the divine, down to the broad fruitful valleys of the earth, and into the depths of the human heart—a wonderful mixture of the matter-of-fact, the practical, and the earthly, with the ideal, the prophetic, and the superhuman. The novel reflects life as it should be, but rarely is, paying heed to the demands of the day and those of eternity, usefulness and morality, individuality and mankind in general. Taken as a whole it is a call to sensible, active life, a glorification of labour. "A fiery spirit breathed upon me, awakening me to activity," said one of the few who perceived some of the rustling among the leaves of the novel. Upon the foundation laid in *Die Lehrjahre* is built the superstructure in *Die Wanderjahre*. Activity was restricted in meaning by the poet, as it is by us in ordinary usage, to productive, useful work. In order to perform such work man needs thorough knowledge of a special subject. This special knowledge is gained by limitation to a small field. Limitation is demanded also by our powers. We are not gods. "Unlimited activity leads in the end to bankruptcy." He who would limit himself must practise resignation. Useful work demands, further, thoughtfulness, and perseverance. Again these qualities are acquired only by resignation, by conquering our passions, which obscure our vision and lead us astray. Finally we need to unite with others in order to perform most kinds of work. If this union is to be realised and maintained we must adapt ourselves to others by limiting ourselves and practising resignation.

The working man is the man who fits his action to his purpose. Only by such action do we win a place for ourselves in life. For this reason Goethe considered entrance into real life inconceivable without resignation in the exalted sense in which he employed the term. For fruitful labour each of the above-mentioned kinds of resignation is of the highest importance. But the coming age demanded one kind of resignation above all others,—that which lies in limitation. The farther progress was made by economic development toward the division of labour, the more it became impossible to perform profitable labour except by specialisation. And more than that: the more time hastened forward on the wings of steam, the greater became the need of quick, vigorous action.

Superior performances and energetic action were therefore the first prerequisites of the new age. But where were the people who satisfied these demands? In the great masses? There necessity had brought about limitation and had called forth skill and perseverance. But with their thoroughness and energy they lacked the education to lead their skill and vigour to higher aims and keep them abreast of the mighty progress of modern times. Hence the working people had to look to the educated classes for leaders. Here the prospect was not hopeful. These classes were still as Goethe had known them in his youth and in later years. The spirits of a lower order were easy-going, egoistic, and diffident, while those of a higher order, not without serious fault on the part of the state, still delighted to swim about in the shoreless waters of philosophy and esthetics. The man of this class applied neither diligence nor energy to the special calling which he pursued. He looked upon his work as a necessary evil which hindered the flight of his thoughts, disturbed the tenderness of his feelings, and detracted from the beauty of his personality. From this living in thoughts and feelings, from this cult of beautiful personality, there resulted a serious weakening of the power of the will, which was not cured by the wars of liberation, because the state quickly drove the individual back to his narrow, quiet, private sphere. The educated men of Germany at the time when this novel assumed its final form were very well able, as they had been in former days, to obtain a clever grasp of things, to ponder over, rave over, sigh over, or deride, the affairs of this world, but it was not in their power to act aggressively or force their way forward with stubborn tenacity in a definite calling along a definite path. Gustav Freytag, a faithful and thorough observer of the various phases of development among the German people, has well said of the educated of the period from 1815 to 1830: "Even the better class among them found it easy to talk with cleverness concerning the greatest variety of things, but very hard to limit themselves to consistent action." And Hegel, who could see deep into the soul of this better class, speaking as a contemporary, said, in his *Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts* (1820): "The reason of this hesitation [in decision and action] lies also in a tenderness of the soul, which knows that in the definite it is dealing with the finite, is putting a limit upon itself, and is giving up the infinite; but it is unwilling to forgo the totality at which it aims." Between his own frame of mind and such a state of indolence Goethe felt that there was a very sharp contrast. Nothing could show this contrast more drastically than two entries side by side in his grandson Walther's album. Somebody had copied into the album that tame, blasé, supposedly witty utterance in which Jean Paul had made a casual attempt to sum up his view of life: "Man has two minutes and a half: one minute to smile in, one to sigh in, and a half minute to love in; for in the middle of the third minute he dies." On the following page Goethe wrote the stanch reply:

Ihrer ſechzig hat die Stunde,
Über tauſend hat der Tag;
Söhnchen, werde Dir die Kunde,
Was man alles leiſten mag! *

In addition to their shrinking from concentration and determined action the educated classes were wanting in a third essential. While on general principles they were disinclined to work in a fixed calling, they felt a special aversion for practical work, particularly the trades. They looked down upon these with the same superciliousness that the ruling classes had in ancient Greece. The educated middle class shared this feeling of contempt with the nobles, who otherwise performed their share of work in the practical callings of agriculture, administrative government, and service in the army. Nobody saw more clearly than Goethe that the reigning star of the coming age would be industrial labour. Hence if the men of the nobility and the middle class did not turn to the industrial arts they were certain to lose the leadership of the common people, and Germany was certain to be left behind in the competition of nations, especially by England and America, where conditions were different. And more than this. Industrial labour was congregating more and more in factories, which naturally resulted in the organisation of the labouring classes. If, as was inevitable, these organised masses went one step further and became conscious of their importance in the modern world, it was certain that the hitherto unseen chasm between the upper classes and the lower would burst upon the sight with all its threatening dangers.

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* Sixty minutes hath the hour,
O'er a thousand hath the day;
Think, my son, with time's vast power
All that one accomplish may!

Goethe sought in *Die Wanderjahre* to anticipate the many dangers arising from a want of limitation, energy, and appreciation of labour with the hands. Through the picture in which he made aristocratic noblemen and finely educated men of the middle class join the society of handicraftsmen, he sounded a serious warning; and he sounded a still more serious one in his words, written with propagandist emphasis and exaggeration, in praise of one-sidedness, specialisation, handicraft, and action. Everything said by the individual characters in *Die Wanderjahre*, that shows a leaning in this direction, is Goethe's own private view. We have already pointed this out in not a few passages. Let us here supplement the list with a few more utterances: "Nowadays the world forces a general education on us, so that we do not need to trouble ourselves about that; it is the special education that we must acquire." "Whoever from now on does not apply himself to one art or one handicraft will be in a sad plight. Learning no longer succeeds in the swift progress of the world; by the time one has taken notice of everything one is completely lost" (*Aus Makariens Archiv*). "If one could teach the Germans to acquire less philosophy and more energy, less theory and more practice, after the model of the English, it would go a long way toward our salvation" (to Eckermann, March 12, 1828). It is in accordance with these views that education is shaped in the pedagogical province. Goethe has been accused of being a quietist, but nobody has ever made a stronger plea for activity than he did. He has been suspected of being an aristocrat, but nobody was more democratic than he at the very time when the complaints were loudest. He has been criticised as wanting in patriotism, but nobody was more solicitous than he of the welfare and prosperity of the fatherland.

With the division of labour, with the bringing about of closer relations between nations through the agency of steam, and with the gigantic growth of the demand for raw materials and manufactures from every nation on the globe, men were made to feel their dependence on one another more than ever before. No labourer could help realising that the individual was no longer sufficient unto himself, and that he needed others for the success of his labour. Goethe rejoiced in this knowledge, but he desired that with purely intellectual knowledge of the economic organism, with insight into the benefit to be derived from it, should be combined a moral need, so that where the understanding no longer sufficed to compel the individual to look beyond himself, moral need should enter in as an auxiliary force. For it was with him a life task to lead the German out of his individual life, his egoistic existence, out of his self-satisfaction and self-enjoyment, into a public, social life, into work for others. In this regard the German had retrograded considerably in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, because he had been excluded from public life by absolutism. We to-day have hardly any conception how conscious men were of themselves as individuals and private persons, and we are astonished when we read what Wilhelm says of his father, "He was at that time one of the first men who was led by broad public-spiritedness to exercise any thought or care beyond his family and the city in which he resided." And yet that is a faithful and accurate reflection of the time. Even at the end of the third decade of the nineteenth century conditions were but little better. The causes had not yet been removed, and so the results still continued. In January, 1831, Hitzig wrote from the greatest city of Germany to Carlyle, "The German has always lived more for his family than for the public, and still continues unalterably so to live, in spite of the events of 1830." The esthetic tea was the public into which the educated classes ventured forth to spend their energy. In this absorption in private life we find the explanation of the fact that men looked upon the state as something hostile, and that Wilhelm von Humboldt, in 1792 and 1819, desired to confine the range of governmental activity to the narrowest limits, the affording of security.

This view was combated in the new century by Fichte and Hegel with special clearness, directness, and power. Both supported the thesis that the reasonable will of mankind is fully objectified only in the state; that the state, in so far as it is "reasonable," instead of hindering the development of the individual, is the very means that makes it possible for the individual to develop his true nature; that it is not the intention that freedom shall be coerced by the state, but that "the violence of an unruly nature shall be subjugated by freedom." This corresponded entirely to Goethe's views, and hence in his pedagogy he made respect for the law and adaptation to the whole important elements of education. He would have the individual early broken of the habit of consulting only himself, his own will, and his own comfort. But while the aim of Fichte and Hegel, in their fight against individualism, was chiefly political, Goethe's aim was chiefly social. That an individual was interested in the welfare of the state did not necessarily mean that he was interested in the social well-being of others. A recognition of the importance of public authority did not help to alleviate the condition of those who were without property. Nor was it enough that the importance of labour was appreciated and that men of means joined with labourers in common activity. There was further need of moral impulses forcing the man of large property to resignation, prompting him to make sacrifices from his possessions for the benefit of those who were without possessions, and to consider his property common property, the conscientious management of which had been intrusted to him. But for the man without property there arises also the duty of making himself a social man. No man is so small and weak that he cannot help another. Each man should consider the larger and smaller community in which he lives not only as a political and an economic community, but also as a moral community. Out of such a community grow demands which include far more than the material condition of the individual. The whole moral and spiritual existence of our fellow-men, which is not satisfied by daily bread, is laid upon our consciences.

In order to enter into this relation it is necessary for man, according to the wise poet's advice, to seek the divine in himself. Whoever finds it in himself finds it in every other man, and as he thereby makes himself a sacred being, becomes for himself an object of reverence, so every other man becomes for him a sacred being, an object of reverence, even the sinner. He avoids wounding the sinner, strives to extend to him a gentle, loving hand of help, and is willing to make personal sacrifices to assist him, even to overcome the sin which weighs him down. The man with such sentiments is the truly pious and pure man, the social and brotherly man in the highest sense. The fundamental motive of *Iphigenie* is thus seen to be repeated in the novel, as the character of Iphigenia herself is in the figure of Makarie. This social man in the highest sense is the only man worthy of the title "beautiful personality," which the eighteenth century sought to produce by means of a general education in science and art, and at times even in the ways of the world. This ideal of personality based on moral action shows pleasing lines, in the limitations of reality, much more rarely than does the old ideal, but it is a higher ideal, it is truer, and it is infinitely more fruitful. In view of the stupendous increase of the material powers of man there was need of an elevation of the moral nature, if this increase was to prove a blessing. The elevation is achieved by means of public spirit arising out of reverence.

For this heightened humanity there is no longer any world dulness, which makes men live, labour, and enjoy for themselves alone; no longer any world woe, which makes them consume their strength in lamentations and sadness; nor is there any more fleeing from the world, that striving to gain peace by devotional contemplation and the giving of alms; there is only world piety, which calls men to endless, joyous work for the world. "And let love control thy striving, and thy life be one of deeds."

We hear the ringing of the bells in *Faust*.

VII

FAUST

Faust Goethe's life-work—The theme—Unconscious work on the drama—Seeking after God—The puppet play of *Doktor Faust*—Correspondences between its motives and Goethe's experiences—Beginning of conscious work on the drama—Scenes probably written first and probable order in which they were written—Goethe's willingness to read portions of the work to friends—The *Urfaust*—Further work on the drama—The *Fragment* of 1790—Comparison between it and the *Urfaust*—Composition again resumed at Schiller's urging—Completed First Part published in 1808—Influence of Byron's death on composition of Second Part—The *Helena* published in 1827—Further work lightened by enthusiasm over idea of completing Second Part—Fragment of the first act published in 1828—The drama finished July 22, 1831, but not published till after the poet's death—The historical Faust—The first Faust book—Marlowe's *Faustus*—Faust motives in the sixteenth century—Similar motives in the period of Goethe's youth—Analysis and criticism of the *Fragment* of 1790: Faust's first monologue, the macrocosm, the Earth-Spirit, conversation with Wagner, Mephistopheles, his relation to the Earth-Spirit, the humorous devil and his function in the drama, Mephistopheles and the Student, "Auerbach's Cellar," "Witches' Kitchen," first scenes of the Gretchen tragedy, Faust's confession of faith, the closing scene in the cathedral—The Gretchen tragedy not finished in the *Fragment*—Analysis and criticism of what the complete edition of 1808 contained more than the *Fragment:* the close of the Gretchen tragedy, Valentine, "Walpurgis Night," "Walpurgis Night's Dream," "Dismal Day," "Night, Open Field," "Prison," end of the First Part, Goethe's change of style, Faust now a symbolical character, distinction between the symbolical and the allegorical, the philosophical element in *Faust* and the difficulty it gave Goethe, "Prelude on the Stage," "Prologue in Heaven," the mystery of evil in the world, the wager between the Lord and the devil, the problem of Faust's salvation, Faust's second monologue, Easter chimes, youthful remembrances, "Before the City Gate," Faust's third monologue, the exorcism of Mephistopheles, the devil goes away and then comes again, Faust's curses, chorus of spirits, compact and wager between Faust and Mephistopheles—From the little world to the great—Difficulty of the transition for Goethe—Analysis and criticism of the Second Part: Opening scene, the Emperor's Court, the paper money scheme, the masquerade, the "mothers," Helena conjured up, the second act, Homunculus, the Baccalaureus, "Classical Walpurgis Night," the *Helena* act, its significance, the fourth act, the fifth act, Care, Faust learns self-limitation, the supreme moment, Faust's death, the contest over his soul at the grave, he is saved, his ascension, unsatisfactoriness of the ending—Closing criticism of the Second Part and the whole drama—Faust a universal human type—What the drama may mean to us.

FAUST was the life-work of the poet, extending from the first mutterings of the storm that raged through the breast of the youth to the serene days of old age, when hardly a gentle zephyr was wafted through the peaceful world of his spirit. Conscious work on the poem began in the days of the seething fermentation of the Strasburg Storm and Stress, but the unconscious had begun with the sprouting and growth of the germinal idea in the dream-like gropings and longings of childhood. If we were to state the original, fundamental theme of *Faust*, we should say that it is the attempt of the great man to comprehend God and by means of this comprehension to know the world and lead in it a life worth living, a life filled with God and pleasing to God in the highest sense.

Out of the most beautiful specimens of his father's collection of minerals the child builds an altar, and makes the first rays of the morning sun ignite the incense tapers upon it, in order, through the symbol of the rising smoke, to show how his "soul longs to mount up to the Creator." The boy flees into the darkness of the forest, and desires to inclose with a hedge a solemn glade surrounded by old beeches and oaks, and set it apart as a sacred grove, where he may devote himself to God, undisturbed by the noise of the day and the restless bustle of men. Indeed, throughout his whole life "an incomprehensible longing" often drives him out into pure, free nature, where, "while a thousand tears are burning," a new, divine world is awakened within him. And if the setting sun again and again draws him with magic power, and he cannot behold the spectacle often enough to satisfy him, this is but the feebly conscious yearning of the musing child's soul for the high ancestral spheres.

The innocent years of childhood pass. Reflection asserts itself, and the understanding subjects the world to its overwise criticism. The dissolution of naïve belief, supported by the rationalistic light of Leipsic, drives away the beautiful darkness in which the boy had felt himself one with God. Thus for the youth God vanishes from the world. Outside, beyond the borders of the world, there may be enthroned an inaccessible God, but he is not in the world. He may at some time in the past have built it as an ingenious machine, but he left it then to its own works and wheels. The world is as one sees it, and the young student takes it as it is. Like others of the time, he is tossed back and forth by pleasures, deprivations, and disappointments, and has many bad hours and many moods. Not until his last semester, when he is confined to his bed with illness, is there again aroused within him, under the guidance of his theological friend Langer, a yearning and seeking after God; and this is continued in his Frankfort sick-room under the influence of his physician and the pious friend of the family Fräulein von Klettenberg. He begins to divine that God is not outside the world, but, rather, wholly within it.

This gives him a new foundation. If God is wholly in this world it must be possible to grasp him somewhere. It must be possible for one to get on the track of his nature and reign and to find the way from faith to knowledge and from knowledge to the bliss of sharing in his secrets. Now God is certainly, above everything else, the original source of life. Hence one will most quickly learn to know him by knowing the "sources of life." The youth's Faustian desire is therefore centred on these springs, these "mothers" of life. He works zealously at his wind furnace with alembics and retorts, in order to produce a virgin earth and watch its progress to motherhood. In harmony with this ardent striving he writes (September 17, 1769) these lines from Wieland in his friend Langer's album:

> Ja, Götterluſt kann einen Durſt nicht ſchwächen,
> Den nur die Quelle ſtillt.*

To which he adds, "So feels in all seriousness your friend Goethe."

In this frame of mind he goes in April, 1770, to Strasburg, where by accumulation of learning and by experiments—alchemy is still his beloved—he seeks to get a comprehensive grasp of God. Here through the mediation of Herder the clouds vanish before his eyes. His clarified vision discovers that nature does not allow her secrets to be forced from her by levers and screws, but that for the open mind they are everywhere visible, and most plainly where he has hitherto least sought them, in art. Shakespeare, Ervinus à Steinbach, Raphael, Moses, Homer, and Ossian are illuminated by the light of God and mirror his light in their works—Shakespeare even more than the others; "He is the confidant of God"; he sees the secrets of the human world with the eyes of God and utters them with divine mouth. Hence the God-seeking youth stands before his works as "before the open book of fate." In their presence he feels "his existence infinitely broadened," his own "self broadened into the self of the world." Beyond all doubt it was a god who wrote these signs.

How did it happen that Shakespeare and those like him could see through the secrets of the world? The divine is revealed to nobody directly. Thus much the youth had also learned. True, a specially gifted, receptive eye is necessary, but the eye must seek the light that it is to receive. In no hiding-place, in no book, in no magic formula, in no alchemist's retort is the light to be found; it is only in the life of the world, which, rightly grasped and understood, is the life of God himself. By experiencing the world the poet and the artist experience the eternal, the genuine, the typical, the divine fundamental lines and fundamental forms of the seeming confusion of the world. And thus from knowledge and art, from reflection, observation, and bewilderment he comes back to life. He forms the determination to "mingle in the floods of fate," or, as we read in the *Urfaust*, to "venture into the world to bear all the woes of earth and all its joys." Even during his Leipsic days he had shared in the activities of the world, but with blurred vision and immature mind, so that the divine in the world was hidden from his sight and divine creation was accordingly denied him. Now he glowed with the desire to experience the world with a new spirit. With him this desire was so passionate that, if it had not been possible in any other way, he would even have consigned himself to the devil, in order through him to find the way to God. He forsook study, laboratory, and clinic, and fled into the wide country. The first experience through which he had to pass on his new journey through life was a bright-flaming love fire.

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* E'en joy of gods cannot a thirst diminish
The source alone will still.

In the midst of his musings, strivings, and experiences an old puppet play that he had often seen in his childhood, *Doktor Faust*, came back to his memory. It was an old popular play, the subject and hero of which went back to the Renaissance and the Reformation. Its simplicity and depth being no longer appreciated by the enlightened and educated men of a matter-of-fact age, it had been obliged to seek a refuge on the puppet stage.

An investigator, unsatisfied by all his learning and deep meditation, consigns himself to the devil, in order through him to acquire all sciences and arts, all treasures and enjoyments of the world, and for a space of time to feel like God. This he does, so far as lies within the devil's power. Faust travels with the devil through the world, becomes a magician, who has power over the living and the dead, and tastes every kind of pleasure, even that of living at a ducal court, where he calls up the dead and wins the heart of the princess, until finally, sated with everything, though not satisfied, he repents and turns in earnest prayer to God. At this critical moment the devil brings him Helena. Captivated by her beauty, Faust gives up all pious thoughts of repentance, rushes toward her, and embraces her. In his arms she is transformed into a Fury, and, robbed of earthly enjoyment and heavenly bliss, he is dragged away to hell.

It was a remarkable subject. And how wonderfully the motives of this drama of unsatisfied study and investigation, of longing for divine existence, of the attempted tour of the world, the embrace of Helena, and the sojourn at the ducal court coincided with the motives of the life drama of Goethe's own experiences and dreams!

The Helena motive echoed and re-echoed many times in his life. At the moment Helena was that lovely Alsatian maiden who had dawned on his soul in Sesenheim and flooded it with light. And for him, through the qualms of his own conscience, this beautiful, innocent maiden was quickly enough transformed into a Fury, who lashed him cruelly and seemed to be driving him to hell. To be sure, it only seemed so; for it was pure love that he had given and had received in return. Such a love was a reflection of omnipresent, divine love. If his philosophy of the world had not taught him this, he would have learned it from its effects, for it had "poured eternal flames into his soul and twofold life into his early withering heart" (April, 1772). The tortures proved but purging flames, a part of those eternal flames which, by a special favour of fate, were destined to cast all the dross out of his heart and make it pure as gold.

Secondly, Helena became to him necessarily a symbol of everything beautiful in art, which he had embraced with just as much fervour, a symbol of his own artistic ideal to which he desired to rise and to which he even at that time often felt that he had risen: "Ye Muses, and ye Graces, ye hover round me and I hover o'er the water, o'er the earth, godlike" (*Wanderers Sturmlied*, April, 1772). He fought his way up to this high, true art along the path through life which love pointed out to him.

Love for an individual could mean to him but the point of transition to love striving toward the universal. With him it was a question more of making mankind happy than one individual. Here the aims of the poet and the statesman coincided. Hence he was held fast by no flowers, even though they entwined themselves about his knees and fondled him with the eyes of love. Hence he prayed in those early days that "when he was tired of earthly beauty heavenly beauty might receive him, so that he might bring the bliss of the gods down to the earth more than Prometheus" (*Von deutscher Baukunst*, 1772). From Gretchen he longed to rise to Helena.

And now the motive of the sojourn at the ducal court. This coincided in a remarkable way with a motive of the future career in life which he hoped and dreamed he should realise. With his talents a large public activity as a jurist seemed to beckon to him from the very beginning. His father wished to pave the way for him by sending him to Wetzlar, Ratisbon, and Vienna. Then in Strasburg Koch, Oberlin, and Salzmann sought very earnestly to win him for a statesman's career. But greater than all this was his own desire and longing to be an active factor of great moment in the fates of nations. Such a longing to bring about the happiness of the people was at that time characteristic of the upward-striving youth, to whom Herder gave the awakening and guiding signal. Herder dreamed of stepping to the side of Catharine II. and, with her help, making Livonia, Ukraine, Russia, the world, happy. And as Herder led Goethe to become absorbed in Möser's *Patriotische Phantasien*, which began at that time to appear in the *Osnabrücker Intelligenzblatt*, it was doubtless due also to Herder indirectly that, at the end of 1771 and the beginning of 1772, our poet became deeply interested in the governmental ideals set forth by Haller in his *Usong*, and that he chose from this work the motto for his *Geschichte Gottfriedens von Berlichingen mit der eisernen Hand dra-*

matisiert, "The misfortune has happened, the heart of the people is trampled in the mud and is no longer capable of any noble desire." Hence his first two great works, which were occupying him at this time, *Cäsar* and *Götz*, were political. The thought of working for political reforms pursued him further. Besides Möser, he studied Wieland's *Der goldne Spiegel* and Machiavelli's *Il Principe*. In the summer of 1774 Lavater found his political ideas so fully developed and resting on a foundation of such energy that he exclaimed, "Goethe would be a splendid man for a prince to place in a position of authority!" This desire had long been hovering before Goethe's mind and must have made him admire the motive of Faust at the ducal court and see in it a symbol of his own future, long before he entered into any relation with the reigning house of Weimar. Thus the most important motives fixed his attention on the naïve fable and engendered in him the irresistible impulse to recast the old puppet play and make it a poetic vessel into which he could pour all his pain and sorrow, all his thoughts and desires, and by so doing gain relative peace of soul in the midst of the whirl of storms and dreams eddying round him.

Not only at that moment, but even during the following years, he clung all the more tenaciously to the plan, because all the motives which it involved, seeking after God, nearness to God and farness from God, belief and unbelief, desire for activity and experience in the world, joys and sorrows of love, sensuousness and ideality, were still strong factors in his life; indeed some of them had become stronger than before, and other new motives which had entered in could conveniently be made to accommodate themselves to the pliable subject-matter. Prominent among the new motives was the thought of forcing an entrance into communion with God by terminating his earthly existence.

And so the great work of his life was conceived. He elaborated it in his mind for a long time without writing any of it down. This was his usual habit with other works, but here he felt a special hesitation to put anything on paper. As though it would have desecrated the precious subject, or the written words would have been unalterable, he took care not to write down anything, at least any part of the chief scenes, except what was good enough to stand permanently. This made it possible for him later to boast that, so far as he finished the play up to 1775, the chief scenes of it, or, better, the parts which were dearest to him and seemed to him most important, had been written down at once, without any rough draught. Though he hesitated to put it on paper, he made no secret of his project. For example, as early as the summer of 1772 he told about it in Wetzlar, so that the following year Gotter asked the poet to send him a copy of *Faust* so soon as his head should have "stormed it out."* During this year, as he himself tells us, he finally ventured to intrust to cold paper the poem which he had cherished so fondly in his breast. It is easier to say in what order the scenes had previously been worked out in his mind than to conjecture the order of their writing down. There can be no doubt that the quiet work of head and heart had begun with the shaping of the first monologue,[36] which he may have muttered to himself in Strasburg. It is probable that the dialogue with the Earth-Spirit was soon added, and then the first part of the interview between Mephistopheles and the student, as it appears in the *Urfaust* (discovered in 1887), with its cheap witticisms on students' lodgings, intercourse with professors, payment of labourers, etc. It is not very probable that, if he had been somewhat longer away from the university, the youth, who was maturing with tropical swiftness, would have found any pleasure in these common students' jokes. All that lay between, especially the meeting and compact with Mephistopheles, was harder to put into finished form and was not so urgent. So he willingly left it for the time being and, as we believe, preferred to hasten on at once to the Gretchen tragedy—this still in the early months of the year 1772, immediately after the completion of *Götz*. The conception of this tragedy dates back, however, still earlier. It doubtless occurred at the moment, say, in September, 1771, when, in reply to his declaration to Friederike that he could not enter into any binding relation with her, he received an answer which "lacerated his heart" and began a "period of gloomy remorse." In order to alleviate the "unbearableness" of his sense of blame, he had recourse immediately to severe penance, through the castigation which he administered to himself in *Götz*, in the figure of Weislingen. But this did not suffice and could not be expected to. The thing that carries Weislingen off is not torturing memories of his forsaken Marie, who, moreover, receives a worthy compensation for her loss, but the poison of his mistress, a Helena in the sense of the puppet play, to whom he has given himself in his infatuation. The poetic conscience would have an entirely different burden, and the relief from that burden would be entirely different, if the loved one were brought down to the worst misfortune conceivable, to inconsolable ruin, and the soul of the desperate, sensuous-supersensuous suitor were overwhelmed by the consciousness of being to blame for this awful fate.

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* Schick mir dafür den Doktor Faust,
Sobald Dein Kopf ihn ausgebraust.

Gotter's poetical epistle, which ends with these two lines, may be found in *H.*, iii., 141 *f.*——C.

So in his fancy he spun out the Sesenheim experience to a most dismal end. The story thus invented was just as dear to him in its dark, terrifying, and excruciating moments as in its beautiful, bright, and winsome portions, and, as he did not dare sacrifice the one to the other, that which, according to the original plan of the poem, was to be but an episode in Faust's experience, grew to be a great independent composition, which, however, could not be severed from the union of the whole, as *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* later was from *Wilhelm Meister*. The poet was early forced to entertain the idea of extending his drama to a work of two parts. How far he may have progressed in 1773 with the writing down of what had hitherto been "dialogued in his brain," we do not know. The only thing certain is that in the years 1773 and 1774, especially after the completion of *Werther* in February of the latter year, he put the beginning and by far the larger part of the Gretchen tragedy on paper.

Otherwise Boie, to whom he read the manuscript on the 15th of October, 1774, could not have reported, "His *Doktor Faust* is almost finished." Boie was most profoundly impressed by the work, as Merck had been before and Knebel was two months later. His criticism was: "His *Doktor Faust* seems to me the greatest and most peculiar of all" (that Goethe had read to him). Knebel's: "In *Doktor Faust* there are scenes of most exceptional splendour." Merck, in whom the poet had meanwhile found the best, though not the only, model for his Mephistopheles, followed the growth of the work with true admiration: "It is stolen from nature with the greatest fidelity. . . . So often as I see a new part I am astonished how perceptibly the fellow grows."

Goethe gradually became very generous with the poem. Almost every one of his visitors and friends was permitted to hear it. As early as 1775 its existence was known far and wide. In April Nicolai even heard that "he was to be portrayed in it exactly as he lived and moved," which refers undoubtedly to the figure of Wagner. And when Goethe was in Zurich, in June, Bodmer asserted that he had been informed that he was going to work on the play there.

Goethe did not do much at it, however, in Switzerland, either before that time or afterward. There was at the time no urgent experience to be incorporated in it. For his life's content at that period other avenues of expression were opened in *Stella* and *Egmont*. Work on these plays, his experience as a betrothed, and the long journey occupied the largest share of his time. From the documents that have been preserved all that we are able to discover is that he worked some at *Faust* in September and October, including probably not more than three or four scenes, among them the one in Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsic ("I wrote a scene of my *Faust*. . . . In all this I felt like a rat that has eaten poison"—September 17, 1775).

Then followed the great change of fortune. Goethe came to Weimar. He was now at the court of a duke. The vision that he had beheld in his dreams and again in the mirror of the puppet play was fulfilled. Important parts of the great work could be filled with the blood of life from real experience: Court life, financial distress, the masquerade, and, most significant of all, Faust's efforts to create a worthy existence for an active people on free soil. But what he experienced here stood squarely in the way of his writing. His final aim, especially that of making the people of Weimar happy, the "daily work" which he had laid upon himself, "demanded his presence whether he was awake or dreaming." No admiration could move him to continue the poetical work. For in his so wholly different circle here the admiration which *Faust* excited was of the very highest. He soon read the remarkable work to his friends, in the form, we must assume, in which Fräulein Luise von Göchhausen copied it, the so-called *Urfaust*.[37] "The Duchesses were profoundly affected by some of the scenes," reported Fritz Stolberg on the 6th of December, 1775. Einsiedel wrote in January, 1776:

> Parodiert ſich drauf als Doktor Fauſt,
> Daß'm Teufel ſelber vor ihm grauſt.*

In jesting recognition of his mighty poetic gift he was honoured by his fellow-poets of Weimar with the title "magician," as is the hero of the puppet play at the ducal court. "Magician would I have him styled!" sang Wieland. "The magician wishes but a small circle," wrote Herder in an invitation to a reading of *Faust*. In a festal play in commemoration of the 28th of August, 1781, he is already heralded as the author of *Faust*. But neither these tokens of homage nor the quip of Karl August, that "*Faust* was a piece of a piece, which the public feared, alas! would never be anything more than a piece," were able to turn the poet from his determination to sacrifice his strength to his sacred "daily work." Only gradually did the knowledge begin to dawn upon him that he was on the wrong path, that he was destined to portray moral and political ideals rather than to realise them, or, let us say, that he could do far more toward the realisation of these ideals—toward the bringing down to earth of the heavenly jewels, as he once called them—if, by his poetical and symbolical glorification, he should kindle a desire for them in the hearts of men, than if he should attempt in a small state to deliver a few cut stones for the gigantic edifice. And then his longing for Helena returned. In an ecstasy of early youth he had fancied he had embraced her, but he had only kissed the hem of her cloak. Meanwhile his longing for life had been quieted and subdued, and his longing for beauty had been increased. The truth that he had discovered in life had to be permeated with beauty, if it was to appear divine before the outer world. Where was Helena more visible, where was there a greater possibility of seeing her blissfully near, and, if he should win her favour, of being wedded to her, than in the Hesperides beyond the Alps? And so he set out for Italy as a pious pilgrim. His hopes, his desires were fulfilled. Helena was joined with him in sacred union. Through the possession of her he experienced a transformation, a higher existence.

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* Then burlesqued himself as Faust in the play
So that e'en the devil must feel dismay.

Goethe now had all the elements gathered together to continue and complete his *Faust*. He had become acquainted with human society in all its strata, had passed through all the moods, struggles, passions, and ambitions of his hero, had gained deep insight into all the periods of history, had acquired a settled philosophy of the world, which enabled him to fix the goal with assurance, and, finally, had reached the highest stage of his art. Here and there he still lacked personal observation, it is true, as for example for the war in the fourth act of the Second Part. But that could be supplied from fancy, while for the reclamation of the swamp along the foot of the mountains Italy with its Maremme afforded him more than one real basis. Then since his poetic power, thanks to his rejuvenation in Italy, returned in its original freshness, he could now take up the work with good spirit.

And he did. His eye scanned the broad expanses still to be travelled with such clearness and certainty, and he felt so much strength for the undertaking, that in August, 1787, he expressed the hope that he should be able to finish *Faust* between New Year's and Easter of the following year. In the meantime *Tasso* was to be completed. But Rome continued to offer him too much for him to sit quietly at his writing table, and so, in spite of the best resolutions, *Faust* was put to one side. The only progress made was the addition of the "Witches' Kitchen" scene, which he wrote in the Borghese gardens, and a part of the scene "Forest and Cavern," beside sketching the outline of the Second Part. In June, 1788, he returned to Weimar. Relieved almost entirely of official duties, and uninterrupted by other distractions, he was now able to work industriously, and by June of the following year *Tasso* was finished. *Faust* was now the next work in turn, if for no other reason, because the poet had promised it for the seventh volume of the first collected edition of his works, and the publication of this volume was eagerly awaited. Judging by the poet's letters from Italy we should say that he must have been extremely eager to bring now to a close the work which had been so long delayed. But instead of that he gave up further work on *Faust* before he had even taken it up. He tells of his determination in a letter to Karl August of the 5th of July, 1789. Whence this surprisingly sudden change? In the month of June a deeply painful experience, his rupture with Frau von Stein, had cast a blight upon his desire for poetic creation. So, as it was unavoidably necessary for the seventh volume to be published, he contented himself with sending *Faust* out into the world as a *Fragment*. It appeared in 1790. It was more and less than he had brought with him to Weimar in 1775. The additions to the *Urfaust* were the two scenes finished in Italy, "Witches' Kitchen" and "Forest and Cavern," a few verses leading up to the "Student" scene, and the insertion in this scene of a few vigorous words on theology and jurisprudence, after it had been rid of the vulgar student jokes. These additions contributed little toward the artistic effect of the work and were by no means able to compensate for the loss which the *Fragment* suffered through the omission of other important portions. Goethe left out the monologue of Valentine, whose existence is nowhere mentioned in the *Fragment* of 1790, beside the scenes "Dreary Day—A Field," "Night—Open Field," and "Prison," so that even the Gretchen tragedy stood like the shaft of a pillar without a capital. He made these omissions because the monologue of Valentine was too isolated to suit him and because the "Prison" scene and "Dreary Day" were written in overpassionate, naturalistic prose. His newly formed idealistic views of art were of greater moment to him than the applause of the public. As is well known, he took a more moderate view of the subject in later years, and left at least the scene "Dreary Day" standing as in the old prose version.

The breaking out of the French revolution, observations during the campaign in France and the siege of Mainz, and the political fermentation in Germany were unable to restore his lamed poetical power to its pristine vigour. Then a lucky star brought Schiller to his side. Under his friend's electric touch the lameness vanished and the power of poetic creation was as great as ever. But another work which had also been begun a long time ago, *Wilhelm Meister*, and a second, *Hermann und Dorothea*, which was crowding him because of the events of the time, were the first to benefit by his desire to write. Not until June, 1796, was the way clear for *Faust*. Then the mood was wanting. It was no easy task to find the way from the bright, realistic light of *Wilhelm Meister* and *Hermann und Dorothea* to the metaphysical twilight of *Faust*. The transition became possible only when the chasm had been bridged over by the timely awakening of his inclination for ballad subjects.

The old familiar forms then came crowding in upon him out of the misty vapour and this time he had the courage to hold them fast. In the "Dedication," composed on the 24th of June, 1797, he says:

> Mein Buſen fühlt ſich jugendlich erſchüttert
> Vom Zauberhauch, der euren Zug umwittert.*

We now see him, even more than in Italy, in the full consciousness of his sovereignty over the gigantic masses of material still to be subdued. "The plan is enormous," said Wilhelm von Humboldt, when Schiller told him about it. On the 1st of July, 1797, Goethe himself made the astonishing statement, "If I only had now a quiet month at my disposal the work should shoot up like a great family of mushrooms out of the earth, to the wonder and terror of many." But the quiet month was less than ever a possibility. At that very time he was on the point of departing again for Italy. Even his memories of Italy, specially revived by the presence of his old artist friend in Rome, Hirt, destroyed his interest in *Faust*. And so we hear him confessing on the 5th of July, only four days later: "*Faust* has been put aside; the northern phantoms have been crowded back for a time by southern reminiscences." The Italian journey was given up, but his visit with Meyer on the Lake of Zurich, and his study of the treasures which his friend had brought home with him, had the same effect upon him as though he had been again in Italy and had lost himself there in contemplation of antique and Renaissance art. After his return home he took up *Faust* again immediately, but with what in view? "In order thereby to bid farewell to all northern barbarism." That was not a mood in which the work could grow rapidly. And during the next two years there was but one month (April, 1798) in which we find him busily at work, so that, in spite of Schiller's much urging, the poem made hardly any appreciable advance. Schiller began to despair. On the

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* Within my breast I feel a youthful bounding
Beneath the magic spell your train surrounding.

24th of March, 1800, he wrote to Cotta, "I fear that Goethe will let his *Faust* lie unfinished for ever."

Then, contrary to all expectations, the poet's turning to antique art paved the way for his return to *Faust*. Out of his renewed ardent love for antiquity he planned a great sequel to the *Iliad*, to which he gave the title *Achilleis*, and wrote a part of it in the years 1797–1799. *Achilleis* very naturally called his attention to Helena and there awoke in him the desire and courage to undertake that part of *Faust* in which the beautiful heroine was to be the central figure. That was in September, 1800. Once the way to *Faust* had been reopened, all the other parts of the drama profited at the same time. In November he took up the "Romantic Walpurgis Night," and even the serious illness from which he suffered in January, 1801, could not destroy his interest in *Faust*. On the contrary, after a narrow escape from death he diligently spun out the threads already begun, in some cases writing out in full what "had long lain before him in sketch and outline," among other things, we may assume, the "Walpurgis Night" and the greater part of the "gap," and then, as we may further assume, made use of his own approach "to the very border of the kingdom of the dead" (letter to Reichardt, February 5, 1801) for the representation of Faust's death. Between that time and the middle of April he succeeded in finishing the First Part as we know it, beside adding several fragments to the Second Part. Then heavy stones were rolled upon the poem: frequent illnesses and journeys to watering places, devotion to the editorial management of the *Jenaische Allgemeine Literaturzeitung*, and, above all, Schiller's death. The latter event, together with his own continued state of ill-health, discouraged him so completely that he gave up for the time being all thought of continuing the work, and in June, 1805, decided definitely to send it out again into the world as a fragment, though this time one consistent with itself.[38] The breaking out of the war strengthened his decision and at the same time postponed the appearance of the First Part till Easter, 1808.

The hindrances had meanwhile been removed. He had regained his health, the editorial management had been given up, and peace reigned in the land. The desire to write returned also, but *Faust* was not the work to be benefited. *Pandora* and *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* sprang up quickly, side by side, *Dichtung und Wahrheit* and *West-östlicher Divan* were brought into being, but *Faust* lay as though in a burial vault. Whence this strange phenomenon? Certainly *Faust* was the work of his life, the greatest and most characteristic of all, and its roots were intertwined with all the fibres of his being.

The reason is not hard to discover. In what was still to be done it was far more a question of giving corporeal form to ideas, to Goethian metaphysics and ethics, than of converting real experiences into symbols. If, as in *Die Wanderjahre*, it had been a question of a loose prose composition, it would have been possible to persuade him to finish it; and the task would have been easier for him, as the main outline of the whole work had long ago been sketched and written down. But with a poem of such high worth as *Faust*, the finished parts of which were so full of the warm blood of life, it seemed impossible for him to assume the rôle of a merely philosophising poet and bring to a close a definite theme according to a fixed programme. As he expressed himself in February, 1825, it was necessary, and was his desire to leave the elaboration to an involuntary impulse of which he could not say when he might feel it. The impulse failed to make itself felt, because the experiences which might have excited it were wanting. Not until the year 1824 did such an experience come to him.

Whereas the death of Schiller had buried the poem for a long time, the death of Byron called it back to life. Byron's life and writings had attracted Goethe's interest in an ever-increasing measure.[39] In the gifted Briton had appeared a younger Faust, who showed the same dissatisfaction, the same longing for the absolute and the unlimited, the same stormy assaults upon himself and the world, the same excess of enjoyment and striving, with all their consequences. In spite of these excesses Goethe did not fail to recognise the great, noble spirit which lived in the English poet. He sympathised with Byron's hard struggle with himself and began to love him, as one loves a highly gifted son, who at bottom is good, but errs and strays under the compulsion of an imperious nature, and of whom one hopes and knows that he will gradually work his way out of the enveloping darkness into purity, enlightenment, and repose, especially if love takes an interest in him. Since, on the other hand, Byron loved Goethe and admired him with his whole soul, and had expressed his feeling in the dedication of his *Werner*, which he had just published, the Weimar poet thought that it was time (it was the year 1823) for him to address to his youthful poet comrade, the only one of the young generation whom he considered his peer, a few cordial words, assuring him of the "inexhaustible admiration and love" which he himself and his people cherished for him. That was saying a great deal, and hardly without some pedagogical purpose. But the young poet's life had taken a turn which showed him worthy of the master's love and veneration. From the arms of his beloved and, one may say, from his poetry, from all the enjoyments of life, from spiritual and sensuous reveries, he had torn himself away in order to devote his whole strength, his property, and his life to the cause of Greek liberty. "Yet the highest thought has given thy pure courage proper weight." He had risen from enjoyment to unselfish action, just as the German poet had intended his Faust should do. But this beautiful rise was soon followed by the catastrophe. "Thou for glorious things hast striven, but to win was not thy fate." We should like to add that it was not his fate in the world of deeds. In the midst of the struggle to defend the fortified town of Missolonghi against the superior numbers of the Turks he was carried off by death, on the 19th of April, 1824.

Goethe was filled with deep mourning. A letter from Byron had aroused in him the hope that after the war was won he himself should be able to greet at his home in

Weimar "the most distinguished spirit, the happily won friend, and at the same time the most humane victor."* Now both for him and the world this brilliant star had set for ever. In June he wrote for Medwin's *Conversations with Lord Byron* a little essay, in which he set forth his relations to Byron and his position with reference to him. Otherwise he was rather silent during this year, as though he could not speak of the loss with the necessary composure. But the following year he spoke of it on all occasions; "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." On the 24th of February he had a long conversation with Eckermann about Byron. Several times a change of topics seemed to have been made, but each time Goethe came back to his hero. "He seemed inexhaustible on the subject of Byron," remarks Eckermann. The following day we see him sitting over *Faust* again, after a long, long intervening pause. The same thing had happened earlier now and then, but nothing had come of it. At most he merely made a "plan." This time it was different. The poem made progress, after a stagnation of more than twenty years. And at what point did he pick up the thread to spin it further? In the last act. From Faust's death he passed on to the burial and ascension. Plainly enough, while he was bearing Faust to the grave he was also bearing his English favourite to the tomb. This must have flowed from a warm heart.

After he had secured peace and heavenly bliss for the Briton in the picture of Faust he was able to turn his attention to the last days of his hero's life. These left a more profound trace on the growth of the other part, the *Helena*, which had been laid aside in 1801. Goethe had thought out more than one sketch for the close of this act. We know one version. Faust is married to Helena as in the finished drama. "From this union springs a son who, as soon as he comes into the world, begins to dance, sing, and rend the air with fencing strokes. . . . The ever-growing boy gives the mother much delight. He is allowed to do anything but cross a certain brook. One holiday he hears music on the other side and sees the country people and the soldiers dancing. He crosses the line, mingles among them, gets into a fight, wounds many people, but is finally slain by a consecrated sword."[40] This was a very good ending, to borrow Goethe's words. But what did it signify to him, especially Euphorion? It was a fancy picture that aroused no lively emotions in his soul. Then "time brought me this about Lord Byron and Missolonghi and I very gladly let everything else go" (to Eckermann, July 5, 1827).

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*Byron had made immediate use of his influential position to induce the Turks to adopt a more humane method of conducting war.

In Byron he could see two things: a Faust, the husband of Helena, defending the Peloponnesus, the country of his wife, against barbarism, and their common progeny, who was neither purely antique nor purely modern, but a most attractive mixture of the two, a peculiar new creation. He was a genuine son of Faust, but superior to him in desire for activity, was restless, high-aspiring, and never satisfied with his attainments. "Higher must I climb, and higher, broader still must be my view." With that the second part of the *Helena* received the warm lifeblood that it had hitherto lacked. During his further work the events of the war kept Goethe's eyes constantly fixed on the Peloponnesus, and by the aid of many works of travel he became so familiar with those southern valleys and chasms that he was as much at home in them as in his own native country, and could well fancy himself living in "Europe's southmost mountain range," as the husband of Helena and the lord of the land. On the 5th of April, in order to gain this familiarity with the landscape, he interrupted for several months the work which he had begun on the 14th of March. Then further postponements were caused by Karl August's jubilee and his own. In February of the following year (1826) he took up the work again, and continued at it uninterruptedly till the 6th of June, when he finished the *Helena* act. The touching elegiac tone was given to the last songs by the fall of Missolonghi, on the 22d of April, at which "all the peoples of western Europe were hushed, bleeding with the Greeks."

After announcing to Wilhelm von Humboldt and Sulpiz Boisserée the completion of the act he added: "It is one of my oldest conceptions. . . . I have continued to work at it from time to time, but the piece could be brought to a close only in the fulness of time, since its action now spans full three thousand years, from the fall of Troy to the capture of Missolonghi."

He gave the *Helena* to the public immediately, in the fourth volume of the last edition of his works, as *Helena, klassisch-romantische Phantasmagorie—Zwischenspiel zu Faust.* The volume was published at Easter, 1827.

The happy completion of the strange central piece of *Faust*, with its depth of thought and wealth of most artistic rhythms, transported him to a state of high exaltation. When he told Boisserée of his ecstasy he felt the necessity of explaining it: "Pardon me, dearest friend, if I seem exalted. But since God and his nature have let me enjoy myself for so many years, I know nothing better to do than to express my grateful recognition through youthful activity. I shall show myself worthy of the happiness bestowed on me so long as it shall be granted me, and I shall apply day and night to thought and work to make it possible."

This exaltation was extraordinarily advantageous for the further progress of the work. Whereas formerly Goethe had always needed an experience to lift his poetic conceptions from the depths of his soul where they rested, they were now carried up to the realm of creation by his enthusiasm, by his elation at the idea of the whole work, and the joyful anticipation of completing it. For the first time in his life he was able to command his poetry and did not need to wait like a somnambulist for the "involuntary impulse." Whether this be looked upon as a rising or a sinking, it was at all events an endless gain for *Faust*. To Goethe himself this new way of writing seemed very remarkable, and after he had completed the work he expressed himself in these words: "By a mysterious psychological turn, which deserves perhaps to be studied, I believe that I have risen to a method of writing that has produced during full consciousness things of which I myself still approve, though I may perhaps never again be able to swim in this river. Aristotle and other prosaists would ascribe it to a kind of insanity" (letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, December 1, 1831).

In the sunlight of this transport, with which clear reflection was peacefully combined, *Faust* matured as rapidly as possible in view of the poet's advanced age and other hindering circumstances. From now on it was characterised in his diary as "chief business," "chief work," or "chief purpose." Starting from the act *Helena*, he first worked back toward the beginning. Between March, 1827, and February, 1828, he wrote the introductory scenes of the second act and the larger part of the first. At Easter, 1828, he published what he had finished of the first act: Faust's regeneration, the appearance at court, the masquerade, and the beginning of the "Pleasure-Garden" scene. For the fourth time a piece of a piece. The prophecy of Karl August seemed fulfilled. But Goethe roguishly put himself under obligations to the public by the closing words, "To be continued." The autumn and early winter of the years 1828 and 1829 produced the scenes which lead up to the "Classical Walpurgis Night." This scene itself, with its fifteen hundred lines, was dashed off quickly between January and the end of June, 1830. All that now remained to be done to complete the mighty arch was the setting of the keystone, the fourth act. It threatened to fall out of the master workman's hands. In order to rest in his usual way the aged poet had turned his attention to other work for a few months. Then came the prostrating news of August's death, which was soon followed by the severe hemorrhage (November 26th). Hardly had he revived from it when he made the comforting note in his diary, under the date of December 2d, "At night thought of *Faust* and made some advance."

In the new year he made more lively progress, and under the 22nd of July, 1831, appears the significant remark "The chief business finished." Beside the fourth act he had at last mastered the hitherto refractory first scene of the fifth act, "Philemon and Baucis," and thus the whole great work was finished down to the last line.

One would think that, in order to satisfy the impatience of the public and the requests of his friends, and to enjoy during the remaining days of his life the applause of the best men of the time and those nearest him, of which he might have been certain, the poet would have published the new creation at once. Far from it. He had allowed the fragments to appear in print; the whole was sacred to him. The fault-finding, the misunderstanding, and a rude invasion of his sanctuary would have vexed him more than the applause would have pleased him. He declared that the day was too absurd and confused, and that he would not allow his work on the strange structure to be buried under the drifting sand of the hours (letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, March 17, 1832).

So he held back the work, preferring, as he had in early youth, to enjoy himself, in secret what he had created. But in order to guard against any possible temptation to take it to pieces, recast the parts, and weld it together anew, he sealed it up. This precautionary measure availed nothing. Ten weeks before his death he liberated the manuscript from its imprisonment in order to read it at least to his daughter-in-law. The result may be seen from an entry in his diary under the date of January 24, 1832: "New excitement over *Faust*, in consideration of a more extensive elaboration of the chief motives, which I had treated altogether too laconically in order to finish." "And if he had not died, . . ." we might say, with the fairy tale, in closing the history of the marvellous work.

More than six decades had worked at it. The Strasburg cathedral and the Sesenheim parsonage, the Frankfort attic room and the Wetzlar meadows, the Offenbach gardens and the Swiss Alps, the Villa Borghese and the

Sistine Chapel, the Weimar and Jena valleys and mountains, the Thuringian Forest, and a thousand other places and retreats, beside many of his dearest friends and many world-moving events, had witnessed its growth, either as on-lookers or assistants. Out of the old Roman Empire, which it had an opportunity to deride, it had grown into the new German Federation; it was old at the time of the first French revolution, and was not yet finished at the time of the second.

And thus in the end it was like those great mediæval cathedrals on which whole ages have toiled and moiled. Beginning as Romanesque structures, they were continued as Gothic, and their final ornamentations and additions were Renaissance and baroque. Their noble interior is here enveloped in the shades of dusk and there shines with magic brilliancy; and their dark winding stairs lead us up to high towers, where we see the bright light of day and our sight is lost in the endless distance.

Faust was an historical person, perhaps a Swabian from Kundling (Knittlingen) near Bretten, the home of Melanchthon, whose contemporary he was and who has left us the relatively most reliable account of him. He was a strange original, a combination of an arrant swindler and braggart on the one hand and a clever natural philosopher, such as Theophrastus Paracelsus or Agrippe von Nettesheim, on the other. His age believed in such conjurers and magicians and took great interest in them, so that forty or fifty years after his death the first Faust book, *Historia von D. Johann Fausten dem weitbeschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler*,[41] was printed by Johann Spies in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1587. Hardly had the folk-book been published when the material it contained was eagerly seized by a dramatist. The Englishman Marlowe, a forerunner of Shakespeare, wrote the first Faust tragedy in 1589. *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus*, as his drama is called, was the source and model of all later Faust dramas, was itself put on the popular stage in Germany in a great variety of forms, and there soon degenerated to a puppet play. It was in this latter form that Goethe first became acquainted with it.

What was it that made the figure of Doctor Faust appear to the Germans and to their cousins the English so interesting that they wove a cycle of legends about him and made him a popular hero of folk-books and dramas? As it was in the sixteenth century that Faust lived and was "widely decried," it is there that the motives of the tragedy must be sought.

The century was stirred and dominated by two mighty tendencies, the Renaissance and the Reformation. In the folk-book it is the relation to the religious movement of the century that stands in the foreground. Faust suggests Luther, and moreover he is said to have lived in Wittenberg. While there he had to do with the devil, but in the opposite sense from Luther. Luther warded off the devil in the Wartburg by throwing an inkstand at him, and would not have been afraid if the whole world had been full of devils, whereas Faust summoned the devil into his cell in order to enter into a compact with him. He fell into the devil's clutches, but Luther came off victorious. There is another contrast between the two characters. Faust was a magician. Such an antichristian magician had been encountered by the apostles Peter and John in the person of Simon Magus, of whom an account is given in the eighth chapter of *The Acts of the Apostles* The Christianity of the Middle Ages set up in opposition to this heathen, Neoplatonic magic the divine magic of the sacrament. Luther was more radical, and condemned all magic as diabolical. Whoever gave himself over to magic was lost; he fell into the power of the devil. Hence in the sixteenth century there was no salvation for Faust.

The other side began also to appear. It was a period of fermentations and upheavals, of mighty struggle and violent rebellion, and a gigantic wave of Storm and Stress swept through the world. Luther shows something of the movement, has something of the demonic in him. But he recognised certain bounds and confined his reason to the limits of the Bible, whereas others knew no bounds. They demanded full satisfaction for their reason through their reason; they desired to know everything, and in their impatient haste sought after a magic key that should unlock for them the interior of nature. Such a man is Faust. Even in the oldest folk-book he appears as a representative of this thirst for knowledge, where it is said of him: "He took unto himself the wings of an eagle and resolved to search into all the deep things of heaven and earth." He desired of the devil an explanation of theological matters and of the things of natural science. The *doctor theologiæ* became a *doctor medicinæ et rerum naturalium*, an astrologer and an astronomer, a mathematician and a natural philosopher. It is an example of that revolt and separation from theology and the Church, that knowledge of the world, which soon became as fatal to Lutheranism as to the mediæval Church. One need but think of Hutten and Reuchlin, of Copernicus and Kepler, of Giordano Bruno and Campanella, remembering at the same time that America was discovered in the period of the Renaissance. With the struggle for knowledge was combined a mysticism which desired not only to enter into a direct religious union with God, but also, with its regained enjoyment of nature, to penetrate philosophically the interior of nature and comprehend her from within. This mysticism was closely related to magic, from which in its impatience it expected and sought help. Along with this we find early, particularly in Marlowe, a longing for power, the desire to know how to do everything. As we know, Bacon, the English philosopher of the Renaissance, considered knowledge power. To this desire to know all things and to be able to do all things was added the third, to enjoy all things, or, as the Faust book puts it, "to lead an Epicurean life."

The desire for knowledge, the desire for power, and the desire to live absolutely free from restraint were, then, the three great tendencies of the sixteenth century. A further element of importance in the folk-book is the fact that

Faust conjures up the shades of Alexander the Great and Helena, the representatives of the Greek world. They are called back to life from the oblivion of death, just as at that time the beautiful statues of the Greek gods, which had been drawn forth from their hiding-places under the ground, were celebrating a true resurrection. Thus the calling back to life of classical antiquity, and the longing for beauty which it enkindled in the breasts of men who had outgrown the Middle Ages, became intimately connected with the desire of the period for knowledge and true life. All these tendencies and motives were incorporated in the legend of Doctor Faust.

Between that period and the period of Goethe's youth there is a striking similarity. Goethe's early manhood was also a time of fermentation, full of Titanic defiance and Promethean impatience, full of impulse toward self-power and self-glory, filled with the desire to live and a yearning for nature, except that in the place of knowledge of nature we find feeling for nature, combining the sense of Rousseau with the ideas of Spinoza. This period also drew nearer and nearer, step by step, to classical education until, in neo-humanism, it attained a higher and fuller grasp of the classical ideal.

Hence in the eighteenth century it was possible for the old Faust legend to arouse new interest and exert a new attraction, and at the same time to become a vessel in which the movements of the age could be gathered and given plastic form. After Lessing, Goethe laid hold upon the material, almost by inward necessity, for he was the greatest son of his century and the boldest champion of the new Storm and Stress. But the age was different from that in which Faust had lived and become the hero of the legend and the drama; hence the tragedy of *Faust* had to be different. And above all we must not forget that Goethe did not finish it in the eighteenth century, but that when he put the last hand to it the nineteenth century was already far advanced. In these two facts, one might almost say, lies the whole problem of Goethe's *Faust*, which is now to engage our attention. This brings us back again to the history of the composition and reminds us that *Faust* appeared in public in three different stages—the first time in 1790, as a *Fragment* among the poet's collected writings; the second time in 1808, the First Part as we have it to-day; finally, in 1832, after Goethe's death, the whole drama in its finished form, including both the First Part and the larger Second Part. We shall base our presentation on this historical order, taking up first the *Fragment* of 1790.

It consisted of the following sixteen scenes: (1) Faust's monologue, his conjuring up of the Earth-Spirit, and his conversation with his famulus Wagner. Then, after a great "gap," (2) Faust and Mephistopheles, beginning, as it were, in the middle of a sentence, with the words, "And all that to humanity is portioned will I within mine own heart learn to know," and followed by the "Student" scene. (3) Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsic. (4) The Witches' Kitchen. (5) Street—Faust—Margaret passing by—Mephistopheles. (6) In Margaret's Chamber. (7) Promenade—Faust and Mephistopheles. (8) The Neighbour's House. (9) Street—Faust and Mephistopheles. (10) Garden and Garden-Arbour. (11) Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel. (12) Martha's Garden—Faust's Confession of Faith. (13) At the Fountain. (14) Forest and Cavern. (15) Zwinger—"Incline, O Maiden, thou sorrow-laden," etc. (16) Cathedral—Margaret and the Evil Spirit. With this the *Fragment* closes, whereas the *Urfaust* had carried the Gretchen tragedy through the Prison scene—but in prose—to the end.

As in the case of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, Goethe's drama begins with a long monologue by Faust. It contains the exposition and represents Faust in the situation and mood which lead him to advance to the unusual and the superhuman, and which give us a clue to the understanding of the whole tragic element of his life. Even in the oldest versions of the legend we have found various motives for Faust's giving himself to the devil: longing for knowledge, the desire to know all things, and the longing for life, the desire to be able to do all things, to have all things, and to enjoy all things. The first thing mentioned in Goethe's drama is the desire for knowledge. Faust is full of all knowledge and all wisdom. He has acquired all the learning of all the schools, is cleverer than all the fops, and is tormented neither by scruples nor by doubts. But his knowledge has not satisfied him, has not made him happy. Therefore he has applied himself to magic in the hope that through the power and voice of spirits many a secret may be revealed to him, that he may recognise what binds the world together in its inmost parts, may explore all productive powers and embryos and no longer deal in empty words. So speaks the learned man. It is the impatience of the scholar who would like to brush aside all mediateness of knowledge and force his way directly into the deepest secrets of the world. He desires to behold objectively, just as Goethe himself was a man of objective thought. Magic serves as an expression and a symbol for this. But there is also a third element, longing to exert an influence—"I do not pretend I could be a teacher To help or convert a fellow-creature"—and dissatisfaction with his whole outward existence—"Then, too, I 've neither lands nor gold, Nor the world's least pomp or honour hold." This is followed immediately by the angry ejaculation, "No dog would endure such a cursed existence!" Bitterness and sullen anger, joylessness, solitariness, and emptiness are the emotions that fill the breast of this learned and esteemed university professor.

Then suddenly a different and a fuller tone, beginning with the words, "O full-orbed moon, would that thy glow For the last time beheld my woe!" No more solitariness and emptiness; there is a note of longing, approaching hope; there is a strain of tenderness, bordering on sentimentality and reminding one of Ossian and Werther. The source of his dissatisfaction is now different. He no longer desires to know everything—it is the unnaturalness of his life as a scholar, of his whole existence in fact, that is the burden of his lamentation. What I know does not satisfy me, said Faust the learned man: Knowledge and investigation alone do not satisfy me, says this Faust. Hence even outwardly the tone and style are different. Whereas before he was angry and sullen, and his words were brief, dry, and spiritless, he now glows with passion, and his language becomes tender, poetical, and elegiac; or, to express it philosophically, before everything was negative, now all is positive.

And so we now have a new motive for his determination to devote himself to magic. With him it is no longer a question, or at least only in a slight degree, of adding to and broadening his knowledge; he feels more like saying, Away with all knowledge and investigation! For knowledge is mere words, is smoke and mould, skeletons of brutes and dead men's bones. What he now seeks, on the contrary, is bliss, is young and sacred happiness of life, is courage and strength, daring and bearing, is satisfaction of soul and feeling, of nerve and vein, of heart and breast: is, in a word, life—not knowledge alone, but feeling as well, feeling with heart and soul; not knowledge alone, but also will and action, enjoyment and deeds. Then away with the unnaturalness of the one-sided life of a scholar! Nature, nature! cries this Faust, who would fain be a man, a full and complete man.

The presence of these two moods, two motives, and two styles, has been unfavourably criticised, but the criticism is entirely wrong.[42] The moment that Faust the scholar suffers shipwreck, Faust the man begins to speak. The angry, bitter mood of the first lines is followed by the tender, glowing, longing mood, which is fundamental; and, whereas the former is expressed in a few brief words, the latter gives rise to a broad stream of words bearing a wealth of inspired poetic imagery. The scholar is conscious of but one impulse, but in Faust two souls have dwelt from the beginning. Was it different with Goethe? The professor becomes a man. Is that inconceivable? Besides, there is another more general element. The Faust who, out of desire for knowledge, devotes himself to magic is first of all a son of the sixteenth century. The one soul in Goethe is thoroughly in sympathy with him. The Faust who desires and seeks fulness of life is at the same time the Faust of the eighteenth century, with his Werther mood and his Rousseauian longing for nature. Goethe's nature is entirely at one with his. The former Faust, then, is but the springboard by the help of which Goethe mounts to the height of the latter, in order to get from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, from Faust and the world of the Renaissance to his own self and his world of Storm and Stress. Hence the monologue is thoroughly harmonious, even though the first mood be followed by a seemingly conflicting one. Instead of being mutually exclusive, they are essential to each other; the one furnishes the motive for the other and supplements and explains it, and in what might be termed mysticism they find the bond which binds them into a unity in the breast of a man.

Now let us consider Faust's execution of his determination to devote himself to magic. First the sign of the macrocosm, the All, the Whole, with its three parts, the divine, the stellar world, and the sublunar region of our planet, the sign of creative nature, the *natura naturans* of Spinoza, "Where each the Whole its substance gives, Each in the other works and lives, And powers celestial, rising and descending, From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing, Through the All their chimes melodious ringing." "But alas! 't is but a spectacle!" Why? "Am I a God?" he asked himself at first, when he saw this sight. As he later discovers, this Whole is, in reality, made only for a God. By man it is to be grasped only in the picture and sign, as a spectacle; for him it is only a matter of contemplation, at best satisfying for one who could be content with knowledge and find peace in it. The scholar Faust might perhaps have been satisfied with it, for the man aroused in him it is no longer possible.

So he turns away angrily and opens the book at the sign of the Earth-Spirit. "Thou, Spirit of the Earth, to me art nearer!" In order to understand this transition from the macrocosm to the Earth-Spirit let us bear in mind the lines of *Grenzen der Menschheit*, written somewhat later:

> Denn mit Göttern
> Soll ſich nicht meſſen
> Irgend ein Menſch.
> Hebt er ſich aufwärts
> Und berührt
> Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
> Nirgends haften dann
> Die unſichern Sohlen,
> Und mit ihm ſpielen
> Wolken und Winde.
>
> Steht er mit feſten,
> Markigen Knochen
> Auf der wohlgegründeten
> Dauernden Erde,
> Reicht er nicht auf,
> Nur mit der Eiche
> Oder der Rebe
> Sich zu vergleichen. *

The poem ends with a tone of resignation, but Faust does not resign himself. "Thou must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!" he cries out with Titanic courage and Promethean boldness. And the Earth-Spirit appears to him. Not the All, not the Whole, not heaven and not hell, not a beyond above or below, but the earth, the enduring, firm-standing earth is the place where Faust seeks and hopes to find satisfaction. This is the through and through earth-centred spirit of modern man; it is the Spinozistic standpoint of the immanence of God, which Goethe about that time assumed for the rest of his life. For the earth is also God's. This spirit is first of all the personified epitome of the life of nature, the force of nature and life upon this earth, including human nature and its sensuous side. But since it says of itself that even "in the storm of deeds" it works and labours at the humming loom of time, and since Goethe calls it the "genius of the world and action," there is something still higher involved in it. Human life, history, the world of deeds and actions, with their storms and passions, belong to its realm. In Faust's heart a longing for action is combined with his longing for nature, and both are embodied in the Earth-Spirit, but for a time the longing for nature occupies the foreground.

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* For with immortals
Mortal should never
Measure his strength.
If he, aspiring,
Rise to such height
That his crown touch the stars,
His soles unsteady
Have nowhere to stand,
And he is the sport
Of clouds and winds.

If he with sturdy,
Sinewy frame
Tread the enduring,
Firm-standing earth,
He will not venture
E'en with the oak
Or with the vine
Himself to compare.

The whole of nature, the whole of human life, appears in bodily form before Faust, and the latter exclaims: "Woe's me! I cannot bear thee." Yet it is only for a moment that this *Übermensch* is a prey to pitiful fear. He quickly collects himself and exclaims, "'T is I, 't is Faust, who am thine equal!" But he is hurled from this proud height by the answer of the Spirit, "Thou 'rt like the spirit thou dost comprehend, not me!" "Not thee? Whom then?" we ask with Faust. Can it be that the man who has his feet solidly planted on the enduring, firm-standing earth is not like the Earth-Spirit? Why should he not be? If he is not like this Spirit, what does he resemble? Certainly he, the son of earth, is like the Spirit of the Earth. And yet he is not the Spirit's equal; for he is only a part, whereas the Spirit is a whole; he is small, whereas the Spirit is great; he is limited, whereas the Spirit is comparatively unlimited. Here we find in Faust both the guilt and the tragedy of the finite—guilt, in that man desires to be an *Übermensch* and presumes to be the equal of the infinite; tragedy, in that he must recognise that he is not the whole and not infinite. Faust has drawn the Earth-Spirit with mighty force, because his striving toward the whole is natural and justified, but he fails to comprehend the Spirit because he himself is finite. With the recognition of this fact, with this answer, this annihilation of his highest hopes and desires, the apparition of the Earth-Spirit comes to an end and the famulus Wagner enters.

Just the opposite of Faust, a dry bookworm and pedant, really conscious of but one impulse, eager to know everything—but for what purpose!—a Philistine of education, a prosaic, spiritless apostle of enlightenment after the style of Nicolai, insipid, vain, and empty, and yet, in his reverence for Faust, his complete self-satisfaction, and intellectual assurance, he is harmless and naïve, a comic figure by the side of the tragic hero. Hence at the present moment it is entirely in place for Faust, in the conversation with him, to oppose heart and feeling to empty knowledge, the living to the dead, the natural to the artificial. But, much as he may be in the right, Faust here becomes bitter and pessimistic again, as in his first monologue, and appears more hopeless than before. He speaks harshly, especially concerning history. To him it is an offal-barrel and a lumber-garret, and men are always the same; the few who have revealed their true thoughts and feelings have always been crucified or burned at the stake. Schopenhauer later expressed approximately the same opinion of history, and if we think further of Nietzsche's antagonism to the historical tendency of our day, we see how creative minds must indeed feel something like a hindrance or fetters in the "critical endeavour" of the historian to go back to the sources. It is in this sense that Goethe's aversion for history is to be explained.

With this the first scene comes to a close. In the *Fragment* of 1790 we next find Faust in conversation with

Mephistopheles. Who is this Mephistopheles and whence does he come? He is the devil, for he tells us so himself, in this very first scene in which he appears. And it is so simple, too. Nothing was gained by communion with the Earth-Spirit; that attempt came to a tragic end. In his despair and the pessimistic embitterment resulting from it Faust conjured up the devil and gave himself up to him.

Here we come upon difficulties. Before Wagner's entrance we heard Faust utter things that cannot be harmonised with such an act of despair. "My fairest fortune brought to naught! Oh, that this moment vision-fraught The grovelling pedant should disturb!" "My fairest fortune." What does this mean in the mouth of a man who is broken-spirited, humble, and full of despair? We must consider it in connection with the fourteenth scene of the *Fragment*, the one entitled "Forest and Cavern." "Exalted spirit, thou hast heard my prayer and granted all. 'T was not in vain that in the fire thou turn'dst thy face to me," Faust there says of the appearance of the Earth-Spirit; and he continues in the same tone. But then he adds, "With this ecstasy, which brings me near and nearer to the gods, thou gav'st this comrade." Here, too, he speaks of his great happiness, adding the new fact that the Spirit has given him Mephistopheles, who, therefore, is not the devil, but a messenger, an emissary of the Earth-Spirit.[43] And so the attempt has been made to establish the view that in all the old part of the drama, excepting at most the "Witches' Kitchen," Mephistopheles is an earthly demon, one of those elflike elementary spirits, such as the Earth-Spirit has at its disposal, but not a spirit of hell and evil, not the devil in whom the popular myth believes or whom a higher conception takes as a symbol. But this interpretation, in spite of its acceptance by many, is untenable, if for no other reason, because of the legend, in which the compact with the devil is from the very beginning absolutely indispensable, is in fact the essential feature. Even in Goethe's drama there are a number of passages which speak against it, and they are found, too, in the oldest version, the *Urfaust*, in the "Student" scene, in "Auerbach's Cellar," and in the Gretchen tragedy, where we read explicitly of the devil and of hell. The only scene which apparently represents a different view is the one in prose entitled "Dismal Day—A field." There it really sounds as though Mephistopheles were an emissary of the Earth-Spirit. But even if Goethe may have had this view at one time in the early stage of the composition—and even here a different interpretation is possible—he certainly discarded it shortly afterward. However, that fourteenth scene, "Forest and Cavern," at least the first part of it, cannot be made to harmonise with our conception of the diabolical nature of Mephistopheles.

Goethe composed the scene in Italy, and on the 1st of March, 1788, he wrote: "It was a full week, which stands out in my memory like a month. First the plan of *Faust* was made, and I hope I have been successful in this operation. Of course writing the piece out now is a different thing from what it would have been fifteen years ago. I think it will lose nothing thereby, especially as I believe I have now found the thread again." He believes he has found the thread again, and in the "Witches' Kitchen," which was also written in Italy, he really did find it. But not in this soliloquy. Here a foreign element enters in. One can see it even in the majestic style of the unrhymed iambics and in the conception of nature with which Goethe first became familiar on his Italian journey. So Mephistopheles does not appear the same in this scene as elsewhere; he is here really the emissary of the Earth-Spirit. Furthermore we are told that in Italy the Earth-Spirit gave Goethe everything for which he prayed, whereas to Faust it did not give everything—did not give him, in fact, the very thing for which he had prayed. Finally, that this scene, with its classical colouring, is a foreign element in the Northern composition of *Faust* is shown clearly by the fact that, having no true resting-place, it had to wander about. In the *Fragment* of 1790 it came after the scene "At the Fountain." According to this arrangement Gretchen has already fallen. With what purpose then is Mephistopheles made to urge Faust to return to her in the second part of the scene? In the edition of 1808, on the other hand, the scene is thought of as occurring at the same time as Gretchen's song "At the Spinning Wheel," that is, before her seduction and fall. It fits better there, but only in part; and so the scene, above all the soliloquy with which it begins, is both in language and in content a foreign element that can nowhere find its true resting-place.

After all do not the words of Faust at the entrance of Wagner, after his disappointment with the Earth-Spirit, justify the other interpretation? They would, if the words had been the same originally. But in the *Urfaust* we read: "I'm low and lower brought to naught! Oh, that this moment vision-fraught The humdrum dreamer must disturb!" The "moment vision-fraught" is retained. That fits the facts. But the "fairest fortune," and with it the stumbling-block, has vanished. Faust is annihilated by the plenitude of visions, and instead of his having an opportunity to recover himself Wagner comes and completes his annihilation by reminding him of his intolerable existence and forcing him back to the complete emptiness of the commonplace life of the scholar. Thus the old plan of the poem remains, and with it the old interpretation of Mephistopheles. Faust's union with the Earth-Spirit has failed. In his despair on account of it he gives himself to the devil, who steps up to his side as Mephistopheles. The scene, on the other hand, in which Faust boasts of the gifts of the Earth-Spirit, and characterises Mephistopheles as a messenger and emissary of this Spirit, is out of harmony with that plan. The monologue, beginning "Exalted Spirit," is an expression of Goethe's satisfied feeling in Italy, but is out of place in *Faust*.

So Mephistopheles is the devil. True, he is not the devil of the folk-book, and not at all the devil of the sixteenth century. In the *Fragment* he does not yet define himself and the Lord does not yet characterise him as the wag whom he finds least troublesome of all the spirits that deny. As a matter of fact, however, he is such a wag in the *Fragment*, a wag indeed in a twofold sense. He plays with himself, speaks ironically of himself, and he has humour. What Goethe gained thereby is clear. At a time when men no longer believed in the devil of the sixteenth century the shrewd, enlightened devil must no longer believe in himself. But what Goethe lost in reality he gained in depth of symbolism, in significance and importance. He enhanced also his art as a poet. The devil jokes himself out of existence and yet he stands before us. Such a devil we can endure. In the second place the uncanny atmosphere of hell is removed, or is at least perceptible only to divining spirits, and we have instead a comfortable atmosphere of humour, which makes it possible for us to understand how Faust can endure the society of his uncanny comrade. The fact that the devil is humorous is also a gain for Faust. Finally Goethe's whole optimism lies therein, closely related to which are his natural gentleness, that later became Olympic repose, and his pantheistic, Spinozistic view of the world *sub specie æternitatis*, which sees things from a standpoint above good and evil. This conception of the evil one certainly has its justification, especially if the other darker and deeper point of view is not wanting; and that this is not wanting is soon made certain by the Gretchen tragedy.

Goethe later makes Mephistopheles say of himself that he is "A part o' that power, but little understood, Which e'er designs the bad and e'er creates the good." He does not say that in the *Fragment*, but it is true of him, as is shown by his influence on Faust. He tries to lead Faust to ruin, and yet the result of his endeavours is something entirely different. In a word, we may characterise his influence as pedagogical. Mephistopheles, with his clear, brilliant understanding, becomes Faust's tutor. What does he say to him in their very first conversation? Truths, and nothing else, introducing his statements with "Oh, believe me." To be sure, he would like to draw down this lofty spirit from his ideal height, from his striving toward the absolute, would like to turn him away from his original source; and so to Faust, the visionary and idealist, full of illusions, he opposes with inexorable logic the real world in all its nakedness and reality, without illusions; to his lofty aspiration to the absolute, the bounds and limitations of such striving; to his mind fixed on the highest things, the whole lowness and commonness of life, and to his supersensuous spirit the degrading power of sensuousness. "Understanding against reason," says Schiller aptly, in his Kantian language. The effect may be, though it is not necessarily, different from what he desires and expects. Faust is cured of his unsound idealism; he recognises that the real side has also its just rights, and hence gives up his too lofty aims; and he gradually becomes reconciled to the bounds and limitations which have been set for finite man. In this connection Goethe was doubtless thinking of Herder and Merck and their influence on him. They must often have seemed to him devilish, when they jeered at his ambitions and ruthlessly broke his idols over his head. And yet they were right. Thus false, devilish realism may become for Faust a school of sound, true realism.

A student enters and gives Mephistopheles, masked as Faust, an opportunity for that delicious bit of persiflage at the four faculties and the whole system of university instruction of the time. This scene furnishes a supplementary, detailed justification of Faust's disgust at philosophy, jurisprudence, medicine, and alas! also theology. His scoffing at *collegium logicum* and his mockery at metaphysics, unfortunately very superficial; his revolutionary, Rousseauesque distinction between statute laws and natural rights, the latter of which, alas! are never considered; his thoughtful words concerning the hidden poison of theology, and his frivolous prattle about the spirit of medicine, are so enjoyable that we are glad to miss in the *Fragment* the student-jokes about board and lodging at Frau Sprizbierlein's, which had found their way into the *Urfaust* from vivid memories of Leipsic. This scene took the place of a great disputation which Goethe had originally planned and during which Faust was doubtless to say things which could not fail to bring him, the freethinker, into conflict with the orthodox pedants of the university, so that he would have felt forced to leave his office and the city.[44] At any rate it affords an explanation of the first appearance of Mephistopheles in the form of a travelling scholar.

And now up! and out into the wide world! or, with less pathos, "Then quick, from all reflection free, Come, plunge into the world with me!" "The little world and then the great we 'll see." First the little world, or as Mephistopheles formulates it to himself, "Him will I drag through revels gay, His lust with vapid trifles feed." Vapid and trifling, indeed, are the merry fellows in Auerbach's Cellar, and we feel certain that Faust can take no pleasure in their society. And yet for the university professor, leaving his position behind for the pleasures of life, the most natural thing to do first is to see what he may find in students' merriment. The scene is depicted in the spirit of the old Faust legend. The causing of different wines to flow is a magic trick which in the *Urfaust* is not performed by Mephistopheles, but by Faust, so that there at least Faust is not condemned to complete passivity.

Then follows the "Witches' Kitchen." This scene, as we have already heard, was composed by Goethe in Rome, in 1788. It is remarkable how surely he was able to strike the Northern, barbaric tone in the midst of the classic world of Italy, and at the moment when he was recasting *Iphigenie* into iambic pentameters beautifully modelled after the classic style. And yet on the other hand it is natural. His wild revelries in Weimar and his whole Storm-and-Stress period lie behind him and must seem to him, here in Italy, especially wild and senseless. At the same time we notice here the beginning of a tendency which was to become more and more detrimental to the drama as time went on, namely, the inclination to weave into the poem all sorts of literary, political, and dogmatic allusions, the number of which in this scene was still further increased in the later version.

But what is the purpose, in the midst of the drama, of all this hocus-pocus? Faust is to be rejuvenated by means of the witch's magic potion; the filthy mess is to take thirty years from his body. Is that necessary? The Faust who in the monologue looks up so longingly at the moon, and strives after nature with such ardent desire, has a young heart and youthful senses. Study makes one prematurely old, but we are now no longer dealing with this over-educated man; we have to do with the human being, the youth, the man, who is to open his heart to sensuous love for woman, with all its power and passion, and this is symbolised by his visit to the Witches' Kitchen. "Is 't possible? Hath woman such charms?" he asks, accordingly, as he stands before the picture in the magic mirror. So it is woman, not Gretchen or Helena, but the Eternal-Womanly, that appears to him here, though at present only in a form that charms the senses, allures, and seduces. The devil thinks that he will catch him with this lure, but perhaps woman—first Gretchen, then Helena—will serve to free Faust from the devil and thus to prepare the way for the Eternal-Womanly in that higher sense according to which it is to draw him upward and redeem him. In that case Mephistopheles is already the power which e'er designs the bad and yet perhaps creates the good—is already the deceived devil.

And now the Gretchen tragedy, a new variation of the favourite Storm-and-Stress theme of "the infanticide." But what has Goethe made of it? These Gretchen scenes, taken together, form probably the greatest masterpiece of poetry ever written. Infinite in their beauty and tenderness, they are at the same time so profoundly tragical that all the woes of mankind appear in the most narrow limits of the life of a girl of the common people.

First Faust's senses are inflamed at the sight of Gretchen. In the *Urfaust* we read, "A wondrous pretty maid is she, And something she 's inflamed in me." Hardly has he seen her when he says to Mephistopheles, "Hear! Thou must the girl for me procure." The potion has had its effect;

he speaks like Jack Profligate, speaks almost like a Frenchman. Mephistopheles leads him to her chamber, into the atmosphere in which she moves, in order to arouse his appetite still more. But how differently Faust is affected by the scene! How ashamed he is of his sensuous desire, how vile he seems to himself in this earthly sanctuary of innocence and purity! Yet it is just as natural that his determination, expressed in the words "Away! I 'll ne'er return again," should be sacrificed to his stronger sensuous impulse, especially as it is soon supported by the deeper feeling of love, which begins to spring up in his heart.

To Gretchen, the divining angel, after her return home, the air of her room feels sultry and close. As though prophesying her own future, she sings *Der König in Thule*, that ballad of fidelity and parting. Then she finds the casket. "What the dickens is in this thing?" exclaims the child of the common people, and she cannot take her eyes off its contents, for "Gold all doth lure, And gold procure All gladly! Alas, we poor!" A good deal of the social problem, with all its terrible, world-stirring consequences, is crowded into these few words, and they affect us immediately and deeply, though it is not obvious that such is their purpose. Even the Church is powerless here. "Just think, the gems for Gretchen got, they say, A priest hath slyly snatched away!" But she "the jewels day and night thinks o'er, On him who brought them dwells still more."

And now the two go-betweens, the devil and Frau Martha, the latter almost more diabolical than the former. We are astonished that Gretchen should make a confidante of this woman. She very soon sees through Mephistopheles; why not Frau Martha? "Alas, we poor!" again explains everything. The poor have not the liberty to choose whom they will for their friends. In this sharply defined circle the relation between Gretchen and Martha is that of neighbours. In contrast to the exacting, bigoted mother, Martha is indulgent and friendly, and as Gretchen is accustomed to the go-between neighbour's face she accepts her friendliness as genuine, without a sign of mistrust.

The first meeting in the garden is arranged; but apparently there is an obstacle in the way. Faust is expected to testify that Frau Martha's husband's remains repose in holy ground in Padua, and yet he knows nothing about it. So he is expected to swear falsely. Although his objections to such an act are soon overcome, it is apparent even at this early stage that Mephistopheles has made a mistake in his reckoning with regard to Faust. "Liar, sophist," Faust calls him, as though, apart from this, he were not ready at any moment to swear falsely of his "eternal truth and love, That power unique, all other powers above." Faust assures Mephistopheles, however, that the vow will really come from his heart. "If passion sways me, And I the glow wherewith I burn Call quenchless, endless, yea, eterne, Is that a devilish, lying game?" Mephistopheles is right, to be sure; Faust's purpose is deception and seduction. And yet Faust is also right. Love is eternal; not in the common sense of temporal endlessness, but in the much higher sense that here the common, the sensuous, the finite is raised above its limitations, is ennobled, spiritualised, idealised to the qualitatively infinite, that in the idealism of true love the realism of sensuousness does not in the end prevail; and against these illusions Mephistopheles is powerless.

The next scene is the promenade of the two pairs in the garden. The picture of Gretchen is charming in every line and feature: in her naïve simplicity, her sweet innocence, her confiding humility, in the description of her little joys and sorrows and of her simple performance of the duties of her narrow existence, and, finally, in her playful plucking off of the leaves of the star flower in her new budding love. And then on the following day her longing for her beloved, as she sits at the spinning wheel. The flower of love is full-blown. One may justly say that her words are too high-sounding in the mouth of a "poor, ignorant child," but who would desire to have a single one of them changed?

In the next scene we find her again with Faust. Troubled about the salvation of her beloved's soul, she asks, "How is 't with thy religion, pray?" and Faust declares his confession of faith, which even externally is a masterpiece, conceived in the highly poetic style of *Ganymed*, *Grenzen der Menschheit*, and *Das Göttliche*. It is an inimitably beautiful clothing of philosophic thought in questions full of spiritual intuition and feeling. Like Schiller's philosophic poems, it is crowded with ideas, yet is purest poetry. The thought-content is the confession of faith of a pantheist, which Goethe, as we know, always was. And this pantheism is nature-pantheism and nature-mysticism, not as philosophy, but as real religion. "Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God! Feeling is all in all." Heart and Love, it well may be; but how does it come, then, that a man so full of heart and full of love can endure the society of a Mephistopheles, when it is so clear that naught on earth his sympathy can draw, that to his heart no soul is dear? Herein lies the difference between Gretchen and Faust. She is really all heart and love, whereas in his breast two souls dwell. He has the egoistic, scoffing companion at his side because he himself is not all heart, not all pure, eternal love, because as a man he is at once feeling and understanding.

Is there any indication of this lack in the confession of faith itself? Yes and no. This pantheistic confession is Goethe's own creed. Then he certainly did not intend to represent it as in any way imperfect or condemnable. And yet it is not a mere accident that immediately after it the seduction is attempted and accomplished. Psychologically the observation is perfectly correct that such moments of spiritual exaltation, especially if they are so largely a product of feeling, are followed by a relapse into sensuousness, and the supersensuous wooer very quickly becomes a sensuous lover. Religious mysticism is particularly often endangered by this lapse into sensuousness.

There is one thing more. "Thou hast no Christianity," says Gretchen. In these words she points out a gap in Faust's creed. She misses in it the dogmatic side of

Christianity. We may translate her words into our own language and say that Faust's emotional pantheism lacks moral force and energy, moral self-discipline, the recognition of the moral law and its sacredness. The fault does not lie in pantheism as such, but in the element of nature in this particular pantheism—in the fact that it is merely a matter of the feelings, a mere nature-pantheism, and not an ethical pantheism; that belief in love-bestowing nature does not imply belief in a moral constitution of the world. This explains Faust's weak moral surrender, the victory of his natural impulses, the sensuous element in his love. The danger of such revelling in natural impulses Goethe doubtless knew from experience, and in his own life he opposed to it more and more as the years went by the hard command of moral resignation. At the present moment Faust has no conception of resignation; hence the Gretchen drama develops into a horrible tragedy.

Just here lies another difference between Faust and Gretchen, a difference of education. To this is due the fact that from the beginning there was no thought of a permanent relation between the two. That the end would be despair Faust well knew, and he knew, too, that there must be an end. Gretchen, on the other hand, simply believed and gave herself to him. She, too, has that natural side; she is a child of nature and is at the same time all love and all belief; wherefore downfall is for her entirely natural, a natural necessity. She must give herself, for her beloved is her world. To be sure, this involves guilt, which is avenged cruelly enough; but the more guilty of the two is Faust. Gretchen is both guilty and innocent; she is a blind victim.

The devil has his "delight" in the whole affair. His sneering announcement of the fact is extremely painful to us, who are appalled at the course things are taking. We foresee what is coming, especially after Gretchen, in her ignorance and blissful confidence, has accepted from Faust a sleeping potion for her mother.

Gretchen has fallen, and in what Lieschen says of

Bärbelchen at the fountain she now sees the judgment of the world pronounced upon herself. It is the judgment of morals on the rights which passion and heart believe they may take in defiance of the world. Even now Gretchen recognises this judgment as just when applied to herself: "And now I, too, am stained with sin."

We have already spoken of the fourteenth scene, "Forest and Cavern." In the monologue we find again the nature-pantheism of the confession of faith, expressed in language full of force and beauty, and with its thought-content deepened by the view of nature acquired by Goethe in Italy. The second part of the scene, in which Mephistopheles, as a go-between, calls Faust back to his forsaken Gretchen, who stands at the window and sees the clouds float over the old city wall—and we see them with her—is out of place here, although the outburst of wild remorse at the close is in place here and here alone. Hence Goethe only half improved matters when he later made the scene parallel with Gretchen's song at the spinning wheel.

Gretchen goes with her trouble to the mater dolorosa in the Zwinger and begs her help in this time of need. The scene in the cathedral, which the *Urfaust* characterises more specifically as the exequies of her mother, closes the *Fragment*. We learn here that the mother has been killed by Gretchen, but do not learn in what way the deed was done. In any case it was not done intentionally; it was merely a fatal accident, due to the awkwardness of the girl. And yet she was to blame for the sinful deed. The hellish pangs of remorse are embodied in the voice of the evil spirit, and so she sinks in a swoon. "Neighbour, your smelling bottle!" With these words the powerful tragedy comes to an end.

It is first of all the tragedy of Gretchen. She is the heroine, her fate is tragical, her innocence is wrecked, and with it she herself goes to ruin in accordance with the inexorable law of tragic necessity.

What significance has this tragedy for Faust? We do not know as yet; the *Fragment* of 1790 has not even followed

Gretchen's fate to the end, and it leaves us entirely in the dark concerning Faust. And yet not entirely either. In the fourteenth scene, repeatedly referred to, we read:

Bin ich der Flüchtling nicht, der Unbehauſte,
Der Unmenſch ohne Zweck und Ruh,
Der wie ein Waſſerſturz von Fels zu Felſen brauſte,
Begierig wütend, nach dem Abgrund zu?
Und ſeitwärts ſie, mit kindlich dumpfen Sinnen,
Im Hüttchen auf dem kleinen Alpenfeld,
Und all ihr häusliches Beginnen
Umfangen in der kleinen Welt.
Und ich, der Gottverhaßte,
Hatte nicht genug,
Daß ich die Felſen faßte
Und ſie zu Trümmern ſchlug!
Sie, ihren Frieden mußt' ich untergraben!

. . . .

Mag ihr Geſchick auf mich zuſammenſtürzen
Und ſie mit mir zu Grunde gehn! *

The description here given of the love of the man of high intellectual standing could not be improved upon. For him such a love is but an episode, an idyll; he drags the simple maiden into the whirlpool of his life and she goes under. And he? Goethe knew how he had wronged Friederike of Sesenheim. To be sure, it was not a wrong such as that perpetrated on Gretchen; but her peace was

* And am I not an outcast, homeless roaming,
A monster without aim and rest,
Who, like a torrent, sweep down cliffs and gorges, foaming,
Tow'rd the abyss by raging passion pressed?
Alongside, she, with childhood's dormant senses,
Doth in her little sheltered cot appear.
For her each thought and task commences
And ends within this little sphere.
And I, God's hate hung o'er me,
Cannot assuage my lust
By grasping rocks before me
And dashing them to dust!
Her and her peace I yet must undermine!

. . . .

Then may her doom fall crushing on my head,
And she to ruin plunge with me!

destroyed, her happiness undermined, and her heart broken, or at least it seemed so to him. His pangs of remorse on account of it, the hellish torments of his accusing conscience, are here objectified. In this mood it seemed to him as though his sun-chariot might also plunge into the abyss, as though he might rush to ruin and fall into the clutches of the devil. For the Faust of the sixteenth century this question was decided unfavourably as a matter of course; the magician belonged in hell. With Lessing's Faust, in the age of optimistic enlightenment, the opposite was true. There Heaven cried to the devils, Ye shall not gain the victory! With Goethe's hero, however, the question was for the moment not so simple. It was possible for him to go to ruin with Gretchen, to be lost in the end as she was.[45] And yet the power which e'er designs the bad and e'er creates the good, the conscienceless devil, helps Faust overcome this mood and finds the fitting words for him: "Where such a head as thine no outcome sees, it fancies straight the end has come. Hail him who never loses heart!" That is the important point. Remorse is an illusion, thinks Mephistopheles; right is on the side of the living. Hence, as he has already involved Faust in blackest guilt, he plans further to drag him into new episodes, into new distractions. But Faust has illusions and will keep them; he is now, and will remain, an idealist; and so he knows the value of remorse and must put a different interpretation upon the words "Hail him who never loses heart!" He sees in them a teaching which also helps one to overcome remorse, namely, that while life strikes wounds it also heals wounds, and that not to lose heart in life is the only way to atone for guilt. Thus even here a way is opened leading from a life of passive enjoyment to one of action, from the little world to the great. Faust may draw this teaching from the words, but he is not obliged to. He may be saved, but he is not forced to be. Hence at the end of the *Fragment* we are left in uncertainty and suspense as to the outcome. At the same time there are here moral elements in abundance, whereas in the confession of faith and, one might perhaps say, in the whole of the *Urfaust* they were lacking. Here they may at least be found.

We do not come to the hardest problems till we proceed from the *Fragment* of 1790 to the additions of the version of 1808. The three most important of these are: (1) the beginning, including the "Dedication," the "Prelude on the Stage," and the "Prologue in Heaven"; (2) the portions filling up the great "gap," namely, Faust's second monologue, the Easter chimes, the promenade before the city-gate, the exorcism of Mephistopheles, the latter's return and his compact with Faust; and, finally, (3) the close of the Gretchen tragedy, the Valentine scene, "Walpurgis Night," Faust's return after he has learned Gretchen's fate, and the "Prison" scene. We shall best begin with the third, in order that we may continue the subject we have just been discussing, and thus follow the Gretchen tragedy to its close.

In the Valentine scene Goethe has merely completed what was planned from the beginning and for the most part worked out in the *Urfaust*. Its outward purpose is to give rise to an occasion making it necessary for Faust to leave the city, which he must do as the murderer of Valentine. In substance it is intended to deepen the tragicalness of the drama. The whole family is brought to ruin; even Gretchen's good, innocent brother becomes a victim of her unholy love. Besides, Faust himself becomes more deeply involved in guilt. He is the seducer of Gretchen, who in turn kills her mother and her child; while he himself slays her brother with his sword, though half in self-defence. Finally, the scene is a companion piece to that between Gretchen and Lieschen at the fountain. First the judgment of evil tongues, the conventionally judging world; now the judgment of good people concerning the poor innocent, and yet guilty, maiden, the curse of the upright, which makes Gretchen's dishonour complete. A tremendous effect is achieved by the lightning flashes and sledge-hammer blows of this intensely dramatic scene. The figure of the honest, true-hearted lansquenet shows a degree of realistic and true-to-nature portrayal of national traits not often found in Goethe's characters. The analogy to *Clavigo* is worthy of note. In each case there is a brother who fights for the honour of his sister; but in *Clavigo* Beaumarchais comes off victor, whereas in *Faust* Valentine is slain by the seducer.

While Gretchen's fate is being realised Faust hastens with Mephistopheles to the Brocken for Walpurgis Night. The scene fills out the pause entertainingly, and we must not hold the poet to too strict an account of the number of months and days. Gretchen vanishes from the sight of the audience throughout a long scene. Meanwhile that which must happen may take place. It is the purpose of Mephistopheles that as she passes out of Faust's sight she shall also pass out of his mind. The devil's desire to ruin Faust is the reason for involving him in the affair with Gretchen, which has led to murder and homicide. But it is not his intention that Faust shall witness the disastrous end of Gretchen. That would only produce remorse in his breast and arouse his better nature. So he must spirit him away. It will suit his purpose best to lead him into new complications, above all into coarse pleasures, dragging him deeper and deeper into guilt and sin, into sensuality and vulgarity. Such being the reasoning of Mephistopheles he takes Faust with him to the witches' rendezvous with Satan.

Again he makes a mistake in his reckoning, and this time a double one. Faust is expected to forget Gretchen and yet in this very place he is reminded of her by an apparition, that eidolon of which, it is true, Mephistopheles says lightly, "To every man she seems his own beloved." And not only does she remind him theoretically, so to speak, of his beloved; he even sees her fate embodied in this uncanny creature, or at least suggested by it: "How strangely round this loveliest of throats A single crimson band is gleaming, No broader than a knife's back seeming." The bloody mark of the headsman's axe—how terrible, how awful! What a presentiment for the soul of Faust! That it was really Goethe's intention to make Faust here learn Gretchen's fate is shown more plainly by a passage in the paralipomena, where we read, "Prattle of changelings whereby Faust is informed." Immediately afterward, in the scene "Dismal Day—A Field," he knows her whole terrible fate.

The second mistake in Mephistopheles's reckoning is his plan to drag Faust, while on the Brocken, into vulgarity and sin and to let him sink in this swamp. True, it does seem for a moment as though Faust, in his dance with the young witch, were allowing himself to be dragged down to the lowest sensuality; but when a little red mouse jumps out of her mouth he is naturally disgusted, and lets the fair damsel go. At this moment his thoughts go back to Gretchen, and how could he find pleasure in the young witch any more? Thus he is saved by Gretchen, his good angel, the Eternal-Womanly, and he is saved by his own better nature, from sinking into common sensuality, as Mephistopheles has planned.

So far everything is in order; but this cannot be said of the final elaboration of the whole scene. On the way up the Brocken Mephistopheles invites Faust to avoid the worst throng, to let the great world rave and riot, and to retire to the quiet of a valley to one side and there join an isolated club. Faust replies: "I 'd rather scale yon towering peak, Where fire and whirling smoke I see. The Evil One by throngs is pressed; There many a riddle must be guessed." What does he expect to find there? Revelations concerning evil, the solution of the mystery of evil. The old thirst for knowledge awakes in him; he desires not only to experience and enjoy the evil, but also to understand it and find a philosophical reason for its existence. The answer by means of which Mephistopheles turns him aside from his purpose, "But riddles new will offered be," is no answer at all. For a reflective mind such a thing goes without saying. Instead of frightening him away it should lure him on. It was not Goethe's original intention to dismiss us with this subterfuge, but really to take Faust to the summit, where a revelation of the evil was to be delivered by Satan himself, a diabolical parallel to the rôle of Christ at the last judgment. We have parts of the address by Satan in the paralipomena; but the whole scene is worked out with such "impious daring," is so vulgar—Goethe here vies with Aristophanes in obscenities—that he rightly hesitated to insert it in the text of the drama; and so it was dropped.

There is another point to be considered in this connection. Goethe here paints the evil almost exclusively as base sensuality, which is proper, so long as, at the moment, it is a question only of Faust, whom Mephistopheles is seeking to drag down into these very depths of sensual evil. But this conception would have been one-sided and inadequate in the mouth of Satan, if he had attempted to make us understand evil as such, and to give us a revelation of hell in contrast to the "Prologue in Heaven." That would have been no solution of the great enigma and would have given rise to no new problems. More than that: Base sensuality is not a devilish evil at all, it is only a human evil; for which reason it is not ineradicable and not unpardonable, and therein lies the possibility of salvation for Faust. Still less, of course, is it the evil which is represented in that valley to one side as the reactionary and, in comparison with aspiring youth, the antiquated, and which is intended to symbolise the evil in state and society. Thus the riddle was really left unsolved, and the "Walpurgis Night" remained a fragment. This, of course, is to a certain extent unsatisfactory.*

There is another objectionable feature of the scene. Apart from a few allusions in the "Witches' Kitchen" we have here the first plain example of that symbolising, allegorising tendency which we are to meet much more frequently in the Second Part, that tendency to make of the drama a convenient depository for extraneous thoughts and allusions and mar it by the uncalled-for insertion of all sorts of mysteries. As it was not a question of a revelation of evil in general, the various parts of the scene must either have reference to Faust or be left out. Hence we have no cause to regret the dropping of that scene on the summit; we regret far more that many other parts were not expunged or were not left out in the first place.

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* Georg Witkowski's *Die Walpurgisnacht im esten Teile von Goethes Faust* is an excellent monograph on the sources of this scene.—C.

The worst of all is the intermezzo, "Walpurgis Night's Dream—Oberon and Titania's Golden Wedding," which is nothing but a lot of *Xenien* that were left over from the great *Xenien* war of 1796. They are literary and political satires on contemporaries and the phenomena of the day, and have nothing to do with *Faust*. On account of their temporary tendency they are throughout of an ephemeral nature, and we need a commentary to-day in order to understand them. This is a serious fault which we must not seek to cover up or factitiously explain away. Rather we should admit frankly that it is a fault and as such condemn it.

For these reasons the impression left by the "Walpurgis Night" as a whole is not pleasant throughout and not esthetically pure, in spite of the grandeur and beauty of certain portions. Faust's ascent of the Brocken, the feverish, frantic commotion of all nature, the disorderly flight of the witches, the fantastic twilight of the scenery—these are genuine poetry. But the flight of fancy grows gradually more languid and ends at last in the swamp of satirical allusions. Even in the matter of style Goethe is not uniformly successful in retaining the old force and richness. When Faust says of the eidolon, "It seems to me, I must confess, She Gretchen's features doth possess," this does not seem to be discovered by Faust himself, but by the poet, who has grown cool and reserved and stands high and far above the scene, in perfect composure of soul.

We soon return, however, to the sacred ground of purest poetry and deepest tragedy. First in that unique prose scene, one of the oldest portions of *Faust*. It dates back to Goethe's Storm-and-Stress period and breathes the colossal genius of a Shakespeare. The poet very properly retained for it the prose form of the *Urfaust.* The harsh tones in which Faust gives expression to his horror at Gretchen's fate and his loathing of Mephistopheles must not be softened by the modulating power of verse. The next scene is a brief one, full of feeling and dire foreboding, in which Faust and Mephistopheles, on black steeds, rush by the uncanny conclave of witches on the place of execution.

Finally we come to the "Prison" scene, and here all the woe of mankind overwhelms us. It is tragical and poetical through and through. Goethe recast it from the original prose form into verse in the year 1798. He wrote concerning it to Schiller: "Some tragical scenes were written in prose, and, in comparison with the rest, they are made quite intolerable by their naturalness and strength. So I am now seeking to put them into rhyme, in order that the idea may appear as through a veil and the immediate effect of the monstrous subject-matter be softened." It was indeed a subduing, veiling, idealising process, but of the objectionable padding, which critics have pretended to find even in this scene, there is not a trace. How correctly Goethe was able to calculate the effect will be shown more clearly by an example than in any other way:

Da ſitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein,
Es faßt mich kalt beim Schopfe!
Da ſitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein
Und wackelt mit dem Kopfe.*

The picture is comical, and yet who dares to laugh at it? Who does not feel how the grewsome element is increased by the seemingly comical, until it is physically almost intolerable? But the singing, ballad nature of the lines makes it endurable, because it is entirely fitting in the mouth of this child of the common people.

The scene is an excellent illustration of the correctness of Lessing's law of the most fruitful moment, which he says the artist must choose. Preceding it is the grewsomeness of the double murder, following it the grewsomeness of the execution. We witness neither act, and yet the scene makes us divine both with most awful vividness, as though we actually saw everything with our own eyes.

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* My mother is sitting on yonder stone,—
My brain is cold with dread!
My mother is sitting on yonder stone,
And see! she wags her head!

The effect is heightened by Gretchen's visionary, hallucinatory state. She is not insane, as actresses usually make her out to be, for the sake of their convenience, as though she were an Ophelia. What she once sang at the spinning wheel is now more true than ever: "My poor, poor head is lost and crazed; My poor, poor mind is wrecked and dazed." Drawn out of her whole outward and inward existence, in love, betrayed, forsaken, led into deepest guilt, in remorse and despair, in mortal terror and hellish torment, it is quite natural that her poor head should be lost and crazed and her poor mind be wrecked and dazed. She hardly knows where she is, what has happened to her, and what she herself has done. In her beloved, who desires to liberate her, she sees now her friend, now a stranger whom she fears. She sees her mother, and the child that she has drowned, and she sees hell yawning at her feet. One moment happy, she believes it is all an ugly dream; the next moment, terrified, she recognises the awful reality. She did not commit the crime of infanticide as one irresponsible, but, if we may be allowed the phrase, in a moment of impaired responsibility. And so even now she is not insane; she dare not be, for what she does now is counted toward her penance, atonement, purification, salvation, and redemption. Man can perform a moral act only when he is responsible. To be sure, it is almost a physical necessity that she should not follow Faust out of the prison. But why? Merely because her pure, innocent nature asserts itself, because her purity and innocence are stronger even than her love; or because her love, in spite of all her guilt, has remained pure and innocent. As at the fountain she took the judgment of the world upon herself as just, so now she, who is so fond of life and has such a wholesome fear of death, willingly takes upon herself as a necessity the condemnation of earthly justice, and submits herself to the judgment of God in order to save her soul. Thus she is a figure at once pathetic and exalted. Pathetic in her childlike subjection to physical necessity; exalted in her moral submission to the headsman's axe. In her own way she is almost as great as Socrates, who, in order to avoid doing wrong, refused to escape from prison.

Finally, when Mephistopheles, who has always been to her an uncanny creature, emerges from the ground, she cries to heaven, calls upon her Father in heaven to save his child, and then turns away from Faust, with the words "Heinrich! I shudder to think of thee." "She is judged!" says Mephistopheles; "Is saved," comes a voice from above. "Is saved," say we also, saved because she does not seek to escape judgment, so that from being guilty she has again become innocent. "Hither to me!" says Mephistopheles to Faust and vanishes with him.

Thus ends the Gretchen tragedy and the First Part of *Faust*. But is it really the end? Is Faust lost and fallen into the power of the devil, as Gretchen is saved? So it seems, and yet we cannot, we will not believe it. The voice of the Eternal-Womanly calls after him. "Heinrich, Heinrich!" sounds a voice from within, dying away. Love has seized his soul and will not let him go. Will it be strong enough to hold him, or will there be other means of saving him? Or, to put the question differently: Here in the prison, where all the woe of mankind overwhelms Faust, where out of his pangs of grief and pain he cries, "Oh, that I had never been born!" is he more firmly bound to the infamous companion, who has no words for Gretchen's misery except the utterly diabolical, though painfully true, "She is not the first one"; or has he not, rather, become inwardly estranged from him and drawn far away from him? Will he remain in the power of the devil, or has he here gained the strength to tear himself away? Must Faust go to perdition, or can he be saved? This question of his destiny now becomes the fundamental question of the First

Part. It does not lead us on to the Second Part, but back to the beginning of the drama, especially the "Prologue in Heaven."

We must go somewhat farther back.[46] When Goethe began to write *Faust* and to attempt to objectify in the hero the struggles of his own spirit, he did not know whether the sun-chariot of his life, rushing on at stormy speed, should reach the height or plunge into the abyss and be dashed to pieces; that is, in terms of the poem, he did not know whether Faust should fall into the power of the devil or should be torn away from him and be saved, though final salvation was the more natural thing for him to think of and the thing he hoped for, both for himself and Faust. When he again took up his work on *Faust* in the nineties the darkness had been illuminated, the question had been decided, so far as he himself was concerned. His sun-chariot had borne him up to the shining heights of life, the Storm and Stress had spent its rage, the new wine had passed through its fermentation and become generous and mellow. Goethe was saved. Shall we say that the question was then settled for Faust also? For the poet the problem was not so simple as that. He had meantime outgrown the *Faust* of the seventies, but *Faust* had also outgrown him. This means two great difficulties in the way of the continuation and completion of the work.

During this period had taken place the well-known great change in Goethe's style, that is, the transition from Shakespearian realism and naturalism to classical idealism. This, of course, was not an arbitrary act on the part of Goethe, but as is the man so is his style. He himself had changed, had grown more reposeful, more moderate, and more and more wise. Hence in the Olympic repose of classical antiquity, with its well-proportioned beauty and its typical figures, he now found his model and his ideal, because in it he found himself again. And however much we may regret the fact, we must admit that this classicist Goethe had outgrown *Faust*.

The form of the *Faust* fragment is the Hans Sachsian

Knittelvers; the manner of expression is natural, often even coarse; the rhymes are effective, though not always pure, are at times even dialectically very impure. But who has time to pay heed to such things? And do not these bold *Knittelverse* impress us Germans as flesh of our own flesh and blood of our own blood, as though this were the genuine Germanic verse, cut out to measure to fit this very body? The coarse in them is coarse, as the best pictures of Rubens are coarse, vigorous, robust, natural, and genuine through and through, with no artificiality apparent, and for that very reason works of the highest art, "common" in that best sense of the word in which Conrad Ferdinand Meyer once used it in speaking of Luther:

> Gemein wie Lieb und Zorn und Pflicht,
> Wie unſrer Kinder Angeſicht,
> Wie Hof und Heim, wie Salz und Brot,
> Wie die Geburt und wie der Tod. *

The verses, in spite of their imperfections, which we do not notice, are especially effective because they are so full of sparkling wit, and always bear the stamp of genius, and because the moment the heart speaks instead of the intellect the language assumes such an inward and cordial sound, such a full, deep tone, and suits itself so aptly and completely to the finest and most delicate shades of feeling, that we cannot imagine content and form more perfectly blended together.

Such is our feeling to-day concerning the First Part of *Faust*, but it was not the feeling of the poet himself in the last decade of the century. Even the "Dedication" shows that. "Wavering figures," "clouded vision," "fantastic idea," "foggy mist"—such are the terms in which he referred to it. And in his correspondence with Schiller he spoke also of this "foggy, misty path," on which he had for a time felt forced to "stray about." He called the

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*Common as love and hate and duty,
Common as childhood's tender beauty,
As house and home, as salt and bread,
As birth's proud joy and death's cold dread.

whole a "barbaric composition," and designated as "buffoonery" and "caricatures" the scenes and figures which appear to us to-day so serious and true to nature, not to say, sacred. Schiller, who was just as classical as his friend, agreed with him as to the "barbaric nature of his treatment of the subject" and himself called the fable "harsh and formless." This disdainful attitude toward *Faust* at that time is perhaps the simplest explanation of the fact that Goethe could treat the work so inconsiderately, could insert so thoughtlessly all sorts of irrelevant things in the "barbaric composition," and make of it a depository for a number of *Xenien*, for which he could find no other place.

What was it that helped to overcome this hindrance, this difficulty of style? What was it that simply compelled Goethe to overcome it, and brought him back to *Faust* time after time? Goethe had outgrown *Faust*, it is true; but *Faust* had also outgrown Goethe. Goethe himself was Faust as he conceived him. In his hero he objectified himself, and laid down, so to speak, a general confession. First of all, Faust was animated by the spirit of the eighteenth century; he bore the features of Goethe's time and embodied in himself the best there was in that period. Every important man is a representative of universal human characteristics; but of Goethe, the most universal of men, this was pre-eminently true. Hence the more subjectively and more profoundly he painted himself in Faust, the more typical and objective his picture must be. Faust thus became a picture of humanity striving, struggling, erring, and yet ever finding the way back to the right path. He became symbolical. And herein lies the key to the Second Part.

Let us not misunderstand this point. Symbolical does not mean allegorical. The allegorical lacks life, lacks flesh and blood, and independent existence. It exists only as a sign. The picture itself is of minor importance; what it signifies is everything. Hence allegory is a matter of reflection, is not real poetry. True poetry, on the other hand, is symbolical. First the objective picture, something in itself, a full, round, complete, independent whole. Then there is, besides, something that lies in this and towers above it, something higher and more general, not added to it artificially, by reflection, but growing out of it naturally and necessarily. In this sense Faust is symbolical. He is himself, and beyond this is a representative of mankind in general. He is the two in one and inseparable.

The more profound the fancy of the poet, the richer is his work in ideas. Richer in ideas, but not as the result of reflection alone. And so, we may say frankly, there is necessarily a philosophical element in *Faust*. The reason that Goethe, in his classic period, was able and eager to return to the drama, was because the classic is typical, not merely individual and characteristic. It was for the same reason that his philosophical friend Schiller urged him so energetically to return to *Faust* and would not let him give it up. Both considered the typical an especially important feature of the antique tragedy; and *Faust* was also typical and symbolical, however individual and characteristic it may have been. Hence we find in Schiller's influence the bond between the first conception of the drama and the renewed work on it in the period when Goethe affected the antique.

In the thing which brought Goethe back to *Faust* there lay a new difficulty, which made it again impossible for him to finish the work. Schiller saw the difficulty at once when Goethe announced to him his determination to resume work on the drama. On the 23d of June, 1797, he wrote: "All that I shall say at present is that *Faust*, with all its poetic individuality, cannot entirely ignore the requirement of a symbolic significance, as you will probably agree with me. One never loses sight of the duplicity of human nature and the abortive attempt to unite the divine and the physical in man; and as the fable has harsh and formless features one does not desire to stop with the subject-matter itself, but to be led by it to ideas. In short the requirements of *Faust* are both philosophical and poetical, and, seek as you may to avoid the philosophical treatment, the nature of the subject will force it upon you, and the imagination will have to accommodate itself to the service of an idea of the reason."

These thoughts were nothing new to Goethe. As a matter of fact he had already begun to do what, according to Schiller, he should do in the future continuation of the work. And yet there was something new. What Goethe had hitherto done unconsciously and involuntarily he was now to do with full consciousness, and it was not in him as a poet to do it. He was to become a philosopher, but he was no philosopher. The real situation was once very aptly put in these words: "And Schiller's answer wakened this somnambulist. He was frightened, stood amazed, and for the moment knew less than ever how to proceed." Thus through Schiller's influence Goethe resumed work on *Faust*, and through his influence the drama was once more put aside as a fragment. Glorious and natural as are on the whole the scenes that Goethe composed under this influence, the "Prologue in Heaven" especially, Faust's second monologue, and the compact with the devil, nevertheless it must be said that in certain details they bear traces of the combination of the philosophical and the poetical.

The "Prologue" is an overture and a prelude, but at the same time it points to the outcome and the end. It begins in heaven. Can that which is begun in heaven end in hell, especially if the Lord pledges his word that the outcome shall be exactly the opposite? No, such a thing would not be possible. But does not the immediately preceding "Prelude on the Stage," the humorous apology with which Goethe in 1808 sent *Faust* out into the world a second time as a fragment, say expressly that it does?

So ſchreitet in dem engen Bretterhaus
Den ganzen Kreis der Schöpfung aus,
Und wandelt mit bedächt'ger Schnelle
Vom Himmel durch die Welt zur Hölle.*

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*Then let upon our narrow boards appear
Creation's whole unbounded sphere,
And journey, under fancy's spell,
From heaven through the world to hell.

Does not the last line say plainly that the play is to begin in heaven and end in hell? It seems so, and yet it cannot be. Goethe's optimism could not permit mankind to end in hell, and according to the "Prologue" Faust was not to fall completely into the power of the devil. Hence we are justified in saying that it is the manager who speaks these words. He knows only the legend, not the plot of the play, knows only the scenes, which he arranges to suit himself, according to the usual custom of beginning at the top and ending at the bottom. It is not his place to tell us where the journey shall end; that is reserved for the poet in the "Prologue."

The "Prologue" begins with the glorious song of the archangels, a hymn to the cosmic order and wonderful harmony of the world. Some critics have wrongly found fault with it as having no connection with human morality. The moral world is expressly described as chaotic and wavering, in contrast with the reign of eternal law in nature. Its representative is Mephistopheles, as opposed to the Lord and his uncomprehended, lofty works. But the Lord knows that the moral world bears some relation to the natural and has laws of its own, for he says of it:

> Weiß doch der Gärtner, wenn das Bäumchen grünt,
> Daß Blüt' und Frucht die künſt'gen Jahre zieren.*

He thus applies the natural law of organic development to the moral world, and, in his divine wisdom, fits it into that harmony of the world of which the angels sing.

Along with the archangels Mephistopheles appears "among the servants." The devil in heaven! That, it would seem, tells the whole story. The evil one is not free and independent, not separate and apart from the All-embracer; on the contrary, he is in the service of God and forms a factor in his world plan. But why is he given to man for a companion? To this question the Lord answers:

> Des Menſchen Tätigkeit kann allzu leicht erſchlaffen,
> Er liebt ſich bald die unbedingte Ruh;

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* Well knows the gardener, when the green appears,
That flower and fruit will crown the coming years.

Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Geſellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und muß als Teufel ſchaffen.*

Thus Goethe considers the evil the goad of negation, which stimulates and influences, actually producing in its own way positive results. Viewed *sub specie æternitatis*, it is not an evil, but a remedy, a good fortune, at least a necessity for the development of mankind, a means of education for the human race.† Of course the finite understanding of Mephistopheles cannot comprehend this. Compared with the infinitely optimistic Lord, he is the pessimist, who not only considers everything extremely bad, but fails utterly to recognise growth, development, and progress. "The little god of the world still lives the same old way, And is as singular as on creation's day," is his opinion.

The Lord himself singles out Faust, whom he calls his servant. To the devil's scoffing remark, that this servant serves his master in an odd way, the Lord answers: "Though now he serve me in confusion's dark, I shall ere long conduct him to the light." Mephistopheles doubts this and, being noted for his impertinence, offers the Lord the wager, "Him thou yet shalt lose, If leave to me thou wilt but give Gently to lead him as I choose." The Lord accepts the wager, granting the devil leave to seek to carry out his designs. A wager between God and the devil, and the subject of it the soul and eternal happiness of a human being! Is that not blasphemy? Goethe is not open to this reproof, for the bold idea did not originate with him. It is the introduction to the book of *Job*, which served him as a model and a justification. The only question that might be raised, if question there be, which we doubt, is: Which prologue is more profound and more sublime, the one to the Germanic *Faust*, or the one to the Hebraic *Job?*

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* Too quick doth man's activity degenerate,
He soon would fain in perfect quiet live;
Hence I to him this comrade gladly give,
Who, spurring on, as devil must create.

† An illuminating discussion of the mystery of evil in the world may be found in Fiske's *Through Nature to God*.—C.

What do the two wager? Mephistopheles says: God will lose Faust, I shall bring him to the point where he shall eat dust and that with delight, I shall draw him away from his original source, I shall lead him down along my way and ruin him. The Lord says, on the other hand: Thou, Mephistopheles, must in the end confess, ashamed, that "A good man, though his strivings be ill-guided, Doth still retain a consciousness of right." This is the substance of the wager; and who doubts that God will win?—in spite of the answer of Mephistopheles, "Agreed! But soon 't will be decided." We do not yet know how the wager will be won; but that it must be decided in favour of the Lord, that Faust will be saved, is from now on certain. Only one thing stands in the way of this interpretation, and it has been pointed out with special acuteness, with too much, perhaps, in a philosophical explanation of *Faust*, which goes deeply into the ideas underlying the drama. The Lord leaves Faust in the devil's charge with these words: "As long as he on earth shall live, So long be 't not forbidden thee; Man errs as long as he doth strive." If such be the case—and it is—the wager cannot possibly be decided in favour of Faust as an individual; an immanent salvation is impossible here on earth, and the only thing left is a powerful *deus ex machina*, an arbitrary admission of Faust to the heaven beyond. To be sure, in that case the devil would have all his trouble for naught; but we are not convinced of the rightness and justice of such a salvation.

Faust is also a representative of mankind, which is in truth the object of the contest between heaven and hell, between good and evil; and the admission into heaven is only a mythical, a poetical picture, a visible symbol of the conviction of the optimist that a good man, though his strivings be ill-guided, doth still retain a consciousness of right: a picture of the rationalistic belief that humanity is God's and not the devil's: that is to say, that in spite of all apparent triumphs of the evil the good in the world will finally prevail, because the original source of man is good and not evil, the dæmon in his breast is the dæmon of good and not the devil. There would then be perfect harmony between the philosophical idea and the poetical picture, if only those words of the Lord did not disturb the illusion. So long as he lives on earth man not only strives, he also errs. This is a philosophical truth, which cannot be controverted by any picture of any symbolical admission into heaven. The only answer to it is the philosophical conviction that in the end the good will ever triumph on earth. The arbitrary act of an ascension cannot decide the matter; the only possible way of deciding it would be for Faust to be led into the very greatest temptation conceivable and to come out of it triumphant. But even then the words of Mephistopheles would still remain in force, "Agreed! But soon 't will be decided." There would still be left the question, is there a virtue secure against every defeat and every fall? To put it differently, the Lord relies upon striving, the devil upon erring. We believe, with the Lord, that in striving itself lies the possibility of redemption for erring, sinful mankind, because there is a growth, a development, and a progress, in which only the reactionary devil does not believe. But we are disturbed in this belief when the Lord himself speaks of never-ending erring and leaves us to hope for salvation in the next world, when we demand and expect it in this world. This produces discord between the philosophical contents and the poetical picture. Most people are conscious of it only through the feeling that the wager smacks somewhat of the old logical devices of the sophists—is an insolvable dilemma. And that is a pity. Otherwise the whole scene is so glorious—the highly poetic pathos of the song of the archangels, the scintillating conversation between the Lord and the devil, the humorous blending of the finite and the infinite, which produces and harmonises the sharpest contrasts, and finds characteristic expression in the closing words, "'T is very handsome in so great a Lord so humanly to parley with the devil."

The "Prologue" is followed by the exposition, which we already know—Faust's first monologue, the conjuring up of the Earth-Spirit, and the conversation with the famulus Wagner. Then came a great gap in the *Fragment* of 1790, and even greater in the *Urfaust.* How did Mephistopheles come to Faust? This question had to be answered. The beginning of the answer is a new monologue of Faust, which reaches its climax in his determination to commit suicide. From a purely dramatical point of view it is proper to ask whether a second monologue was permissible so soon after the first long one. And yet this question would hardly have been raised if this second monologue had not had a certain similarity in contents with the first one, and if its style—Goethe's change of style had meanwhile taken place—had not turned out too elegant and reposeful, too lyrically tender, a shade too weak, perhaps, for the determination which it is to motivate. For the former we may refer to the renewed complaints about the household furnishings of his ancestors; for the latter, to the closing lines of these complaints: "The legacy thy fathers left, essay, By use, to win and make thine own. What we do not employ impedes our way; The moment can but use what it creates alone." One who can speak in such general and such abstract terms is not ready for suicide; he is still able to fight the battle of life. Especially lyrical are the words with which Faust takes down the phial; young Goethe would have spoken more realistically, with greater passion and despair. But they are beautiful and afford another pleasing example of form and content blended into a unity.

What does Faust hope to accomplish by suicide? Not to escape from life, like one in despair, but to resort to this last bold mean and thus to gain by one stroke what was denied him when he conjured up the Earth-Spirit, to "dare to open wide those portals past which each mortal fain would steal." He desires everything or nothing, and death will lead to one or the other. He is once more the old heaven-storming, Titanic Faust; there is here no lack of force, as he desires to prove his manly dignity by this deed.

Just as he places the cup to his lips the sound of bells is heard and the singing of a chorus, proclaiming the first solemn hour of the Easter festival. Faust is saved, restored to life and earth. A criticism which might be made at this point demands an answer. It might be said that chance plays here the chief rôle, and that is undramatical; that a moment later the poison would have been drunk, in spite of Easter morning and Easter celebration. To strengthen this criticism one might refer again to that scene which seems to clash with all the others, "Forest and Cavern," where Mephistopheles says to Faust, "And but for me not long ago thou hadst walked off this earthly sphere." It may be that in 1788, the time when this scene originated, Goethe was thinking of an attempt on the part of Faust to commit suicide, and that it was his intention to have him hindered in the act by the intervention of Mephistopheles. That would have eliminated the element of chance in the ringing of the Easter bells, but it would also have robbed the scene of a great deal of its beauty. So Goethe preferred the element of chance, which, moreover, is objectionable in a drama only when it takes the place of a motive, not when it serves to develop a motive, as here. The important thing is not the fact that the Easter bells ring, but the way in which they affect Faust at the moment. Furthermore Goethe has made Wagner announce this "chance" ("to-morrow being Easter day") and the way has been prepared for the dawn of the morning in Faust's preceding monologue. His heart goes out with symbolic longing toward the dawn of a new day, as the real new day begins to break about him. Finally, one might say that it must be the Easter season, must be spring, as it is only in such a season that the first monologue can be understood, with its newly awakened love of nature and its spring longing to go out into the broad country and enter real life. Thus even the chance occurrence is after all well motivated.

The other question is more important: How does this chance occurrence affect Faust? By what is he held back from suicide? Apparently the first answer to suggest itself is that it marks the beginning of a return to the faith of his childhood, that the man who no longer receives any support from knowledge is for the moment in the grasp of religion. But Goethe has protested in a most unmistakable fashion against such an interpretation, in the passage in which he makes Faust say:

> Die Botſchaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube;
> Das Wunder iſt des Glaubens liebſtes Kind.
> Zu jenen Sphären wag' ich nicht zu ſtreben,
> Woher die holde Nachricht tönt.*

So it is not faith that binds him fast to life, for he lacks faith. It is the sweet, blissful remembrances of his youth: "And yet, with this sweet strain familiar as a boy, I now am summoned back to life once more." "Remembrance now, with childlike feeling, forbiddeth me to take the final, solemn step." We have been prepared for this also by a passage in the preceding monologue, where Faust was reminded, by the pictures on the crystal goblet, of many a night in his youth. True, Goethe has chosen the contents of the Easter songs so that they have some reference to Faust, and has put in them a deep, symbolic meaning, which is more readily comprehended by the reader than by the hearer in the theatre. Faust himself, however, sees in them nothing but the echoes of youthful remembrances. The power of memory to make life dear, the moral support, the permanent value, in thoughts of home and childhood, we have all felt and been grateful for, though we may meanwhile have advanced far beyond everything recalled, even the faith of our childhood's years.

Life has Faust again, and so he goes out into life as it is unfolded on Easter day outside the gates of the city. Masterful is the way in which, with but few strokes, this world of Philistines and students, soldiers and journeymen, servant girls and citizens' daughters, is pictured with such vividness in their innocent or insidious pleasures and joys, and in their little wiles and intrigues:

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* The message well I hear, but I in faith am wanting;
And miracle is faith's own dearest child.
I dare not soar to yonder heavenly spheres
Whence float these tidings of great joy.

Sie feiern die Auferſtehung des Herrn,
Denn ſie ſind ſelber auferſtanden,
Aus niedriger Häuſer dumpfen Gemächern,
Aus Handwerks- und Gewerbes-Banden,
Aus dem Druck von Giebeln und Dächern,
Aus der Straßen quetſchender Enge,
Aus der Kirchen ehrwürdiger Nacht
Sind ſie alle ans Licht gebracht.*

To Faust all these things are so strange; he is so far above all their joys, and yet he sympathises with them so humanly, so tolerantly, and so understandingly. Echoes of the tender emotions of the past night and of the rich experiences of the morning are still reverberating in his soul. And he is further moved by the crowds of people gathering about him in the village to express their gratitude for what he did for them as a physician during the dark days of the plague. While Wagner thinks that his own bosom would be swelled by the "veneration of this crowd," Faust feels ashamed and humiliated. During those sad days he had proved his love by his deeds, and yet he says, "We with our infernal medicines raged far more fiercely than the plague." "Alas! the deeds we do, as well as sufferings, impede the progress of our lives." In this mood he gazes at the sinking sun, and in his deeply stirred heart are awakened again all the recently quelled spirits of discouragement and dissatisfaction, of longing and unmeasured striving. "Oh, that pinions lifted me from earth!" The life to which he has returned to-day is not life to him. While all about him are conscious of but one single impulse, there dwell in his breast two souls, which are at variance with each other. In this mood he is seized anew with longing for the aid of spirits, that they might lead him out of the narrowness of his knowledge and his whole existence into a richer and gayer life; longing for a magic cloak, which at this moment he would not exchange for a king's mantle. The proper moment has now arrived for hell to approach him, to tempt him and lead him astray. It has long been softly spreading magic coils about his feet to weave a future snare, and now it approaches him. A poodle joins him, and Mephistopheles crosses with Faust the threshold of his study.

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* The Lord's resurrection they celebrate,
For they themselves again have risen
From low-crouching house, from ill-smelling room,
From bonds of toil, from tradesman's prison,
From o'erhanging gables' deep gloom,
From the streets oppressively narrow,
From the churches' awe-breathing night
They have all emerged to the light.

A new monologue of Faust, the third of the series, is decidedly too much of a good thing, and its climax, the longing for "revelation, the highest, most noble ever sent, As found in the New Testament," is impossible. How Goethe came upon this idea is easy to see. The effect of the contrast between the New Testament and the exorcism of the devil, between heaven and hell, suited his purpose perfectly. But for Faust an attempt to translate the Bible is impossible, for he lacks faith. The words are not spoken, then, by Faust, the man of feeling; they are the clear utterance of the investigator, the philosopher, the scholar, of the preceding monologues. It is possible for him to seek to find out whether study and knowledge may not be able once more to quiet his excited passion, his thirst for enjoyment; but it cannot be his desire to return to faith and revelation. True, one might say that the prologue of the Gospel of John, the biblical passage in question, is itself knowledge, a bit of Alexandrian philosophy of religion, and not faith; but that could hardly be taken seriously. Besides, the interpretation which Faust attempts, the contrast between word and thought, power and act, is, in spite of the reminiscence of Fichte, neither philosophically clear nor purely poetical; it is one of those passages in which the philosophical and poetical elements cannot be blended into a perfect unity.

Now follows the exorcism of Mephistopheles. He appears in the form of a dog, but the "Key of Solomon," is ineffective when applied to him. None of the four elements is disguised in the beast, and so he is not an emissary of the

Earth-Spirit. He is really a fugitive from hell and must make himself known to Faust as such, so that Faust may do what he does with full consciousness. The second form which he assumes is that of a travelling scholar. This is in harmony with that above-mentioned plan of a great disputation scene, according to which it was doubtless intended that Mephistopheles should approach Faust, tempting him and leading him into indiscreet utterances. But apart from this, the devil comes to Professor Faust in a form fitting Faust's sphere. The third time he appears, when he is about to take Faust out and introduce him to a new life, he comes dressed as a gay cavalier.

And now Mephistopheles defines himself as "A part o' that power, but little understood, Which e'er designs the bad, and e'er creates the good." A part? He stands before us in his entirety, and as a whole. By this turn Goethe achieves at once a realistic contrast to the unmeasured, hyperidealistic striving of Faust toward the All and the Whole. How cleverly the ambiguous "creates the good" is put! The devil himself thinks of the denial and annihilation of everything that exists, which as such deserves to go to ruin and thus receive its due punishment; while we think of that stimulating, influencing, positively creative side of evil, of which the Lord spoke in the "Prologue." Thus the devil tells everything, and yet not everything; he says neither too much nor too little. He will assert himself still further and will explain himself more clearly. Faust is to become acquainted with entirely different phases of his nature: "We 'll talk about it more anon."

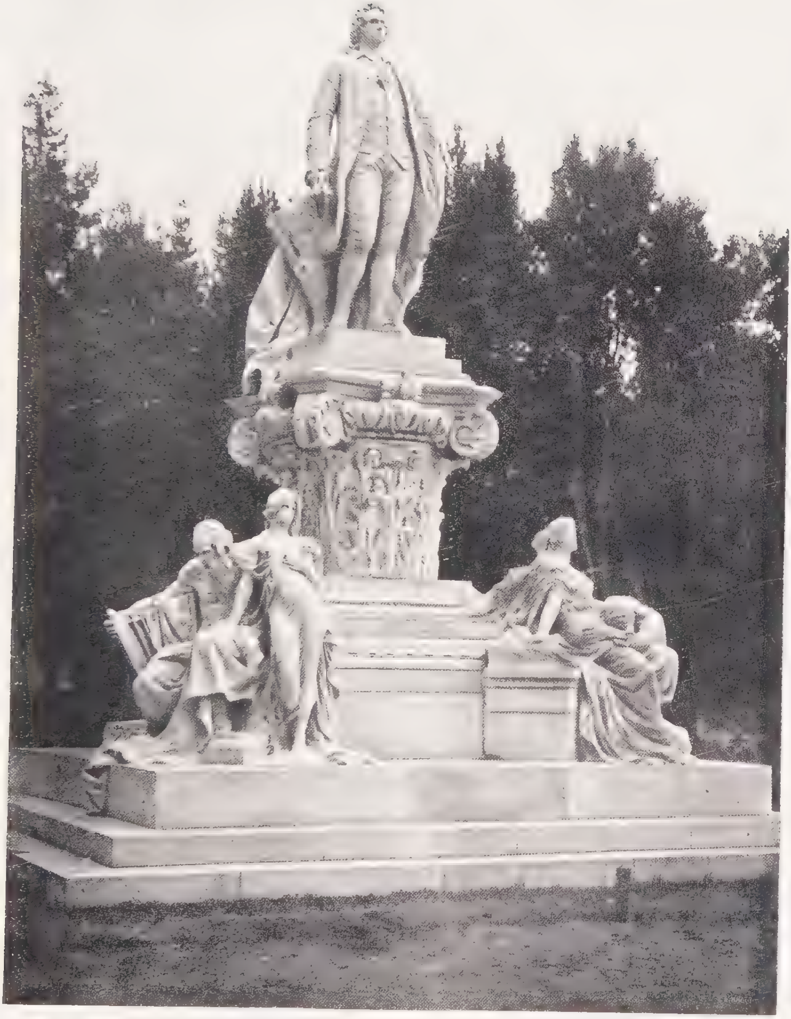
Why does Mephistopheles not enter into a compact with Faust immediately? Why does he go away, when Faust desires to hold him back? As though a man like Faust were to be won without further ceremony, and as though the devil did not have to bring many arts into play to catch him! This retarding and delaying of the action is philosophically fully justified. Hell first lures a man on and stimulates his desires before it leads him astray and causes him to fall, and it gains more by refusing requests than by granting them at once. The drama also gains by the delay. What a fine stroke that Mephistopheles is unable to escape from the room because of the "druid's foot" on the threshold! It teaches Faust that even hell has its laws and that a compact may be entered into with its representatives. The devil himself may be caught and hence the venture may be made. A dangerous step, to be sure, but why not risk it? If he gets into the trap once, why not a second time? Finally this feature furnishes the occasion for that dream vision, which conjures up before Faust a picture of a glorious region in which a godlike race leads a blissful life. These fields of the blest and the delights there enjoyed are painted as by the brush of a Böcklin. The song of the spirits has both an exciting and a lulling effect, like certain parts of Wagner's operas; it captivates all the senses by its sweet charm, and causes Faust to sink into a sea of illusions. Sensuous desire is aroused and unchained within him, and when he awakes with thirst-parched lips Mephistopheles has vanished. Is that not a truly Satanic idea, carried out in a truly poetic way?

Of course the devil returns to close the compact desired by Faust. It was no easy task for Goethe so to shape the scene that the end of it, which had already been published in the *Fragment* of 1790, could be joined to the newly composed beginning without leaving the joint exposed. For this reason it was one of the last portions of the First Part to be written. How is the task performed? So far as tone, harmony, and style are concerned, it is unquestionably one of the most powerful and most magnificent scenes of the whole drama. All the registers of pathos and passion, thought and wit, irony and acumen, are drawn, and in style it reaches the very acme of dramatic power and passion. In short it is a masterpiece in every respect.

There is but one thing in it that can be criticised unfavourably, the chorus of invisible spirits after Faust has pronounced his curse. Nobody will question its beauty, nor the propriety of having Faust's passionate outburst followed by such a musical intermezzo, which in its quieting, soothing effect is almost like a Greek chorus. But it is with these choruses as with the three monologues—they are too numerous. There are the chorus of the archangels in the "Prologue," the Easter chorus, the chorus of the spirits at the exorcism, then another that lulls Faust to sleep, and now this new chorus of spirits. Critics have spoken, and not unjustly, of the operatic elements of these portions of the drama. To be sure, there is singing also in the *Urfaust* and the *Fragment*, but there it belongs to the realistic, popular tone of *Faust*, and is in no way different from the singing in real life. Here, however, songs take the place of dialogue, and thus, as in the opera, music takes the place of poetry. In any case this operatic element was not found in the original style of *Faust*. It is a clear sign of Goethe's change of style, of which we have already spoken. If it were to go on increasing here, as will really be the case in the Second Part, the tendency would be very hazardous.

What shall we say of the contents of the scene? Here at least there is nothing to find fault with, is there? The old and the new are joined together without discord or clash? This has been questioned, and one critic has even ventured the daring assertion that here "almost every word is a contradiction." [47] So it is incumbent upon us to examine the scene narrowly.

Mephistopheles finds Faust completely discouraged. He has experienced nothing but disappointments, has failed in everything, has not even been able to hold fast the devil. Now the devil is standing before him again and desires to take him out into life, "in order that, untrammelled, free, Life be at last revealed to thee." That, of course, would be the fulfilment of Faust's desire. He has wished to fly, he has longed for a magic cloak, and now he is to have it. But he cannot rejoice; it is even beyond the power of his fancy to conceive how such a thing could be possible as that his wishes should be granted and he should ever be satisfied. He is so sober and disenchanted that he sees through all illusions and declares life to be absolutely worthless because it is full of illusions. But does Faust know life?



The Goethe Monument at Rome

Designed by Gustav Eberlein

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No, he knows only one part of it, let us say a third, knowledge and understanding. What he has experienced on this side of life—"But I am bereft of all joy on earth"—he now ignorantly applies to life as a whole, and speaks of it like a pessimist. Yet he knows life neither on the side of enjoyment (the second third) nor on that of action and influence (the third third), for which reason these sides remain at the periphery of his field of observation. He approaches life as a man of learning and believes he comprehends and knows it through and through, and he discovers everywhere deception, illusion, disappointment. Hence there is no joy in knowledge, because we can know nothing. From this he concludes that there is no joy in life either, because every anticipated pleasure is diminished by peevish cavilling, and even the creations of his ever-active breast are hindered by the thousand goblins of life, and because he everywhere meets with disillusionments and limitations, hindrances and imperfections. Knowledge has not satisfied him, therefore enjoyment will not satisfy him either. Death in the midst of enjoyment is the only thing worth while, because life proves only that every new enjoyment but leads to a new dissatisfaction. Then comes the devil's thrust, "And yet one certain night some one refrained from quaffing off a brownish potion." Faust still has some illusions and these illusions have held him fast in life; but now he breaks away from them:

Wenn aus dem ſchrecklichen Gewühle
Ein ſüß bekannter Ton mich zog,
Den Reſt von kindlichem Gefühle
Mit Anklang froher Zeit betrog,
So fluch' ich allem, was die Seele
Mit Lock- und Gaukelwerk umſpannt
Und ſie in dieſe Trauerhöhle
Mit Blend- und Schmeichelkräften bannt.*

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* E'en though sweet memories, o'er me stealing,
Once saved me from that maddening maze,
Charmed what was left of childlike feeling
With echoes soft of happy days,
I now curse all that e'er entices

He curses, one after another, everything that is ordinarily considered a source of joy and pleasure, everything that appears valuable as happiness or a blessing of life, and finally ends with the terrible words:

> Fluch ſei der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben,
> Und Fluch vor allem der Geduld! *

Accurst be hope! which lures us on with its illusions from one station of life to another; and curst be faith! which gives us courage and strength to take up the battle of life and live; and most of all be patience curst! Faust has no patience in the world of knowledge, for he would like to know everything immediately and penetrate with one effort the innermost secrets of nature; nor has he in life the patience to thrust aside the goblins of life, with their hindrances, and strive after one thing and then another. In a word, he has not the patience to be a realist.

It is everything or nothing again, and since he cannot have everything, and all at once, he will have nothing at all. Such is not the thought and feeling of a pessimist, but of an idealist who knows no metes and bounds. We recognise this idealist in the elemental violence of his curses, and in his attempt to tear down the prison bars of real life, by which he is fretted and chafed, and the metes and bounds of which he considers an *attentat* upon his ideal striving. He is not yet able to forgo his desires, and he is still unwilling to resign himself. Hence "the small dependents, my attendants," as Mephistopheles calls the intervening spirits, direct their song not to the pessimist, but to the idealist. They have rightly recognised his want of moderation and his restlessness, have clearly felt his Titanesque, heaven-storming nature, and so seek to lure him to begin a new

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And cheats the soul with fancies vain,
All honeyed wiles, all sly devices,
That bind it to this world of pain.

* Accurst be hope! and curst be faith!
And most of all be patience curst!

course of life. Through their words, which are nothing but Faust's inner voice objectified, there runs for this very reason an ideal strain, and also the suggestion that it may not be so easy for Mephistopheles to master this mighty son of earth.

As though nothing had happened, as though Faust had not just cursed all illusion, Mephistopheles now comes forward with the proposal that they enter into a compact, and Faust expresses his willingness to do so. How is this possible, especially at the present moment? "Accurst be faith!" is one thing. The beyond can cause him little worry; he does not care to hear anything further about whether or not there is such a thing as an above and a below in those spheres. He has no illusions on this subject, and hence he may make the venture. To be sure, we ourselves are confronted by the impending danger of being torn out of our illusion. If there is no beyond, then Faust may well make the venture, for Mephistopheles will be deceived in any event. In any event? Must hell be in the beyond? Is there not a hell here on earth, and will Faust not experience it in his own life, for example, in the prison with Gretchen, where all the woe of mankind will overwhelm him? Yes, but is that what Goethe means? Perhaps not. But who has time to think about it at such a moment, when the action is advancing so breathlessly, and we, in our eagerness to hear the compact, are for the present happily carried beyond the possibility of losing the illusion?

If Faust no longer has any illusions, he has none concerning the devil's offer, and hence he asks: "What wilt thou, sorry devil, give?" Still he enters into the compact. What does he expect to gain by his league with Mephistopheles? In reality nothing, and it is for this reason that he feels at liberty to enter into it. "Was human soul, in its exalted striving, by thee and thine e'er understood?" Mephistopheles will never gain the mastery over him, for, like the Lord, in the "Prologue," Faust relies on his striving, and his striving is so exalted that the sorry devil will never be able to satisfy it. He can close the contract with proud defiance, because he is certain of the endlessness of his strength and the duration of his striving. But if the latter is endless it can never be satisfied. Wherefore then the compact? Must he not now consider it worthless and superfluous, and decline to become a party to it? He desires to dull his senses; he longs for intoxication, that he may forget himself and his pain, may forget his heart's dissatisfaction, by silencing it in a wild chase after enjoyment. He needs this wild chase. It is his nature to strive, and striving means employment of one's powers in action. So he needs something to occupy him, needs this restlessness; therefore "Into the tumult of time let us hence, And stem the rolling tide of events! Restless striving is man's true sphere." In this restless striving Mephistopheles is to be Faust's servant, and Faust thinks that he will fill the place satisfactorily. And what is to be the object of the striving? Pleasure? Yes; but also its opposite, pain. "But list! no word of joy hath crossed my lips. I fain would drunken reel with pleasure's maddest pain." Here again it is everything or nothing. "And all the weal and woe on man bestowed I 'll gladly in my inmost soul enjoy." We have made the transition from the newer portion of the scene to the older, naturally and imperceptibly, and the keenest eye cannot discern any joint or gap.

However, we have not reached the end of the scene. We now pass from Faust to Mephistopheles. Even in the enjoyment of the world and the activities of life Faust demands the acme, the whole; his desires embrace everything, even the infinite. Hence even here he must remain unsatisfied. Since this does not fit into Mephistopheles's plan, he must now exert a sobering, moderating, subduing influence, whereas in the beginning his influence had to be stimulating and luring. This involves no contradiction. Faust's pessimism was from the beginning idealism, which accounts for the boundless passion of the curses he pronounced. Then it was Mephistopheles's task to counteract his inordinate lack of illusions, by presenting the attractive side of life and luring him out into this life. Now this immoderateness reveals itself in its true light, as immoderateness of striving and willing; and Mephistopheles must seek to subdue it, must pour out upon the idealist vials of vitriolic mockery and cold, realistic reason, and recommend to him self-limitation. To the devil self-limitation means the forgoing of everything high and ideal, means limitation to the sphere of the low and common. What is the devil's aim? To draw this lofty spirit away from his original source, to make him eat dust, and with pleasure; in a word, to stifle the idealism in him. Mephistopheles tells us himself what he considers the best means to this end:

> Den ſchlepp' ich durch das wilde Leben,
> Durch flache Unbedeutenheit,
> Er ſoll mir zappeln, ſtarren, kleben,
> Und ſeiner Unerſättlichkeit
> Soll Speiſ' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen ſchweben;
> Er wird Erquickung ſich umſonſt erflehn.*

Mephistopheles is wise enough to know that such a spirit is not easily ruined, that its mainspring is not to be weakened all at once. So he must first seek to overcome Faust's restless striving. The feasts which he sets before him must be prepared with this in view; they must be wild, insipid, insignificant, common. He hopes in this way to wean Faust from his accustomed fare, to degrade him and ruin him spiritually, so that in the end, languid, weak, and blasé, he will really find pleasure in eating dust. So it is not a question of how long Faust tarries here or there in his pursuit of happiness, but whether he will ever become weary of this pursuit, this restless activity of spirit, and whether he will ever come to a halt, surfeited and exhausted, and cease entirely to strive forward. For being blasé is a mortal sin against the holy ghost of life and striving.

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* Him will I drag through revels gay,
His lust with vapid trifles feed,
Till he shall struggle, stiffen, stay;
And to excite his boundless greed
Viands shall near his lips and float away.
In vain shall he refreshment then implore.

So they close the wager, the compact, each interpreting, it in his own mind in his own way, Faust, "in a sudden flight of impassioned oratory," clothing the terms in these words:

Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So ſei es gleich um mich getan!
Kannſt du mich ſchmeichelnd je belügen,
Daß ich mir ſelbſt gefallen mag,
Kannſt du mich mit Genuß betrügen,
Das ſei für mich der letzte Tag!
Die Wette biet' ich! . . .
Und Schlag auf Schlag!
Werd' ich zum Augenblicke ſagen:
Verweile doch! du biſt ſo ſchön!
Dann magſt du mich in Feſſeln ſchlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!
Dann mag die Totenglocke ſchallen,
Dann biſt du deines Dienſtes frei,
Die Uhr mag ſtehn, der Zeiger fallen,
Es ſei die Zeit für mich vorbei! *

Let us now ask ourselves the question, Has Mephistopheles won this wager at any moment of the Gretchen tragedy, not to speak of the vapid revelries in Auerbach's Cellar, during which Faust could not possibly have viewed himself complacently? Through sensuous love the devil hoped

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* When calmed I stretch myself upon a bed of ease,
That moment be the victory thine!
Canst thou me lure with flattery's wile
To view myself complacently,
Canst thou with pleasure me beguile,
Let that day be the last for me!
Be this our wager! . . .
Then we agree!
When to the moment I shall say:
"Oh, prithee, stay! Thou art so fair!"
Then mayst thou fetters on me lay,
The ruin of my soul declare!
Then let the death bell sound its call,
Then from thy service thou art free,
The clock may stop, the index fall,
And time no more exist for me!

to drag Faust down into the mire of guilt. Instead there awakens in Faust that eternal love which will not permit the soul to remain in sin and perish in guilt. He is filled with the idealism of love. There is awakened in him also the consciousness of metes and bounds, and of the necessity of moderation and self-limitation. He once desired to be able to fly, to be free and untrammelled, untrammelled implying freedom from all restraints of morality. He is soon to learn by bitter experience whither such unrestrained freedom leads, and also to experience the full significance of his desire to heap the woes of all mankind upon his own bosom. He has really felt the weight of all the misery of mankind, but at what a price! In the Gretchen tragedy he has again become conscious of the two souls within his breast, the inward discord between the vulgar realism of sensuousness and the ideal height of an endless love. In view of this discord can it be possible that Mephistopheles has won the wager, the condition of which Faust formulated in these words, "Canst thou me lure with flattery's wile to view myself complacently"? Was Faust satisfied with himself there in the prison? If, instead of clinging to a pedantic and purely superficial interpretation of the words, "When to the moment I shall say: 'Oh, prithee, stay! Thou art so fair!'" one takes into consideration the spirit and significance of the whole passage, there is no trace here of a contradiction such as has been confidently pointed out. So correctly is the wager formulated that we are forced to admit that in it Faust's nature is for the first time fully unfolded, without any incoherencies or evidences of patchwork, and without any other contradiction than that which lies in the nature of Faust, and of mankind in general.

And another thing has hereby been made clear within the tragedy itself, as it was outside of it, in the "Prologue in Heaven," namely, that the devil's words, "Hither to me!" at the close of the First Part, cannot be the end. The First Part leads us to expect a sequel, such as really lies before us in the Second Part.

Mephistopheles had taken Faust to Auerbach's Cellar, to Gretchen's chamber, and to the witches' conclave on the Brocken. It was insipid enough at the latter place, but for that very reason Faust could not be satisfied with himself there. He learned there whither being "untrammelled, free" leads when it means freedom from the moral law, when man casts off the restraints of duty and morality. Though he falls a victim to sensuousness, he finds in his love for Gretchen something else that is higher and purer and corresponds entirely to his idealistic original source. Thus he begins inwardly to free himself from the base companion, with whose society he has hitherto been pleased. Through the fate of Gretchen he learns that unlimited, unrestrained willing and striving lead man to the abyss. He has learned to know mankind's highest pleasure and deepest pain, but has at the same time experienced the truthfulness of the words, which he himself later utters, "Passive enjoyment makes one common."

Much as he has learned, his education is not yet finished. He has completed another third of the course, but the last third is still before him. Since he desires the whole, he "considers the possession of the highest knowledge, the enjoyment of the fairest blessings insufficient," so long as he has not yet completed this last third. He believes in the motto, "Restless striving is man's true sphere," so he says: "Into the tumult of time let us hence, And stem the rolling tide of events!" After knowledge and enjoyment must come action and deeds; after the little world, the great world. Or, as Goethe himself says, the hero must now be led out of his present "sorrowful sphere through worthier relations in higher regions." The poet also puts it in this way: "The treatment must now pass more from the specific to the generic."* Schiller makes the very positive suggestion, "It would be eminently proper, in my judgment, for Faust to be led into active life." What success will Faust have in the great world, and how will it go with him there? And, above all, what success will Goethe have, and how will it go with the material which swells to such proportions? Will he find the "poetical hoop" that can hold it together?

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* *Cf.* Riemer, *Mitteilungen über Goethe*, ii., 569.—C.

Goethe was Faust, Faust was Goethe; and even though, as we have seen, each had outgrown the other, at bottom their natures always remained the same. For the continuation of the work this fact was both favourable and unfavourable. Favourable, in that Goethe, having attained to a high position among men, was able to labour in the great world and exert an influence upon it, at the side of a prince, as statesman and minister, as theatre director and whatever other function it fell to his lot to perform. Unfavourable, in so far as his whole nature, which inclined more and more, as time went on, to calm, contemplative, exclusive activity and to work with himself and on his own harmonious development, made him desire to hold himself aloof from the excitement and unrest of political life, and from mingling with the great mass. Besides, he took little interest in the storms and passions, to some extent even in the most important phenomena and questions, of politics.

At the time of *Götz* and *Egmont* he to whom nothing human was strange did not know this lack. If he had finished *Faust* then it would probably have been easier for him to guide his hero through even this sphere of life. Hence it has been thought that Faust might have been made to take part in the Peasants' War of the sixteenth century, and to-day one might be specially tempted to represent him as a champion of such social aims and struggles. For the Goethe of later years it was above all this very "difficulty of the political task" that made him hesitate and postpone the work time after time. He had gotten out of sympathy with things political, especially since the French revolution, and this side of life was for him almost a closed book, when he took up the task of completing the Second Part of the drama. On the other hand, the thing that interested him during the first years of the new century, when he went to work under Schiller's stimulating influence, was the working out of the idea of pure man, the realisation of a definite educational ideal, which we characterise only approximately with the nowadays so threadbare word humanity, and much too one-sidedly as neo-humanism. With the progress of years surrounding conditions also contributed their share toward turning his interest away. The War of Liberation failed to bring the Germans unity of spirit and redemption from the division of the fatherland into petty states. The reaction soon made its laming influence felt everywhere. Goethe had already assumed a cool, antagonistic attitude toward the youthful attempts at opposition on the part of the Burschenschaft and South German liberalism. The esthetic-literary war, on the contrary, between classicism and romanticism, between the antique and the mediæval, was not yet fought out, and, strongly as Goethe was attached to the classical, he sought to form out of the two opposing aims a third aim, higher than either of them, the modern educational ideal, and to realise this ideal in his own person. He also took a most lively interest in natural science, which was coming more and more to the front. Even social developments, particularly the building up of the civilisation of the new era on the foundation of machinery and technical skill, on canals and ocean commerce, did not escape his far-seeing eye. How deeply he was interested in these matters we know from *Wilhelm Meister*.

Faust had outgrown Goethe also by virtue of the fact that he had become a "generic" character, a representative type of striving, struggling humanity. This humanity was not different from that of Goethe's own time, except that he saw more distinctly than others what was lying in the seed and was yet gradually to grow beyond that period. Hence he felt it his duty to embody in Faust, as a representative type, the interests of the day, as they came to his attention and affected him. But even the most universal spirit can take but one step and reach but one span beyond the limitations of his age. So the Faust of the second decade of the nineteenth century will hardly be able to advance to political activity, because there was no political activity at that time. Herein lies the temporary limitation of the Second Part.

What we have just said reveals still another danger. To the symbolic, "generic" significance of Faust Goethe sacrificed the necessity of limiting him to a definite time, say, the sixteenth century. He makes him come into touch with the past and the future, with the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century; in a certain sense he makes him independent of time, through which process the personal and dramatic elements lose what is gained by the universal human and symbolic.

Now let us pass to the contents of this Second Part. It falls into two chief divisions, the union of Faust with Helena and the end of Faust, after he has become the prince of the strand. The former of these divisions embraces the first three acts; the latter, the fourth and fifth acts.

After Faust's soul has passed through the hellish torments of guilt and remorse, in the "Prison" scene, we see him at the beginning of the Second Part seeking and finding sleep under the influence of the songs of Ariel and his chorus of elves, for "be he holy, be he evil, they th' unhappy creature pity." That is to say, the homeless outcast, the monster without aim and rest, finds again in the solitude, on the bosom of nature, his lost repose, finds new life and new power "to strive henceforth tow'rd being's sovereign height." In the beautiful monologue at the sight of the rising sun we see him more mature and, above all, limiting himself, forgoing the whole. The way is paved for a resignation of exaggerated idealism. He cannot bear the full light of the sun, he must be satisfied with its picture in the rainbow of a waterfall. "In these refracted colours we have life."

The purpose of the scene is obvious. But one will have to ask one's self whether it is enough to represent in this short scene and in such an operatic way Faust's liberation from remorse and a guilty conscience and his resolution to begin a new life on the basis of a past bitter experience, and whether it is enough to let him recover so simply in communion with nature that, bathed in the dew of Lethe's flood, he hardly thinks of Gretchen any more. The ethical element is wanting, and yet the effect of the Gretchen tragedy on Faust ought to be ethical. In the third third of Faust's range of experience, in active life, it would seem absolutely essential that the ethical relations be not wanting.

No motive at all is assigned for Faust's determination to go to the Emperor's Court, where we find him with Mephistopheles in the second scene. Here three things happen. Mephistopheles, who introduces himself as a court fool, opens the prospect of untold treasures for the Emperor, who is financially ruined and whose whole empire is on the point of dissolution, but who, undisturbed by these things, cares for nothing save to amuse himself. The promise is redeemed by the manufacture of paper money, which, it is true, is soon discovered to be the devil's money, and brings no blessing to its possessors. The second is the masquerade, which Faust seems to direct from the background, like Goethe, who had arranged many such festivities at the Court of Weimar, especially during the first years of his residence there. It is full of allusions and allegories, which are not to be understood without a commentary, but it is constructed with much artistic beauty and theatrical observation, just such a court festival as Goethe's fancy doubtless dreamed might some day be realised. There is also a connection with the action of the first part of the scene. The third event of the scene is the conjuring up of Helena.

Goethe's sources for the paper-money scene were doubtless John Law's schemes and the assignat swindle in France. But what is the purpose of the scene in the drama? To give Faust an occasion to become an active factor in political life, at a time when the state is in distress. But does Faust really do anything? Mephistopheles invents the plan and executes it; Faust is his passive assistant and at most adds a few pathetic words, which show that not even he sees through the swindle. There is another thing in the scene that gives it interest beyond that due to its position in *Faust*. It is a picture of the time of the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times, perhaps not without a slight polemical thrust at the romantic glorification of the period and the romantic manipulation of historical facts to make them seem to support the theory that throne and altar belong together. The luxurious festivals of the Court are a striking contrast to the distress of the country. The spirit of the government is feudal, mediæval, unenlightened, and reactionary, as is shown by the drastic expressions of the Chancellor:

> Natur und Geiſt—ſo ſpricht man nicht zu Chriſten.
> Deshalb verbrennt man Atheiſten,
> Weil ſolche Reden höchſt gefährlich ſind.
> Natur iſt Sünde, Geiſt iſt Teufel,
> Sie hegen zwiſchen ſich den Zweifel,
> Ihr mißgeſtaltet Zwitterkind.
> Uns nicht ſo!—Kaiſers alten Landen
> Sind zwei Geſchlechter neu entſtanden,
> Sie ſtützen würdig ſeinen Thron:
> Die Heiligen ſind es und die Ritter;
> Sie ſtehen jeden Ungewitter
> nd nehmen Kirch' und Staat zum Lohn.*

As opposed to him, Faust and Mephistopheles represent the modern spirit. Wherever Mephistopheles discovers that anything is old and corrupt his immediate influence leads to further dissolution and destruction, as, for example, in the masquerade, where the gold works ruin and adventurers and swindlers gain the upper hand. Hence progress is not so quickly made after all. The ground must first be prepared; the spirits must first be formed, men must first be educated, and that esthetically. Schiller also thought that education for the true state should be esthetic. Therefore the time, and Faust, who represents the time, must pass through this course of training. The road of progress from the Middle Ages to modern times passes through humanism and the Renaissance, that is, through the return to life of classical antiquity and its beauty. Helena must be conjured up.

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* To words like "nature," "mind," no Christian lists.
The ground for burning atheists
Is that such words bring souls in jeopardy.
Nature is sin, and mind is devil;
They doubt beget, in shameless revel,
A monstrous, mongrel progeny.
Not so with us! The empire old
Brought forth two races, new and bold,
To-day the throne's most worthy stay,
The knights and clergy, who together
The emperor help each storm to weather,
And take both church and state for pay.

It is here a question chiefly of the amusement of the Emperor; the beautiful is to entertain him. This is the first form in which it manifests itself at the masquerade, and it is for this purpose only that Helena and Paris are to be produced. But it is not easy to conjure up Helena. Mephistopheles cannot do it; the spirit of annihilation is not a spirit of reanimation, and, besides, the northern devil is the principle of ugliness, to whom the figures of antiquity, "an obnoxious folk," afford no attraction. So Faust must this time take a hand himself. Mephistopheles can only show him the way and give him the key. He himself must go down to the "Mothers."

Die Mütter! Mütter! —'s klingt ſo wunderlich! *

Here we have really one of the mysteries of the Second Part. Who are these Mothers? The conception is to be traced back to a passage in Plutarch.[48] Plutarch was a Platonist, and the realm of the Mothers is essentially the realm of the ideas of Plato, or, as Schiller has called it, the realm of forms, the realm of shades. These ideas are the eternal, original forms of all things, or, as was later held, the original forms of all individual things. Though these individual things may have disappeared from our world, their ideal, original forms still endure. Over this realm of forms stand guard certain divinities, who give them motherly protection. These divinities are, then, so to

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* The Mothers! Mothers!—it sounds so curious!

speak, the womb from which issue all individual things, and theirs is the function of mediating the process of life, and, naturally, also that of reanimation, whether things are called to the light naturally in the fair course of life, or miraculously by the magician's power. So Faust must go to the Mothers if he desires, as a magician, to bring Helena to the light; for her original form is in their keeping. It must be admitted that this is all far-fetched and artificial; and it is not very clear what the journey to the Mothers, into those "solitudes," into the eternal, empty distance of void, signifies to Faust, or whether his hope to find the all in this nothing is realised in Helena.

At any rate Faust brings up with him the embodiment of classical beauty, Helena, in her original form, most beautiful and perfect, and produces her before the Court. While the Court, not knowing what to make of the ideal, indulges in insipid witticisms and scandalous gossip, Faust's soul is deeply moved by the sight of this beauty, which was conjured up primarily only for the sake of amusement. She it is to whom he will henceforth devote the employment of his every power, the whole of his passion, inclination, love, adoration, frenzy. So here in the presence of beauty he is still the same old immoderate, unrestrained idealist, with his all or nothing. He seeks to hold Helena fast, but the spirit-like being dissolves in vapour as he is about to seize her. It is with her as with the Earth-Spirit, and here again Faust sinks in a swoon. He has shown that he is still the same Faust in that he has not the patience to await the results of slow work; he must take beauty by storm, and that immediately. But beauty and the classical ideal cannot be gained in that way. It is necessary to travel by a longer way in order to arrive at the goal. To show this is the purpose of the second act.

Of all the five acts this is the strangest, with Homunculus and the Classical Walpurgis Night. Mephistopheles has taken swooning Faust back to his old quarters, the realm of knowledge, or, let us say, the realm of learning, since Wagner now dwells there as a shining light of science.

This man of learning is just now at work on a stupendous project, the original conception of which goes back to the Renaissance, to Paracelsus. It is his desire to produce an artificial man in a retort, and the moment that Mephistopheles enters his laboratory, and, as it seems, by his intervention hastens the chemical process, the great work is consummated, the chemical manikin is finished, a little spirit man without flesh and blood, almost without a body, who, as a product of learning, is spiritual through and through, is clever, intelligent, and even learned from the beginning, and, as a representative of the learning of the Renaissance, shows from the outset a "tendency toward the beautiful and toward serviceable action." As a polyhistor he knows of course about Greece and is quite at home there. Hence he is able to interpret Faust's classical dreams, which have to do with Leda and the swan, that is, with the procreation of Helena, and can show him the way to Greece and serve as his guide there. He is the right man for Faust at the present moment. From his hand, "the hand of truth," will Faust receive the veil of poetry and beauty.

Such approximately must be the conception which we form of the nature and purpose of Homunculus, and the whole conception would have been quite clever if it had not had a tinge of the comical. It is not Faust who makes him, but Wagner. The idea that this famulus-nature, this learned impotence, should make a human being without procreation, provokes a smile, whether we will or no; it necessarily makes the creature ridiculous. Matters are made worse, rather than improved, when we hear that the conception was suggested to Goethe by the assertion of a Schellingian natural philosopher, who happened also to be called Wagner, that chemistry would certainly yet succeed in creating men by means of crystallisation.[49]

Ordinarily there is but a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous; here we are to realise the shortness of the distance in the opposite direction. Homunculus fulfils his task and leads Faust to the classic land of beauty, just as philological learning has in reality led the peoples of

Western Europe, the men of modern times, to the classical ideal. But he himself meets with his end there, and this end is tragically beautiful. He is dashed to pieces on the shell chariot of Galatea, the goddess of beauty, presumably because he is now no longer necessary, just as the learning of humanism seems necessary only until the beauty of humane and humanised mankind shall be realised. In certain particulars the fate and end of this strange little dwarf are not clear, and it is easy to understand how others should have hit upon other interpretations, as, for example, to mention but one, which is wholly impossible, the interpretation of Homunculus as the embodiment of life energy and a heroic longing for formation.[50] We have already spoken of the cleverness of the idea, that the way to beauty passes through learning, the ridiculous aspects of which one must in the end accept as unavoidable; but such obscurities as those just referred to, and the law that what has once been made ridiculous can never again produce a sublime and tragical effect, detract materially from this cleverness.

The most objective figure of the whole scene is the Student of the First Part, who has meanwhile advanced to the bachelor's degree. Though even he is made to utter all sorts of insinuations, for example, against the Burschenschafters and their bearing, with which Goethe had little sympathy, but, above all, against Fichte and his subjective idealism. In his youthful sauciness and impertinence this young man is most charmingly characterised. The one humour-saturated sentence of Mephistopheles, "Perhaps thou knowest not, my friend, how rude thou art," richly compensates for a great deal of tiresome allegory.

Homunculus and Mephistopheles take Faust, who is still lying unconscious, to Greece for the Classical Walpurgis Night on the field of Pharsalus. It is the anniversary of the battle in which the freedom of the antique world came to an end and the victory was won by that empire which was destined finally to carry classical antiquity over into the new Christian world. Therefore the Classical Walpurgis Night is republican, as its counterpart in the north was monarchic. Furthermore the ghostly life and actions on this very ground and in this very night are excellently motivated. But, on the other hand, it seems to us a questionable undertaking, which savours strongly of learnedness, to attempt to represent in the sequence of the figures introduced something like the historical development of the grotesque civilisations, brought from Egypt and the Orient into the free Hellenic beauty of classical civilisation, which is revealed upon and about the shell chariot of Galatea. The most questionable feature about it is the fact that Goethe introduced in satirical form certain scientific disputes which happened to interest him, such as the mythological controversy concerning the Cabiri, provoked by Schelling, but, above all, the scientific war between the Vulcanist and the Neptunist factions in geology, which he finally brought to a close in favour of the Neptunist standpoint, after subjecting the Vulcanists to a volley of derision. What has this to do with Faust? Apart from this we lose sight of him altogether too much. Mephistopheles goes in quest of the ugly and the lustful; Homunculus seeks corporeality, which he either finds or loses, we do not know for certain which, but probably the latter, when he bursts his glass on the shell chariot of Galatea.

Faust has but one thought, one aim. In the throng of antique forms and ghosts he seeks Helena, but cannot find her. Chiron, who, as an educator, has put heroes on the right path, and has carried Helena herself on his back, takes him to Manto, his dearest friend among the sibylline guild. As she loves "him who desires the impossible," she leads Faust down to Proserpine, as she had once "smuggled Orpheus in," in order that he may bring up Helena—this time from the lower world. But here the thing of chief importance is wanting. Goethe intended to develop a scene at the court of Proserpine. He had in mind especially a grand rhetorical appeal by Manto, or by Faust himself, by which Proserpine should be moved to let Helena go back up to life. "What an oration it must be," he said to Eckermann, "when even Proserpine is moved by it to tears!" Unfortunately this scene was left unwritten. The assertion that everything presupposed by the return to life is given, and hence the occurrence itself may, without loss to the play, remain behind the scene and be supplied mentally, as a logical certainty, by those who have witnessed what has preceded, is not a satisfactory excuse. As is proved by a sketch of the year 1826, it was Goethe's original intention to write out the scene. As he did not do it, this portion of the Second Part turned out truly "too laconical." There is here a very perceptible gap. At the opening of the third act Helena stands suddenly before the surprised spectator, who as yet has had nothing to prepare him for her appearance.

Helena, this "Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria," was first thought of as an interlude, but now "the piece" forms the important third act, the "culmination and axis" of the Second Part. So far as form is concerned, it is a Greek tragedy in the luxurious garb of the antique trimeter, with a chorus of Trojan maidens, a leader of the chorus, and choral song. But is the substance also Greek? Let us see.

Helena and her attendants are on Spartan soil. Having just returned from Troy, she is waiting before her palace for Menelaus, who has sent her ahead of the army. Mephistopheles appears as the stewardess of the royal castle, in the form of a Phorcyd, the ugliest figure of classical mythology, which he borrowed during the Walpurgis Night. By means of a warning that Menelaus has chosen her for a sacrificial victim, as a punishment for her infidelity, he terrifies the princess and drives her into the arms of Faust, who has settled in the northern part of Sparta, as the leader of Germanic hordes. Faust receives the fugitives in his castle and protects them against an attack of Menelaus. As a reward for the rescue he wins the love of Helena and enjoys with her in Arcadia the highest bliss of love. From their union, soon after it is formed, there springs a son, Euphorion, who, soon after his birth, grows up and talks, sings and jumps. But as he knows no danger, no limitations, no moderation, he falls down all too soon, a second Icarus, from the quickly scaled rocky height, and from the depths below we hear a voice: "Leave me in the realm of shades, mother, not all alone!" The son draws the mother after him. With the words, "Proserpine, receive the boy and me," she embraces Faust, "her corporeal part disappears, her garment and veil remain in his arms." The garment bears Faust "swiftly through the ether above everything common," he floats away on a bank of clouds. The attendants, the maidens of the chorus, with their genuine antique enjoyment of life and nature, prefer, instead of following the queen back to Hades, to return to ever-living nature and transform themselves into dryads, echo-nymphs, brook-nymphs, and spirits of the vine. Thus ends the phantasmagoria. What does it signify?

First let us ask: What is Helena? A living creature, a human being with flesh and blood, or a shade, a spirit, a phantasm? Does she experience everything awake and with consciousness, or as in a dream? Perhaps neither, perhaps both. She says herself: "I to myself become an eidolon," and "which I am I do not know." Faust, the Faust of the sixteenth century, is a man of the Middle Ages—the settlement of knights in Greece occurred, as is well known, in the year 1204—and at the same time an entirely modern man. Thus three ages are intermingled. But the question of chief interest is, how does he come to be with the Spartan queen? Is it a spectral apparition; is it reality? We do not know. All that is clear is that their union signifies the union of classical and mediæval poetry. Faust teaches the Greek queen the Germanic rhyme form, and teaches her the principle that in poetry only what comes from the heart can affect the heart. He himself receives from her as his permanent possession her garment and veil, the clothing of beauty, which bears him through the ether above everything common. From their union springs Euphorion, the representative of modern poetry, in whom the principle above referred to is verified, to which even the Phorcyd Mephistopheles ascribes:

Denn es muß von Herzen gehen,
Was auf Herzen wirken ſoll.*

It is the superiority of modern art, in its inwardness of feeling, even over antique art, of which it borrows but the forms:

Laß der Sonne Glanz verſchwinden,
Wenn es in der Seele tagt,
Wir im eignen Herzen finden,
Was die ganze Welt verſagt.†

Is Euphorion really the representative of modern poetry? Is not Goethe himself that? We have already heard that Euphorion is Lord Byron, who, furthermore, is supposed to be portrayed in the Boy Charioteer of the first act. Goethe said of him: "For a representative of the most recent poetical age I could use nobody but him, who, without question, is to be considered the greatest talent of the century. And then Byron is not classical, and he is not romantic; he is like the present day itself. Such a one I had to have." So we shall have to be satisfied with this and make the best of it. While Euphorion (Byron), the half-visionary, stands upon his eminence and watches the battle of the Greeks against the Turks, even hears the thunder of cannon during a sea battle, and as a Philhellene strives to help the New Hellenes, he forms a new connecting link between the antique and the modern world.

Thus *Faust* really spans the three thousand years from the capture of Troy to the fall of Missolonghi. But it is a composite picture showing a great confusion of qualities: poetry and objectivity, with symbolism and allegory; personality and individuality, with universal humanity; unhistorical and marvellous incidents, with history of the world on the one hand and history of philosophy on the other; time and space, versification and style, poetry and truth, all in gay confusion, really forming a daring phantasmagoria. If it had remained, as was originally planned, a mere interlude, like "Oberon's and Titania's Golden Wedding," say, in the first "Walpurgis Night," one might well have endured the marvellous element. But it was finally made an integrant part of the drama, toward which the whole Second Part points and in which it culminates, and so we are forced to ask what significance and what value it has for Faust.

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* From the heart must needs arise
What aspires the heart to reach.

† Let the sun forsake the sky,
If the soul is bright with morn;
What the whole world doth deny
Is within our bosoms born.

How his marriage with the Greek heroine is to affect him is clear. The Eternal-Womanly draws him upward, antique beauty liberates him more and more from the mediæval ugliness of the spectral form of the Phorcyd Mephistopheles, ideal beauty frees him from sensuousness. Thus he is to emerge from this union exalted, purified, liberated, and, finally, by the death of immoderate, unrestrained Euphorion, he is to have his attention directed to moderation and self-restraint, as they are embodied in most beautiful harmony in Hellenism. Hence he calls out to his untamed boy: "Gently! son, gently! Curb thine over-importunate, passionate strivings!" In a word, he is to acquire moral culture through the medium of esthetic education, and to be led through esthetic harmony to moral self-restraint. But is this in any way revealed in the drama? What does Faust do? He saves Helena. In that connection we read:

Nur der verdient die Gunſt der Frauen,
Der kräftigſt ſie zu ſchützen weiß.*

It that necessary? Is not the news of Menelaus's approach pure deception? Even if it be not, he leaves the battle to the leaders of his troops, after they have received his orders; he himself takes no part in it. The only thing to his credit is the procreation of Euphorion, but even that is symbolic-allegorical; it has at best esthetic, but no moral, significance. The love-dallying in its antique naïveté—

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* No man deserveth woman's grace,
Unless with mighty arm he shield her.

> Nicht verſagt ſich die Majeſtät
> Heimlicher Freuden
> Vor den Augen des Volkes
> Ubermütiges Offenbarſein[†]—

is rather morally offensive to us. Or is the effect of this harmonising education perhaps revealed as an after-effect? A single utterance of Mephistopheles points that way:

> Man merkt's, du kommſt von Heroinen.[‡]

That is all and it is decidedly too little. Hence the Helena tragedy does not produce the effect that it should, especially the effect that it ought to produce on Faust within the drama. And this dramatic deficiency is not compensated for by the wealth of beauty and splendour which the act unquestionably contains.

We are approaching the end. The fourth act brings Faust back to the Emperor's Court. But first comes a prelude, which finally contains a reference to the events of the First Part. Faust, alone in lonely nature, in the high mountains, is reminded by the vanishing cloud-garments of Helena, which have borne him hither, of "youth's first, now long-withholden, highest good," by which Gretchen is doubtless meant. We are threatened with a conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles about Vulcanism, but it is warded off just in the nick of time by an offer of the devil which reminds us of the temptation of Jesus. We are even referred expressly to the fourth chapter of *Matthew*. Mephistopheles offers Faust for his enjoyment one of the lands over which he has been flying. But Faust, who feels within himself the "power for bold industry," declares that "the

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[*] Majesty doth not hesitate
Raptures most secret
To the eyes of the crowd
Boldly, shamelessly, thus to reveal.

[†] I see, thou com'st from heroines.

act is everything, fame nothing." He desires nothing that is already finished, but prefers something that he has worked and struggled for himself. He will gain from the sea a stretch of land along the shore, will subject the aimless elements to his power, will broaden the room for the work of human civilisation. Thinking of this work, which lures him, he utters, in the proud consciousness of a ruler, the proud motto, "Passive enjoyment makes man common!" We have finally reached the last third of the Second Part. After knowledge and enjoyment we have come to activity.

There is still another motive behind Faust's determination. He desires to create a country and a people for himself, because the political world, as it exists, the states as they are, deserve to go to ruin. This is shown by conditions in the Emperor's realm, which has fallen into a state of anarchy. Goethe had in mind the conditions in the old German Empire, but also in France at the time of Louis XV., and at the beginning of the revolution. The description is therefore a composite picture of the times, made up of freely chosen details. Against the Emperor, who has derived no benefit from the devil's money, a rival Emperor has risen, so that he finds it difficult to defend his throne. This is a welcome opportunity for Faust to win the desired stretch of land along the shore as a feud, in reward for assistance given. It is for this reason and no other that he interferes, or rather, Mephistopheles interferes in his stead; for the latter again does everything. Faust definitely declines to "be the commander of an undertaking of which he understands nothing." And yet a while ago he was a knight and through his leaders gained the victory over Menelaus, who, to be sure, may not have been real. With the help of the three "allegorical scoundrels," Bully, Havequick, and Holdfast, and, when they prove insufficient, with the aid of an optical illusion of fountains and flooded rivers and brooks, Faust again helps the Emperor out of a dilemma, for which he receives little thanks, however, as the Church condemns the devil's magic and, as with the jewel casket for Gretchen, shows that it and it alone can digest unrighteous goods.

Faust receives the desired strand, nevertheless. Unfortunately the scene of the enfeoffment, which Goethe had originally planned and partly written, was finally left out. It would have proved a much more essential part of the scene than the appointment of five electoral princes, after the model of the Golden Bull of Charles IV.

In the fifth act we see Faust as a prince of the strand and ruler of the land won from the sea, a great merchant, and a daring engineer. The first part of the act is full of very modern atmosphere. What Faust does here is good, what he has accomplished is great. This work, which stands as the victory crowning his struggle with the elements, is an illustration of the words of Sophocles, "There is much that is mighty, but nothing is mightier than man." The fact that magic and human sacrifices were required to carry it out, as Baucis tells us, shows that as human accomplishments even these deeds and works are imperfect, that the mark of the evil one is branded upon them. To view the matter in a broader light, we may say that the victories of civilisation are not won without violence, destruction, and guilt; their way passes ruthlessly over the happiness of men. Piracy marks the trail of the expanding power, and the territory on which stands the little hut of Philemon and Baucis in the midst of Faust's possessions, thus hindering his rounding out of his property to include the whole area, and limiting his power, is finally annexed to his territory, not in a kindly way, as he desires, but by means of fire and murder. For the piracy Faust has only a serious countenance and a gloomy look—"He makes a face that shows disgust." Upon the crime against the innocent old couple he pronounces his curse—"This thoughtless, savage blow I curse!" But it is too late. By his impatience he has provoked the deed of violence. That it was more violent and more cruel than he wished is his own fault. That things may turn out so, and usually do, ought to be well known to a man of years, above all to a man who is accustomed to ruling and giving orders.

Out of the smoke and vapour of the burnt hut arise four spirits of torture, Want, Debt, Care, Distress. But only one of them may enter his palace, "Care through the keyhole an entrance may win." Before she leaves him she breathes upon him and he goes blind. Here everything ought to be clear, and yet it is all obscure. Hence it was possible to propose the odd, but ingenious and suggestive, interpretation, that Faust, having grown old, has lost the magic gift of genius, and now, as a common mortal and dull Philistine, falls a prey to Care, who lames the productive activity of genius and prepares man for hell. Thus Faust has lost his wager and has fallen into the power of the devil. It will still be possible, however, for him to be saved, because the blinding of his soul is "due to senile weakness."[51]

Almost every point of this interpretation is contradicted by the wording of this and the following scenes. One thing above all is clear, namely, that Faust's withdrawal from magic is not a lapse into the ways of the Philistine, but a step upward toward better and purer things. To be sure, he has not yet fought his way to freedom, but he wishes he had, and it is at least his intention to do it.[52]

Könnt' ich Magie von meinem Pfad entfernen,
Die Zauberſprüche ganz und gar verlernen;
Stünd' ich, Natur! vor dir ein Mann allein,
Da wär's der Mühe wert, ein Menſch zu ſein.[*]

May it be that Care has been sent with her "miserable litany" by Mephistopheles? In any case she is unable to subdue Faust or check him in his onward progress.

Doch deine Macht, o Sorge, ſchleichend groß,
Ich werde ſie nicht anerkennen.[†]

True, she does brand him outwardly with the sign of her power, when she breathes upon him and he goes blind.

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[*] Could I my pathway rid of magic fell,
And totally unlearn its secret spell;
Stood I, O Nature, man alone with thee,
'T were then well worth the while a man to be.

[†] And yet, O Care, think not that I shall e'er
Thy stealthy, crushing power own.

"But in my spirit shines a radiant light." Strangely enough it is only after Faust has been blinded that he works his way through to the light. He now hastens to accomplish what he has designed. Rid of magic, he seems on the point of freeing himself permanently from the devil also, who of late has been only his servant in all sorts of witchery and jugglery. In the end he no longer has to do with the devil, but only with the "overseer" of his working men. The chief thing, the highest gain, so far as his relation to Care is concerned, is that he now knows himself and his limitations; he has seen the immoderateness of his striving and thus has been enabled to overcome it.

> Ich bin nur durch die Welt gerannt.
> Ein jed' Gelüſt ergriff ich bei den Haaren,
> Was nicht genügte, ließ ich fahren,
> Was mir entwiſchte, ließ ich ziehn.
> Ich habe nur begehrt und nur vollbracht,
> Und abermals gewünſcht und ſo mit Macht
> Mein Leben durchgeſtürmt; erſt groß und mächtig;
> Nun aber geht es weiſe, geht bedächtig.*

Self-knowledge is self-liberation and self-limitation. But wise self-limitation is the opposite of what Mephistopheles has planned for him. The moment that Faust declares,

> Im Weiterſchreiten find' er Qual und Glück,
> Er! unbefriedigt jeden Augenblick,†

Mephistopheles has unconditionally lost the wager. He has not brought Faust to the point where he would stretch himself, calmed, upon a bed of ease, and at no time has he been able to deceive him with enjoyment. In his contest with the devil Faust relied on his striving, and his striving never ceased.

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* I have but hurried through the world.
I by the hair each appetite have seized,
Discarding what no longer pleased,
And what escaped me, letting go.
I have but craved and pampered appetite,
Then craved a second time, and thus with might
I 've stormed through life. At first I raged unmeetly,
But now I move more wisely and discreetly.

† Let progress him with bliss and pain supply,
And every moment fail to satisfy.

Lemures dig Faust's grave, while he still hopes to win fertile soil from the swamp and again to provide room for many millions of colonists. In this task as a task he beholds joyfully a supreme undertaking. As in *Wilhelm Meister*, individual ethics now gives way to social ethics.[53] He sees himself with a free people on a free soil, and thus enjoys really the highest moment, as only a man of his stamp can enjoy it. Poetry and philosophy are again combined in fullest unity, when he says:

Ja! dieſem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
Das iſt der Weisheit letzter Schluß:
Nur der verdient ſich Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der täglich ſie erobern muß.
Und ſo verbringt, umrungen von Gefahr,
Hier Kindheit, Mann und Greis ſein tüchtig Jahr.
Solch ein Gewimmel möcht' ich ſehn,
Auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke ſtehn.
Zum Augenblicke dürft' ich ſagen:
Verweile doch, du biſt ſo ſchön!
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
Nicht in Äonen untergehn.—
Im Vorgefühl von ſolchem hohen Glück
Genieß ich jetzt den höchſten Augenblick.*

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* Yea, all my thought upon this pivot turns,
'T is wisdom's rule, profound and true:
He only life and fullest freedom earns,
Who daily them must win anew.
Thus childhood, manhood, age, all dwelling here,
By dangers girt, may well fill out the year.
Such busy throngs I fain would see,
On free soil stand amid a people free.
Then might I to the moment say:
Oh! prithee, stay! Thou art so fair!
The living traces of my earthly day
This region must through æons bear.
A vision of such happiness as this
Gives me a foretaste of the highest bliss.

From these words it is clear that Mephistopheles has lost the wager and Faust is saved. It is a question only of a wish, not of something really attained—"I fain would see," "then might I say;"—it is not a real enjoyment, but only a foretaste of one. The devil has failed to gain possession of this lofty spirit, because of his inability to comprehend Faust and bring his ideal striving to a standstill; because everything he did to make Faust a common, blasé pleasure-seeker served only to give new impetus to his striving and make him inwardly free from the evil one. Mephistopheles, with his evil wisdom, has become for Faust a real teacher of genuine, good wisdom. To be sure, the Lord is seen to have been right, when he said: "Man errs as long as he doth strive." The saying has proved true in Faust's life up to the last.

It was a "staying," nevertheless, even though but hypothetical; it was an enjoyment of "bliss," too, even though but in a "foretaste"; and so "The clock stands still." "The index falls." "It falls, and all is past." "'T is finished." Faust is dead.

It is therefore necessary that there be some public document, some outward, visible sign, to show that, in spite of appearances, which now speak in his favour, Mephistopheles has no right to the soul of Faust, and that Faust is really saved. This need is supplied in the last two scenes depicting the burial and ascension. The question, whether the way in which the heavenly hosts gain the victory over Mephistopheles and his devils—Mephistopheles is inflamed with pathological, sensuous love for the beautiful angels—is entirely in good taste, is at least open to doubt. What Goethe means by it is clear. Love conquers, it overcomes everything, even hell, the latter, we must admit, in hell's own way. Mephistopheles, true to his part, recognises the fact, speaks ironically of himself, and complains in these words:

Du biſt getäuſcht in deinen alten Tagen,
Du haſt's verdient, es geht dir grimmig ſchlecht.
Ich habe ſchimpflich mißgehandelt,

Ein großer Aufwand, ſchmählich! iſt vertan;
Gemein Gelüſt, abſurde Liebſchaft wandelt
Den ausgepichten Teufel an.[*]

Are we fully convinced that Mephistopheles has deserved to lose, and that Faust has deserved to be saved? The last scene must decide. Faust is borne aloft by angels and is received by heavenly hosts.

Gerettet iſt das edle Glied
Der Geiſterwelt vom Böſen.
„Wer immer ſtrebend ſich bemüht,
Den können wir erlöſen."
Und hat an ihm die Liebe gar
Von oben teilgenommen,
Begegnet ihm die ſelige Schar
Mit herzlichem Willkommen.[†]

Gretchen intercedes for him, and the Chorus Mysticus sums up the whole in the closing lines,

Alles Vergängliche
Iſt nur ein Gleichnis,
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereignis;
Das Unbeſchreibliche,
Hier iſt's getan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.[‡]

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[*] In my old days I thus am sore deceived;
This sorry plight I truly do deserve.
I 've acted in disgraceful fashion,
An outlay vast I 've scandalously lost.
To think that common lust and senseless passion
The calloused devil's plans have crossed!

[†] This noble soul deservingly
Hath found from hell exemption.
"Whoever strives unswervingly
Can gain through us redemption."
And if celestial love
With grace and favour treat him,
The blessed angels from above
With hearty welcome greet him.

[‡] All things ephemeral
As symbols remain;

Is this ending satisfactory? That is the last question. In order to answer it we must cast a backward glance over the whole Second Part, including its form and style, and our answer will serve as a closing criticism of the whole.

The fault that has been found with the close of Goethe's *Faust* is that it is too Gothico-romantic, that the fable of the drama, born of the spirit of Protestantism and taken over and treated as Protestant by Goethe, is here at the close turned round into Catholicism. And it is true; the whole Christian world of the Middle Ages, legends, cult of the Virgin Mary, purgatory, scholasticism,—all are here.[54] That is indeed a departure from the original spirit and style. But the criticism goes still deeper.

In the first place the character of the closing scene leads to an inconsistency in the last act itself. Faust has just declared, with firmness and determination, his belief in the life this side of the grave.

> Nach drüben iſt die Ausſicht uns verrannt;
> Tor! wer dorthin die Augen blinzelnd richtet,
> Sich über Wolken ſeinesgleichen dichtet!
> Er ſtehe feſt und ſehe hier ſich um;
> Dem Tüchtigen iſt dieſe Welt nicht ſtumm;
> Was braucht er in die Ewigkeit zu ſchweifen! *

After this fresh, happy declaration, by a modern man, of his faith in the present life, we cannot possibly become reconciled to that close, incense-laden atmosphere of the mediæval forecourt of heaven. Philosophy and poetry are

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Things there impossible
Here we attain;
Things there a mystery
Here wisdom prove;
Th' Eternal-Womanly
Draws us above.

* The great beyond is barred from mortal ken;
A fool, who thither turns his blinking eyes
And fancies humankind above the skies!
Firm let him stand, the world about him scan,
This life 's not mute to the all-active man;
What need hath he through the beyond to roam?

again far from being harmoniously blended. But, some one will say, such a scene leading to the future life was necessary to corroborate and objectify Faust's salvation, just as the scene of the "Prologue" at the beginning was laid in heaven. Certainly; but who thinks of the beyond during that majestic overture? We may say of it with Mephistopheles, though in another sense, "How handsome it is of the Lord to speak so humanly here!" If it had been portrayed in the style of the "Prologue," Faust's admission into heaven would have been beautiful, grand, glorious, whereas this legendary heaven, with its Mater Gloriosa, its penitent women, its angel choruses, its Pater Profundus, and Doctor Marianus, not only does not lead us into the illusion, it actually disturbs the illusion, and, instead of impressing us as a symbol, appeals to us only as an allegory, and thus leaves us cold. Goethe himself seems to have felt this and to have thought originally of a great judgment scene, in the style of Michael Angelo, in which Faust's salvation should be proclaimed by Christ, as the vice-regent, or by the Lord himself. It is a pity that he did not write the scene, for now we miss especially the words declaring that Faust has been justly saved. The "Prologue" pointed forward to them and we have a right to expect them.

This again takes us deeper. Faust's admission to heaven is intended as a mere symbol, it is thought of as such from the beginning, and the Chorus Mysticus says so expressly, "All things ephemeral as symbols remain." It is a symbol for the idea of self-redemption by means of moral striving, that is, Faust must be redeemed before he can gain admission into heaven. What are the facts? "Whoever strives unswervingly, can gain through us redemption." Has Faust striven unswervingly, in the moral sense, the sense concerned in the world of action? Has he redeemed himself in this sense? Such was necessarily Goethe's intention and he so presents Faust's course of education and development. It was on this account that Faust had to enter the great world, had to be active, and in his actions manifest his character and prove his worth. Where did he do these things? At the

Imperial Court he made paper money, directed festivals, conjured up Helena; but the most even of this he did not do himself, Mephistopheles did it for him. In the Classical Walpurgis Night, to which he is guided by Homunculus, whom another has made, the opportunity to make him at least deliver a great oration before Proserpine is allowed to pass by, so to speak, at the last hour. By Helena, whom he hardly has to protect seriously, he has a son Euphorion. This is meant allegorically, but even behind the allegory there is no moral significance, at most the idea of an esthetical education of mankind, which must precede everything, even morality. But, as it stands, this latter supplement is wanting; the whole is an esthetical, not an ethical, allegory. In the fourth act Faust overcomes a temptation which comes to him, but it is not a very great one. Then, as a matter of fact, the victory over the rival Emperor is won by Mephistopheles with the aid of the three " allegorical scoundrels," and all kinds of hellish illusions; but Faust is rewarded for the deed and receives the strand as a fief. He now has at last an opportunity for moral activity, and in the fifth act he has really arrived at the conclusion that passive enjoyment makes one common, and that moral activity with others and for others, public spirit, has the highest value and is the highest achievement. Thus we see him as a ruler carrying on the work of civilisation on a grand scale and in a liberal spirit. Yet in view of the circumstance that Goethe brings forward prominently the "generically" correct principle, that civilisation does not progress without some acts of violence, and that he here again, as always, places the use of magic powers at Faust's disposal, and does not make his renunciation of magic advance beyond the stage of mere desire, the moral side of his activity retires again to the background. We see indeed that he has become moral, but the process of his becoming so we have not witnessed. Hence there is no motive for Faust's redemption, at least no sufficient motive.

Faust, who has become moral, is redeemed; but moral deeds have been almost wholly wanting, and so the final act must leave us unsatisfied. It does not make it clear to our minds that the Lord has won the wager, and why He has won. The devil is taken unawares, if not deceived, and Faust goes to heaven undeservedly, out of sheer grace. So it must appear, at least, to one who looks, not at the will, but at the accomplishment, and in a drama the latter point of view is the only one admissible. Of course, like every other man, Faust needs the grace, the pardoning love, that is here bestowed upon him. But a pardon without moral grounds, an act of mercy with only an outward, and no inward, moral motive, is characteristic of mediæval ecclesiasticism, not of modern ethics. And Goethe's point of view was, of course, the latter, not the former. Hence the criticism is justified that the close of *Faust* is too Catholic, or better, too ecclesiastical, where it should be purely human and purely ethical. That Goethe intended that it should be human and ethical is shown by the wonderful words, "Whoever strives unswervingly can gain through us redemption"; but in the midst of the scenic and operatic effects of the closing scene these words are lost on the stage.

The impression of the undeservedness of Faust's redemption is further strengthened by another feature. As though the poet had felt that everything was not in order, that Faust's education and purification were not yet finished, we find the supplementary remarks, the esthetically repulsive one about the earthly remains—"They are not cleanly"—and the one of the Blessed Boys,

> Doch dieſer hat gelernt,
> Er wird uns lehren.*

The scoffing reference to Faust as a "heavenly schoolmaster for boys" is not at all needed to make us see that in the above words the end is again postponed. Now at last, to make up for lost time and opportunity, as it were, Faust is really to do something!

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* But he is learned in life
And he will teach us.

In what has been said we have already referred to the form and style of the closing scene and of the Second Part in general, or at least large portions of it. The operatic elements, which are found at the very beginning and are heaped up and crowded in at the end, need be referred to but once more. It is particularly these elements that make this heaven Catholic, whereas in the Protestant heaven of the "Prologue" spoken words and freer language are the rule. We have already said, too, that in the Second Part much has been left obscure and incomprehensible. This is due in a measure to the heaping up of the allegorical. But allegory is not poetry, and the necessity of a commentary enhances our pleasure and enjoyment just as little as it does in the case of Dante.

This tendency to allegorise has also influenced the language of the Second Part. With all the beauty of individual passages, a certain grandiloquence has crowded out the simplicity; the language is often stilted and over-adorned; there are evident traces of Goethe's much decried "old-age style." For example, a decidedly comical effect is produced by the passage in the first act, where Faust receives from Mephistopheles the key and the instructions for his journey to the Mothers: (*Faust strikes a decidedly commanding attitude with the key*). Mephistopheles (*observing him*): "There, that is right! 'T will join and slave-like follow thee to light." Or, let us listen to the chorus of rose-strewing angels at the burial of Faust in the fifth act:

Roſen, ihr blendenden,
Balſam verſendenden!
Flatternde, ſchwebende,
Heimlich belebende,
Zweiglein beflügelte,
Knoſpen entſiegelte,
Eilet zu blühn.

Frühling entſprieße,
Purpur und Grün!

Tragt Paradieſe
Dem Ruhenden hin.*

Is that simple? Is it beautiful? Perhaps the objection may be raised that it is not worth while to dispute about matters of taste. Let us admit it. We might perhaps say, then: Whoever considers the style of the First Part beautiful cannot be pleased with the pompous, often intricate, style of the Second Part. And one who likes the latter cannot possibly have a right appreciation of the strength and simple beauty, the matchless sturdiness and purely human tenderness, of the former. Hence whoever considers the First Part a supreme achievement, an unsurpassed masterpiece of poetry, must not allow his veneration for Goethe to prevent him from confessing that neither in the substance or form of the Second Part, as a whole, can he find the same unmixed pleasure. That it is rich in beautiful individual passages is beyond question. Indeed one who assumes a critical and skeptical attitude toward the whole will rejoice all the more over the individual passages in which he finds beauty and an occasion to recognise it as such.

But we dare not close here. In order to do justice to the Second Part we must cast one more glance at the whole drama. Faust is not the embodiment of an abstract idea; he is a man, an individual, and hence, as the hero of the drama, has human feelings and human strivings, and because, in his impatient idealism, he runs into hindrances, he is deeply wounded, imbittered, and driven to despair.

*Roses, ye glowing ones,
Balsam-bestowing ones!
Fluttering, hovering,
Life-founts still covering,
Branchlets with plumy wing,
Buds ripe for opening,
Haste your full sheen!

Spring show its splendour,
Purple and green,
Paradise tender
The sleeper serene.

Grasping violently after the enjoyment of life and activity denied him, after the All and the Absolute, he remains unsatisfied, because he storms through his life so immoderately and unrestrainedly, till, in harmonious esthetical education and ethical social activity, he finds moderation and self-limitation and learns to keep within bounds. Such is Faust and such was Goethe. Hence *Faust* was the life-work of the poet. Herein alone lies the unity of this "incommensurable" work,[55] which, after the manner of *Götz*, dramatises the history of Faust, and, like an epic, makes him pass through a whole human life before our eyes. But in the process the poet allows the drama to grow beyond the fate of this one individual and become a picture of the time, nay more, a picture of the world and mankind. Faust, this great individual, this gifted man, now becomes man in general, the representative of mankind. His tragedy becomes the human tragedy, his drama the drama of the human race, his salvation and admission to heaven a symbol of the victory of the good in history. Thus the individual is widened out to the universal human. Therein lies the greatness of the play. But therein lay also for the poet the difficulty of completing and binding together the whole to a well-rounded dramatic unity. Whereas in the *Urfaust* the dramatic bore a deep lyric tinge, in the Second Part it assumes a marked epic form.

The fact that *Faust* never fails to produce a deep impression is due to this widening out to the universal human. Since in this single play we all find portrayed one side or another of ourselves, our strivings and experiences, it seems flesh of our own flesh and bone of our own bone and always arouses our interest. This interest never fades; it cannot fade. The longer we live, the more we advance in knowledge and activity, in victory and defeat, in good and evil, the higher we climb toward the summits of humanity, and the deeper we see down into the depths of human life and the human breast, with its dark shadows of evil and sorrow, and its triumphant core of goodness and power, the more we become inwardly attached to Goethe's *Faust*, the more it becomes to us a revelation of our own lives and strivings, and the more it must win our love.

We may count ourselves happy if it is, above all, these two principles which we derive from it and understand, the proud declaration, "Passive enjoyment makes one common," and the precious assurance, "Whoever strives unswervingly can find through us redemption." Thus in the final analysis *Faust* is after all a deeply ethical work. It protects us against all sorts of evil spirits and holds up before us that ethical idealism, which learns, and must learn, to seize a firm foothold on the real ground of this present world and to find in it our tasks and duties, our sorrows and joys, the gospel of the reconciliation of the modern man with life on the earth and with the divine revealed in it, the optimistic confession of faith in the triumph of the Kingdom of God on earth.

VIII

LAST DAYS

Goethe warned by illness to set his house in order—The last works he finished—Interests and occupations of his last days—His last distinguished guests—His last birthday—Visit to Ilmenau—*Wanderers Nachtlied*—Goethe sets his house in order—His religion—Last illness and death—The funeral—Goethe's significance to Germany and the whole world.

IN November, 1830, a hemorrhage brought Goethe near death; but it was wonderful how quickly, for a man of eighty-one, he recovered from the severe attack. It was but a warning that he should make the most of the short space of time, which, according to human calculation, he might still expect to live, and that he should in every respect set his house in order. With this in mind he wrote to Knebel: "My dearest friend, since we have had the good fortune to recover from this attack, we intend to enjoy the days which may still be granted us and see to it that there be for us no lack of activity for ourselves and others."

And he really did see to it that there was no lack of such activity, as is proved by his work on the fourth part of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which he had not finished until now, and which continued the narrative of his life up to his arrival in Weimar. It is proved above all by the completion of *Faust*, of which we have had a detailed account. Only when this "chief business" was done could he say to Eckermann: "My further life I can now look upon as a pure gift, and it is now at bottom immaterial what I do, and whether I do anything at all or not." But in reality that was only his "chief business." Along with it he continued his "supervisory" duties, that is, his share of the administrative government, so far as he had kept any such duties. His old interests still remained; he still retained, as he himself says, "the faculty of recognising with enthusiasm the good, the beautiful, and the excellent." In the foreground stood, as always, art and nature. By the many things that came to him and were laid before him from all sides his interest was kept alive, and he in turn endeavoured to stimulate others and help them. He was interested far less in the July revolution than in the controversy between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. He was pleased to see that through the efforts of the latter the "synthetic" method of dealing with nature was gaining recognition in France, and he hoped that in the investigations of nature in that country mind would now rule victoriously over matter. He saw therein the triumph of his own cause, the recognition of his labours in the field of natural science. He sent a French translation of his *Metamorphose der Pflanzen* to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and was grateful for the favourable reception with which it met. Along with his continued work and study in metamorphosis, the theory of colours, geology, and meteorology, he read "for recreation and invigoration" Galileo's *Dialogues*, and found them "most edifying" reading; for here lies "the Christmas feast of our more modern times."

Added to all this was his never-ending inclination to make himself acquainted with the works of foreign literatures, and, as might have been expected, he did not always come upon things that were edifying. His criticism of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* was unusually adverse: "A literature of despair out of which step by step everything true and esthetical is being self-banished." On the other hand he enjoyed reading Plutarch's *Lives* and Euripides. He was filled with admiration for Euripides because of his great, unique talent, as well as the wide field that he covered and the powerful emotions that he portrayed.

Thus his life remained a life full of activity and work.

And since, after the death of August, the "duties of a housefather" had again devolved upon him, there was no lack of all sorts of petty cares and annoyances, as though he were destined not to remain a stranger to anything human. At the dismissal of a cook he breathed the sigh of relief, "Freed from this burden I was able to take up important work."

He had time for all these things, both great and small, because outwardly his life went along without disturbance, "calm and composed," as he himself says. And yet very many strange eyes peered into the garden of his monastery. The number of visitors who wished to see the famous man and pay him their homage did not grow smaller during his last days. Beside the acquaintances and friends in Weimar and Jena, who were seen at his home, there came the curious and the admiring from all Germany, indeed from the whole civilised world. The guest of highest rank in his last year was the King of Württemberg, a thoroughly clever man, but wholly lacking in poetry. Goethe was all the more pleased that the King "seemed to have enjoyed his visit." The most illustrious of his guests was Alexander von Humboldt, to whom he was "highly grateful for a few hours of frank, friendly conversation," and whose enormous store of knowledge he admired as much as his "incredible social influence." Those whose society he loved most were those nearest him, his daughter-in-law Ottilie, in whose praise he said that she was always entertaining and always had something new to offer, and his grandsons, particularly Wölfchen, who won an especially warm place in his grandfather's heart. It is touching to see how much the great man was wrapped up in this little world of human beings and what importance he attached to whatever they thought, said, or did.

So he preferred to spend all his last days in his own house. He did not even drive out regularly. Only once did he go away from Weimar. It was at the time of his last birthday, in August, 1831, when he spent a few days in Ilmenau. Here he visited once more the old familiar places full of memories of youthful days and was especially glad to be able to show them to his grandsons, whom he had taken with him. On the wall of the lonely little wood hut on the Gickelhahn he read the verses which he had written there on the 6th of September, 1780:

Über allen Gipfeln
  Iſt Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
  Spüreſt du
    Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein ſchweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
    Ruheſt du auch.*

'Yes, wait, and ere long thou, too, shalt rest," he repeated in a soft, melancholy tone, and wiped away the tears which flowed down over his cheeks. Even in this rural quiet he did not entirely escape ovations; but here they were more spontaneous and were therefore less burdensome to him.

Feeling that he was rapidly approaching the boundary drawn for human life, he set his house in order, even in outward things. His "testamentary troubles" extend through many of his letters and show how tenderly and faithfully he remembered those who had stood near him in life. For example, he set apart the income from his *Briefwechsel mit Zelter*, which he himself prepared for publication, for Zelter's unmarried daughters. He did not like to speak of dying. He was too healthy a nature for that, and life still had too much to offer him for him to care to lose himself in thoughts of death. We know that, as he never grew tired of life, he clung firmly to the belief in immortality. His practical thought on the subject was this: "A man of character and energy, who expects to be something worth while in this life, and hence has to labour, strive, and struggle daily, leaves the future world to take care of itself, and is active and useful in this world." Having long ago become a sage there were no longer any essential changes to be made in his philosophy of the world. He remained the pious pantheist that he had been since the days of his youth. But in his relation to Christianity he still had some things to atone for. Not as though he had felt a desire to change his personal attitude toward it. The revelation of the divine in the human and the ethical remained to him, as ever, no higher than the revelation of the Supreme Being in the sun, in light, and the generative power of God, before which he bowed, just as he gladly showed worshipful reverence for Christ, the divine revelation of the highest principle of morality. Even his aversion for the Cross, from which he derived no comfort, either esthetic or religious, remained unchanged. In the Church he now saw as before something "feeble and changeable," and in its decrees he found a "great deal of stupidity." But historically, in certain periods of his life, particularly during the years after his return from Italy, he had been far from just toward Christianity. Now, eleven days before his death, Eckermann gave him an opportunity to testify concerning the gospels that "they are permeated with the reflection of a majesty, which proceeds from the person of Christ, and is of as divine a nature as any manifestation of the divine that has ever appeared on the earth." "The human mind will never advance beyond the majesty and moral culture of Christianity, as it glistens and shines in the gospels." What is meant by this is shown by what he said of that story of the New Testament which tells that one day when Christ was walking on the sea Peter came out on the waves to meet him and began to sink: "This is one of the most beautiful legends, and I love it best of all. In it is contained the great lesson that man through faith and fresh courage will come off victorious in the most difficult undertaking, but he is straightway lost when the least doubt comes over him." Himself, in his own way, a man of "faith," he could thus, with liberality and pure humanity, admit even a miracle, the dearest child of faith. This recognition of the moral majesty and power of Christianity is at the same time a proof that his pantheism had long ago become more comprehensive, and richer in content, and that along with the natural it had conceded equal rights to the moral. "For the independent conscience is the sun of thy moral day." Then for the first time Goethe was wholly pious and could say: Everything is God's.

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* On every mountain brow
    Is peace,
  No tree but now
    The winds fast cease
      To wave its crest;
  The little birds hush their song.
  Then wait—ere long
      Thou, too, shalt rest.

The last gap was now filled and death could come. And it came at the right time, before age, which had not quite passed by him without leaving a trace, broke down his strong body and destroyed his triumphant spirit. In the rough March days of the year 1832 he took a cold; on the 16th he was obliged to take to his bed. The last entry in his diary runs: "Spent the whole day in bed on account of illness." It was a catarrhal fever, which his physician, Privy Councillor Vogel of Weimar, immediately considered dangerous. But at first Goethe got better again and had already resumed his usual occupations, when during the night of the 19th chills and violent pains in the chest set in. Oppression of the lungs filled him with anxiety and torturing unrest, the features of his face contracted, his colour faded to an ashy grey, his eyes receded into their sockets and looked blurred and weak. His senses began to fail him and he was at times unconscious; the intervals of clear consciousness came farther and farther apart and grew shorter and shorter. It became hard for him to speak and his words grew indistinct. Death might come at any moment. It cannot be established with certainty what were his last words. He is reported to have said to his daughter-in-law: "Now, little woman, give me your good hand." To the servant he called out: "Open also the second shutter in the room, so that more light may come in." From this command the words "More light!" have been chosen as symbolical and are often quoted as Goethe's last utterance. When his tongue completely failed him he drew signs in the air with the index finger of his right hand. Those who were present assert with positiveness that they recognised the letter W. At half past eleven—it was the 22d of March, 1832—"the dying man settled back comfortably in the left corner of the easy chair, and it was long before those standing about him could realise that Goethe had been taken away. Thus an uncommonly peaceful death made full the measure of happiness of a richly endowed existence." With these words his physician closes the account of Goethe's last illness.[56]

The news of his death aroused universal sympathy in Weimar and the whole surrounding region, and it was natural that many should desire once more to behold the face of the great departed. Their request was acceded to, though it was not in keeping with Goethe's views. So he lay in state on the ground floor of his house, dressed in a garment of white satin in the old Florentine style, his head crowned with laurel.[57] A black velvet cloth, set with silver, covered the lower part of his body up to his breast. In the hall hung Goethe's coat of arms, a six-pointed silver star in the blue field. The opening of the door was draped in black and above it were placed, in letters of gold, the words from *Hermann und Dorothea*,

Des Todes rührendes Bild ſteht
Nicht als Schrecken dem Weiſen, und nicht als Ende dem Frommen.
Jenen drängt es ins Leben zurück und lehret ihn handeln;
Dieſem ſtärkt es, zu künftigem Heil, im Trübſal die Hoffnung:
Beiden wird zum Leben der Tod.*

The funeral occurred at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of March, and the sarcophagus was placed beside that containing the remains of Schiller, in the grand-ducal burial vault. Many thousands of people filled the streets; the windows, even the roofs and the trees, along the avenue through which the procession passed, were occupied. In the chapel a chorus sang the words, written by Goethe and set to music by Zelter,

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* The picture of death, though affecting,
Fills not the wise man with terror, is not the end to the pious.
Back it urges the former to life, and teaches him action;
Thus for the latter in sorrow it strengthens the hope of salvation;
So to both of them death becomes life.

Laßt fahren hin das Allzuflüchtige!
  Ihr ſucht bei ihm vergebens Rat;
In dem Vergangenen lebt das Tüchtige,
  Verewigt ſich in ſchöner Tat.

Und ſo gewinnt ſich das Lebendige
  Durch Folg' auf Folge neue Kraft;
Denn die Geſinnung, die beſtändige,
  Sie macht allein den Menſchen dauerhaft.

So löſt ſich jene große Frage
  Nach unſerm zweiten Vaterland.
Denn das Beſtändige der ird'ſchen Tage
  Verbürgt uns ewigen Beſtand.*

The funeral oration was delivered by Röhr, the superintendent general and chief chaplain in ordinary to the Grand Duke. According to our feeling it was not entirely equal to the significance of the hour. Chancellor von Müller, in words of gratitude, gave the sarcophagus into the keeping of the Lord Marshal. A short time afterward the tomb was closed over all that was mortal of Goethe.

What he himself had said, a few days before his death, of the setting sun, "Great, even in its departure," may be

* Bid all too fleeting things adieu.
  They know no counsel for your needs;
The past eterne lives, stanch and true,
  Immortalised in noble deeds.

And thus the living gathers force
  Through age on age in endless chain;
The heart ne'er swerving from its course
  Alone makes man for aye remain.

And so that weighty question 's solved
  Of what our future state shall be;
For lasting things, on earth evolved,
  Assure our souls eternity.

hung as a fitting motto over our picture of the whole last period of his earthly life, including the final hour and the end. Great and noble as he had been in life, he continued to be in death.

At the moment of his death his country was far from realising the full significance of the loss. It was not possible for the people to measure what they had once possessed in him, but now possessed no more. Even we of to-day have had to learn this for ourselves, have had to conquer and drive away all sorts of prejudices which existed at that time. That Goethe was immoral and egoistic, that he was un-German and ungodly,—such reproaches, showing utter ignorance of his nature and character, were heard even during his lifetime, but oftener immediately after his death. We know to-day how unjust and unfounded these accusations were. On this point we need waste no further words.

Nor do we need to sum up in a few sentences what Goethe was and what he achieved. This whole book is an endeavour to make that clear. But we may at least, in closing, emphasise the fact that, as a poet, an artist, and a man, he was to Germany a possession of inestimable value, because he created and assured for his people their position of spiritual power in the nineteenth century. The poet Goethe and the philosopher Goethe may divide between them whatever of soul-stirring tragedy and wealth of thought is contained in *Faust;* his lyric poetry remains as young, fresh, and beautiful, as on the day when it was written, and opens our eyes to a world of beauty; through *Prometheus*, *Iphigenie*, and *Hermann und Dorothea*, he made accessible to us classical antiquity; in *West-östlicher Divan* he blended two worlds into one, in the universalistic spirit of Herder; he leads us back to Spinoza, like whom he was full of religion; and leads us forward to Darwin, and, in the realms of nature and history, opens for us a view of the whole as well as of the origin and development of the parts. Above all this hovers the idea of pure humanity, like a sun, which we must not seek pedantically in the form of a systematic philosophy of the world, but in its reflected colour splendour, which shines out of all his poetical works, and, what is more, out of his whole personality.

Thus he, who was not devoted to politics, extends his hand for common activity to the other great man of the nation in the nineteenth century. Without Goethe, no Bismarck; without Goethe no German Empire. In order that the Germans might become politically one nation, they must first become spiritually one nation and feel themselves one nation, with a common language, a common education, and, we should like to add, a common faith. Such a united people has been created by its poets and thinkers, above all by Goethe, the most perfect representative of German art and the German nature as a whole. For the faith of his people he has left the legacy of recognising everywhere a divine power, and of showing just and pious reverence for everything human, wherever it be found; for man belongs also to God.

Therefore Goethe's "pure humanity" is the goal toward which all Germans must strive. In this sense he was the first stadtholder in the realm of the German spirit, the first imperial chancellor in spiritually united Germany, as through him Weimar became the first spiritual capital of the Empire.

But Goethe belongs not alone to his people; he belongs to the whole world. By the side of Homer and Shakespeare he is the only world poet who speaks his own peculiar national language and yet to all nations and, we may now add, to all times is comprehensible.

What distinguishes him above all others, even the greatest representatives, of his nation is the universal character of his writings and activities, the complete harmony of his own human nature, which does not represent merely one side of our being, even though it be the deepest, as was the case with Luther, or the most comprehensive, with Bismarck, but reveals the human possibilities in a degree of richness, fulness, and completeness that was never known before and has not existed since. He was really the "most human of men," and he considered that he should have attained the highest title of fame if it should some day be said of him: "For I too have been a human being." On this he based his claim that the doors of Paradise should be opened for him. It is for this reason that he stands so near us all, and yet so high above us. He was what we all are, and yet what we all have still to become; taking all in all, he was a human being.

Goethe lives on among us; immortal, as everything great is immortal; a living influence and creating life; ever his own individual self and ever more and more our possession, the more we desire and learn to make him ours.

Schon längſt verbreitet ſich's in ganze Scharen,
Das Eigenſte, was ihm allein gehört.
Er glänzt uns vor, wie ein Komet entſchwindend,
Unendlich Licht mit ſeinem Licht verbindend! *

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* Long since hath gone to yearning souls unnumbered
That treasure most peculiarly his own.
Departing, comet-like, our path he lighteth
And countless shining orbs with his uniteth.

NOTES

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS

W.—The Weimar edition of Goethe's *Werke, erste Abteilung*, poetical, biographical, and esthetical writings.
NS.—do., *zweite Abteilung, Naturwissenschaftliche Schriften.*
Tb.—do., *dritte Abteilung, Tagebücher.*
Br.—do., *vierte Abteilung, Briefe.*
H.—The Hempel edition of Goethe's *Werke.*
DW.—*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Weimar edition.
GJ.—*Goethejahrbuch.*
SGG.—*Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft.*

1. That this was a mere excuse is proved by his letter to the Duke, in which he gives as the reason for his haste the urgency of the memorial which he had promised Herr von Stein.

2. Here is one of many instances: In July, 1819, Goethe wrote to Willemer: "What bliss it would be for me to see once more on the charming, serene Main the dear friends whom I truly love, and to pledge anew the rest of life." It may be noted in this connection that during the first years after their separation Goethe directed his letters, with very few exceptions, to both husband and wife, or to Willemer alone, whereas, on the other side, Marianne was the one who carried on the correspondence.

3. In the same sense Goethe defines lyric poetry as that poetry which shows enthusiastic excitement. The connection in which he gives this definition is worthy of note. He is seeking to distinguish between the three kinds of poetry. While in the case of dramatic and epic poetry he applies the objective test, asking whether an event is told as past or takes place before our eyes in the present, in the case of lyric poetry he uses the subjective test of the mental state of the poet. Hence he discovers lyric poetry everywhere where the mental state of the poet is apparent.

4. Goethe avoided abnormal subjects in his poetry, because they were too far removed from the truth, toward which his soul was constantly striving (*W.*, xxviii., 144).

5. The poems of the *Leipziger Liederbuch* which were given a place among Goethe's collected writings, some of them with new titles and with slight alterations, are eleven in number, namely: *Die schöne Nacht, Glück und Traum, Lebendiges Andenken, Glück der Entfernung,*

An Luna, *Brautnacht*, *Schadenfreude*, *Unschuld*, *Scheintod*, *Am Flusse*, and *Die Freuden*. Although the poet inserted them among the products of later periods, when he prepared his collected poems for publication, it is nevertheless an easy matter to recognise them as mementos of those Leipsic years.

6. *Cf.* Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe*, Nov. 10, 1823. The *Paria*, however, must have been in existence, at least in part, as early as 1811 (cf. *Br.*, xxii., 44).

7. Arias belonging to the operetta are mentioned in Goethe's diary as early as the 5th of August, 1781. *Die Fischerin* was performed on the 28th of July, 1782. Concerning the source of *Erlkönig* cf. *GJ.*, xxi., 263.

8. The very probable supposition that *Der untreue Knabe* was composed as early as 1771 finds support in the fact that, like *Heidenröslein*, it is a remodelled version of a folk-song, such as Goethe collected for Herder in Alsatia, and that in the summer of 1774 it is mentioned as having been in existence for some time; "it had only rarely crossed his lips."

9. GOETHE'S POEMS SET TO MUSIC. Poems by Goethe were very early set to music. When the lyric attempts of the young man of twenty, now known as the *Leipziger Liederbuch*, were first published in 1769, they appeared set to music by Bernhard Theodor Breitkopf (*cf.* vol. i., p. 86. In this Breitkopf publication Goethe's name is not mentioned either on the title page or in connection with the songs), and two months later Georg Simon Löhlein's melody to the *Neujahrslied* was printed. After that there were rather longer intervals during which there were no settings, which finds its explanation in the fact that Goethe usually published his songs separately in various periodicals. Thus from 1770 to 1774 there are no musical compositions to his words, from 1775 to the end of the eighties comparatively few, among others those of the not very important composers André, Kayser, von Seckendorff, and J. F. Reichardt, to whom the poet showed the honour of sending them his songs to be set to music before they were printed. Matters took an entirely different turn when the larger collections of his poems appeared in 1789, 1800, and 1806. From that time on there were few musicians who did not recognise the value of these treasures, and by masters as well as by amateurs Goethe's admonition, "Never read them, always sing them," has been well heeded. Apart from Shakespeare no poet of any country has so generally and profoundly inspired composers as Goethe, and through the compositions of Mozart and Beethoven, Reichardt and Zelter, Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn, Loewe, Robert Franz, and Brahms, they have gained a wide-spread popularity, which, without the aid of this music, they would certainly never have achieved in equal measure. There are some great masters, to be sure, whom we are surprised not to find in the list of composers. Gluck could no longer be moved by Goethe's poems to any new creation, although in the evening of his life he composed the music* to seven of the most beautiful of Klopstock's

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* *Betonte*, the word which the writer of the above note uses, quoting Goethe, who employed it in speaking of Gluck's *Iphigenie*, conveys the double meaning of "provide with tones" and "emphasise."—C.

odes. Philipp Emanuel Bach also allowed Goethe's lyrics to escape him, and J. A. P. Schulz, the author of *Lieder im Volkston*, confined himself to the music to *Götz*, of which he published only one piece, and that one of little importance. Nobody would suspect from Joseph Haydn's songs that he had for six decades the good fortune to be Goethe's contemporary; and it is a very strange thing that Karl Maria von Weber, who was a man of literary culture, in the choice of texts for his musical compositions, should have neglected completely the classic German writers for Müchler, Gubitz, Castelli, and others of their kind. It was a happy decree of fate that at least one of Goethe's poems was brought to Mozart's notice, *Das Veilchen*, which under his hand became one of the fairest flowers of lyric-dramatic music. The first great musician to come under Goethe's spell and to penetrate his works deeply was Beethoven. In addition to his music to *Egmont*, he composed, or at least sketched, the music to three selections from *Faust*, one each from *Claudine* and *Das Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilern*, and nineteen songs. Among these compositions are such masterpieces as *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, *Kennst du das Land*, *Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur*, and *Wonne der Wehmut.* Schubert entered more fully than even Beethoven into the spirit of Goethe, "to whose glorious poems he virtually owed the education which made of him the German singer," as Schubert's most intimate friend Spaun said in 1817, in a letter directed to Goethe. Schubert wrote not less than eighty compositions to Goethe's texts. We need mention here only *Gretchen am Spinnrad* and *Schäfers Klagelied* (composed at the age of seventeen), *Erlkönig*, *Nähe des Geliebten*, *Wandrers Nachtlied*, *Rastlose Liebe*, *Jägers Abendlied*, *An den Mond*, *Der Fischer*, *Der König in Thule* (all of these, together with thirty-seven other Goethian texts, composed at the age of eighteen), and, further, *Geheimes*, and the songs of the Harpist, Mignon, Suleika, etc. It will always remain a source of the highest astonishment that the young master should have possessed the commanding genius to force into the mould of musical composition such powerful blocks of refractory material as the poems, *Grenzen der Menschheit*, *Prometheus*, *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern*, and *An Schwager Kronos.* Robert Schumann was not quite so felicitous in his twenty-six compositions, though it must be said that his scenes from *Faust* contain by far the most beautiful music that has yet been written to the Second Part of the drama. Of Mendelssohn's fourteen works *Die erste Walpurgisnacht* deserves special praise, as it is one of the best oratorio compositions of the nineteenth century; further, the overture *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, the sonnet *Die Liebende schreibt*, and the quartettes *Auf dem See*, *Frühzeitiger Frühling*, and *Die Nachtigal, sie war entfernt.* Spohr's eleven songs are almost all insignificant, and even Karl Loewe, who wrote compositions to forty-three of Goethe's poems, failed in the most of them to rise to the height of his best creations; still there are some masterpieces among them, such as *Erlkönig*, *Der getreue Eckart*, and *Hochzeitlied.* Robert Franz's seven and Franz Liszt's nine songs are unfortunately very uneven, whereas Johannes Brahms, in his fourteen works, is at his very best. Deserving of special mention are the glorious fragment *Harzreise im Winter*, *Der Gesang der Parzen*, *Wechsellied zum Tanze*, the verses from *Jery und Bätely*, and *Alexis und Dora*. As *Faust* has already been referred to we may mention further the compositions of Prince Radziwill, Karl Eberwein, C. G. Reissiger, Julius Rietz, Eduard Lassen, P. J. von Lindpaintner, L. Schlösser, H. H. Pierson, H. Litolff, H. Zöllner, and A. Bungert; further, Hector Berlioz's dramatic legend *La Damnation de Faust* (un-Goethian, but full of great musical beauties, and the character of Mephisto cleverly conceived), Gounod's melodious, extraordinarily popular opera *Faust*, Liszt's *Faust-Symphonie*, Rubinstein's *Faust, ein musikalisches Charakterbild für Orchester*, Arrigo Boito's opera *Mefistofele*, and finally Richard Wagner's *Sieben Kompositionen zu Goethes Faust* (manuscript in Wahnfried) and his very superior work *Eine Faustouvertüre*.

How strong an influence Goethe has exerted upon other composers may be seen from the following statistics, which, be it remembered, take into account only compositions to the poems, and not the music to his numerous operettas, dramas, etc. The numbers of printed compositions to his songs are as follows: *Die schöne Nacht*, 9; *Tischlied*, 9; *Es war ein fauler Schäfer*, 10; *Der Musensohn*, 12; *Der Junggesell und der Mühlbach*, 12; *Der Rattenfänger*, 12; *Ergo Bibamus*, 13; *An die Erwählte*, 13; *Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen*, 14; *Es war eine Ratt' im Kellernest*, 15; *Auf dem See*, 16; *Mit einem gemalten Band*, 16; *Geistesgruss*, 16; *So lasst mich scheinen*, 16; *An die Türen will ich schleichen*, 16; *Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt*, 17; *Nachgefühl*, 17; *Die Bekehrte*, 17; *Es war einmal ein König*, 18; *Sehnsucht*, 18; *Ach neige, du Schmerzensreiche*, 19; *Vanitas*, 19; *März*, 20 (?); *Der Sänger*, 21; *Trost in Tränen*, 22; *Neue Liebe, neues Leben*, 23; *An Mignon*, 23; *Die Spröde*, 26; *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, 27; *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, 30; *Wonne der Wehmut*, 30; *Frühzeitiger Frühling*, 30; *Schäfers Klaglied*, 30; *Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen*, 30; *Bundeslied*, 31; *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass*, 32; *An die Entfernte*, 32; *Das Veilchen*, 35; *Blumengruss*, 37; *Schweizerlied*, 38; *Jägers Abendlied*, 40; *Meine Ruh ist hin*, 43; *Nachtgesang*, 43; *An den Mond*, 45; *Erster Verlust*, 48; *Erlkönig*, 48; *Mailied* (*Zwischen Weizen und Korn*), 50; *Mailied* (*Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur*), 54; *Heidenröslein*, 56; *Der Fischer*, 58; *Der König in Thule*, 58; *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*, 64; *Rastlose Liebe*, 66; *Mignon* (*Kennst du das Land*), 75; *Gefunden*, 79; *Nähe des Geliebten*, 85; *Wandrers Nachtlied* (*Über allen Gipfeln*), 107; *Wandrers Nachtlied* (*Der du vom dem Himmel bist*), 117.

The very large number of Goethe's poems that have been set to music less than nine times have not been considered in the above list.

What an influence the poet has been exerting on musicians in recent years is apparent from the fact that Richard Strauss has set to music *Wandrers Sturmlied* and *Pilgers Morgenlied*, while Hugo Wolf has written compositions to no less than fifty-three of Goethe's longer and shorter poems.—M. F.

10. "What is the general? The individual case." *NS.*, xi., 127; *H.*, xix., 195 (*Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 899).

11. See the letter from Sömmering to Merck of the 8th of October, 1782, in *Briefe an Merck, herausg. von Wagner*, p. 354 *f*.

12. Goethe's various scientific writings appeared in the years 1817 to 1824 in a periodical which he published under the title, *Zur Naturwissen-*

schaft überhaupt, besonders zur Morphologie, Erfahrung, Betrachtung, Folgerung, durch Lebensereignisse verbunden, to which were further given two separate titles, one of them, *Zur Morphologie*, embracing chiefly botanical and osteological articles, while the other, *Zur Naturwissenschaft überhaupt*, included geological, meteorological, and optical contributions. Each group fills two volumes.

13. Cf. *Zur Morphologie* (*NS.*, vi., 207), *Einwirkung der neueren Philosophie* (*NS.*, xi., 49), *Campagne in Frankreich* (*W.*, xxxiii., 31).

14. Goethe's doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis has been misinterpreted by some to mean that he assumed a transformation of full-grown organs into other organs; others questioned the admissibility of the conception of metamorphosis unless that assumption were made. In view of this it is interesting to know that transformations of perfectly mature organs of a plant into organs of an entirely different structure and function, namely from petals to foliage leaves, really occur. *Cf.* Winkler, *Berichte der deutschen botanischen Gesellschaft* (1902), xx., 494–501.

15. Cf. *NS.*, vi., 173 and 277. It is not without interest to compare the latter of these two passages with the following passage from Spinoza: "Nothing occurs in nature that could be counted against her as a mistake; for nature is always the same and everywhere one, and her force and her power of activity are the same, *i. e.*, the rules and laws of nature, according to which everything takes place and is metamorphosed out of one form into another, are always and everywhere the same, and hence there must be one and the same way of understanding the nature of things, whatever they may be, namely, by means of general rules and laws of nature" (*Ethica*, third part, p. 89 of Berthold Auerbach's translation).

16. The term *Urpflanze*, which Goethe used a few times, has been the subject of a similar controversy. On page 92 we referred to the fact that "at that time,"—*i. e.*, shortly before the Italian journey, and also while in Italy—the conception of metamorphosis "hovered before his mind under the sensual form of a supersensual *Urpflanze*." But this statement is hard to bring into complete accord with utterances of that period concerning the *Urpflanze*, which will admit of no other interpretation than that Goethe understood by the term a concrete formation. This is confirmed by a letter—written, but never posted—to Nees von Esenbeck, which was published in *Br.*, xxvii., No. 7486, and was written probably in the middle of August, 1816: "In the diaries of my Italian journey you will observe, not without a smile, in what strange ways I followed the traces of vegetable metamorphosis. I was at that time seeking the *Urpflanze*, unconscious that I was seeking the idea, the conception, in accordance with which we could develop it for ourselves." I [Kalischer] find herein a confirmation of my view of the *Urpflanze* set forth in my contributions to the Hempel edition of Goethe's writings (vol. xxxiii., p. LXVI *ff*.,), of which I have here and there taken the liberty to make free use. According to what I there said, and the above passage from a letter verifies my statement, Goethe originally meant by the *Urpflanze* the ancestral form of the plant world, but he soon saw that he would never realise his idea of being able to discover the *Urpflanze* "among this

host" of forms which he met for the first time in Italy, as he said in a letter from Palermo on the 17th of April, 1787; and he had to content himself with constructing as his own creature the *Urpflanze*, which he had vainly sought in nature (Naples, May 17, 1787). The question of the conception of the *Urpflanze*, which had evidently undergone a metamorphosis in Goethe's chain of reasoning, is altogether subordinate to the related question of his position with respect to the general doctrine of descent, which must be decided according to other points of view.

Goethe used just once the term *Urtier*: "As I had formerly sought the *Urpflanze* I now longed also to find the *Urtier*, which means in the end the conception, the idea of animal" (*NS.*, vi., 20). The utterance does not contradict in any sense the view here presented. It in no wise precludes the assumption of common, real ancestral forms out of which the different species have developed. Darwin himself, in his *Origin of Species*, speaks of the "archetype of all mammals," and of the "general plan" upon which they are constructed.

17. *NS.*, x., 52 *f.* Goethe often expressed himself concerning the ice age. Cf. *Geologische Probleme und Versuch ihrer Auflösung* (*NS.*, ix., 253 *ff.*); *Herrn von Hoffs geologisches Werk* (*NS.*, ix., 280 *ff.*); *NS.*, x., pp. 93, 95, and 267; *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, book ii., Chapter IX (*W.*, xxv.,[1] 28).

18. Goethe finds antagonistic colours everywhere in nature, even in the plant world, and a characteristic feature which supports our conception of his theory is the fact that, in speaking of plant colours, he refers to the subjective demand of the complementary colours. For example, in an essay on this subject, recently published for the first time in *NS.*, v.,[2] p. 160, we read: "The antagonistic relation of red and green is most remarkable in monstrous tulips. One part of the strangely indented leaf, which is even provided with spores, remains longest green, and these parts then turn immediately to the most beautiful, most brilliant red, a phenomenon like that to be observed in all chemical conversions, and also like that which takes place in the subjective demand of the eye. So intimately are the workings of nature connected."

In this connection we may refer also to the discovery which Goethe recorded in §678, that phosphorescence is produced only by blue and violet light, or, as we say, only by the refrangible part of the spectrum. He made this discovery as early as 1792, as is shown by his letter of July 2d to Sömmering. Several written references to it have been preserved, particularly the outline of a lecture on the subject, recently published for the first time in *NS.*, [2] p. 165 *ff.*

19. Cf. *Diderots Versuch über die Malerei* (*W.*, xlv., 293 *f.*). *Sprüche in Prosa*, No. 719, should also be considered in this connection: "The first man to develop the harmony of colours out of the systole and diastole, for which the retina is formed, or, to speak with Plato, out of this syncrisis and diacrisis, will be the discoverer of the principles of colouring." Goethe himself is this discoverer.

20. The chief work on romanticism, which contains also an exhaustive treatment of Goethe's relations to the older generation of the school, is *Die romantische Schule, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des deutschen Geistes*, by

R. Haym, published in 1870. [A new edition has very recently been issued.—C.] Beside this there is the more recent work, *Goethe und die Romantik: Briefe mit Erläuterungen* (*SGG.*, xiii., and xiv.), edited by Karl Schüddekopf and Oskar Walzel, and published in 1898 and 1899. In the two introductions to this valuable collection the personal element is naturally brought into the foreground, but the objective agreements and differences are also given consideration. It is hardly necessary to state that this *Life of Goethe* does not accept the summing up statement of the editors, "Instead of rejoicing in the harmony and its fruitful results, evidences of discord and estrangement are shoved into the foreground, and the far richer and more pleasing proofs of unanimity are rejected or forgotten." Goethe's position with reference to romanticism is defined, rather, in the words with which Luther parted from Zwingli: "We have a different spirit." It is the spirit of wholesomeness, as Goethe so classically formulated it. In comparison with it the romantic is really "the unwholesome" (Eckermann, *Gespräche*, April 2, 1829.)—Z.

21. That Goethe did not hand in a formal resignation is proved by the Grand Duke's expression, "utterances," and by Goethe's "anticipated." [Cf. *Briefwechsel des Grossherzogs Karl August mit Goethe*, ii., 105 *f.*—C.] The real clash came on the 20th of March (*Cf.* Dembowsky, *Mitteilungen über Goethe und seinen Freundeskreis*, in *Wiss. Beil. z. Programm des Kgl. Gymnasiums zu Lyck*, 1888–1889, p. 8). The performance took place on the 12th of April. Goethe's letter of March 31st to Frau von Stein shows that he still hoped for an agreement.

22. According to a statement made by Ulrike in her old age to Herr von Loeper, her answer had been: if her mother desired it. Cf. *GJ.*, viii., 182.

23. Nobody dared speak with Goethe except about the thing which concerned him personally, till Goethe of his own accord passed to other themes. When any one desired to turn him aside by means of inopportune or awkward questions he would surround himself with a mysterious air ("ou mystifiait impitoyablement le malheureux questionneur"—Soret, p. 46).

24. Walther, Baron von Goethe, devoted himself to music and published several vocal compositions. He lived unmarried as a chamberlain in Weimar and died in Leipsic, in 1885, after having made a will bequeathing his grandfather's posthumous papers to the care of the Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxony, who, as a result, founded the Goethe and Schiller Archives in Weimar, which were opened in 1896. With his death the Goethe family became extinct.

25. Wolfgang was a doctor juris and was known as a philosopher and a writer. He died in 1883 as a Prussian councillor of legation and a Weimar chamberlain.

26. "Madame de Goethe avait fini par renoncer presqu' entièrement à la société, pour consacrer toutes ses soirées à son beau-père et pour l'accompagner dans ses promenades" (Soret, p. 47). He praises very highly her devotion in times of illness, as well as her clever and original conversation.

27. On the 4th of July, 1824, Müller asserted that Goethe's ability

and desire to communicate his thoughts and feelings had been increased tenfold. *Cf.* Dembowsky, *l. c.*, p. 25.

28. Duke Bernhard found a copy of *Faust* in the possession of an American Indian in North Carolina (Goethe to Zelter, March 28, 1829).

29. Frau von Stein's last utterance concerning Goethe is interesting in this connection. Toward the end of the year 1829 she had made for Cornelia's grandson, Alfred Nicolovius, a copy of the picture of young Goethe which hung in her house, referring to Goethe as "your dear granduncle, whom we so highly esteem"; and she said she was glad to have made the acquaintance of the grandnephew of her old friend Goethe "before the *salto mortale* confronted her."

30. There is a remarkable similarity between this fact and an incident in the life of Karl von Raumer. In his *Geschichte der Pädagogik*, ii., 340, Raumer says, speaking of himself: "The sad time of 1806 had affected me violently, had made me unsociable and entirely determined to devote myself to the most solitary study of mountains."

31. In the first edition the two stories stood at the end of the first volume, that is, in the middle of the work. They were intended to create a desire for the second volume [which was never published in that edition —C.]. When the sociological element and the Makarie episode were inserted the stories were placed near the beginning of the work.

32. For the beginning it was indeed somewhat socialistic, as the ground was divided up, etc. But the Germanic individualism is proved by the dislike of the capital city and by the fact that equality is demanded only in matters of chief importance (*W.* xxv.,[1] 213, 22). Harnack's remark that, on the basis of the stanzas at the close of the twelfth chapter of the third book, he considers it a strictly socialistic state, is due to misinterpretation. The state referred to there is an old one. The correct interpretation is: It is through you that we shall obtain wives.

33. Even the leadership of the "Bond" is intrusted to a group of colleagues:

Du verteilest Kraft und Bürde
Und erwägst es ganz genau,
Gibst dem Alter Ruh und Würde,
Jünglingen Geschäft und Frau.

34. There seems to be a little contradiction between *W.*, xxv.,[1] 213, 10 and 214, 15. The first passage says of the right of the police to admonish, scold, and punish, that when they find it necessary they call together a jury of a size befitting the case. The second says that punishment can be dealt out only by a number of men called together.

35. The verb "*sich entwickeln*" (*W.*. xxiv., 244, 15) must be taken as a perfect, as though it were "*sich entwickelt haben*"; otherwise it makes no sense. If we read, on the other hand, that nobody brings reverence with him into the world (*W.*, xxiv., 240, 2), this can be interpreted only to mean reverence as a power which is easily developed, or may even develop of itself. The germ of it must be present, otherwise it could not be developed by the religions of reverence. Goethe often said: "What is not in man will never come out of him." This harmonises with his state-

ment in another place (*H.*, xxix., 721), that he is forced to recognise in man an inborn inclination to reverence; likewise with his indorsement of the motto, "Il y a une fibre adorative dans le cœur humain" (*H.*, xxix., 312); and with the fact that he makes a distinction between "the specially favoured ones" (*W.*, xxiv., 242, 14) and the rest only in so far as with the former reverence develops of itself. *Cf.* also *Trilogie der Leidenschaft*, lines 79 *f.*

36. He may even have muttered to himself lines 86 *ff.* of the *Urfaust*, which, it has been asserted, were based on Herder's *Älteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechts.* Herder undoubtedly called out to him more than once lines 90–94.

37. *Urfaust* is the title commonly given to the oldest version of the *Faust* fragment, that in which Goethe brought the play with him to Weimar in November, 1775, and in which it has been preserved in a copy made by a lady at the Court of Weimar, Fräulein Luise von Göchhausen. This manuscript, important alike for the history and the understanding of *Faust*, was found in 1887, in Dresden, at the residence of the Fräulein's grand-nephew, Major von Göchhausen. The discovery was made by Erich Schmidt, who published it that same year under the title *Goethes Faust in ursprünglicher Gestalt nach der Göchhausenschen Abschrift.*

The same scholar gives a detailed account of the manuscripts and first editions of *Faust* in the great Weimar edition (*W.*, xiv. and xv.²) of Goethe's works. The most important facts about the editions are given in the text of the above chapter on *Faust.* It may here be stated, by way of supplement, that the first complete edition of the tragedy appeared in the year of Goethe's death in the forty-first volume of the Cotta pocket edition (*Goethes nachgelassene Werke. Erster Band*, 1832). —*Z.*

38. The letter to Cotta in which he offers *Faust* as a fragment is dated the 1st of May, 1805, with a postscript dated the 14th of June. Hence his definite decision was not made till the latter date. In a letter to Zelter of the 3d of June, 1826, he connects the giving up of his work on *Faust* with the death of Schiller.

39. Goethe's relation to Byron is treated in an essay by A. Brandl in *GJ.*, xx. (1899). *Cf.* also E. Köppel's biography of Lord Byron in the series *Geisteshelden*, vol. xliv. (1903).—*Z.*

40. I accept the interpretation of Pniower (*Goethes Faust. Zeugnisse und Excurse zu seiner Entstehungsgeschichte*, p. 191), that Goethe meant the ending of the "Helena," which has been preserved (*W.*, xv.,² 176 *ff.*).

41. Kuno Fischer, in his *Goethes Faust*, 4th ed. (1902), vol. i., gives a detailed account of the folk-books, Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, the German popular plays, and Lessing's *Faust* fragment. *Cf.* also W. Creizenach, *Versuch einer Geschichte des Volksschauspiels vom Dr. Faust* (1878).—*Z.*

42. On the basis of differences in style, contradictions, and different presuppositions, Wilhelm Scherer, in his *Aufsätze über Goethe* (1886), desired to separate Faust's first soliloquy into two parts, the first of which he considered older than the second. The text of the above chapter on *Faust* seeks to controvert this hypercriticism.—*Z.*

43. Kuno Fischer has set forth this view of Mephistopheles as an

emissary of the Earth-Spirit in the second volume of his above cited work on Goethe's *Faust* (see Note 41), a work which in many respects is thoroughgoing and sound. I consider the view incorrect, since Fischer has to do violence to a great many passages, particularly in the "original version," in order to maintain it for a single moment. Minor, in his *Goethes Faust* (1901), i., 225, asserts, with more clearness, to be sure, than politeness, that "all the airy hypotheses, according to which Mephistopheles was originally introduced, not as the devil, but as a servant of the Earth-Spirit, are thus seen to fall to the ground. A Faust without a compact with the devil is a monstrosity, a bit of nonsense, that never occurred to Goethe and never could occur to a poet. It is an insipid subtlety of philological learning." I myself do not go quite so far. In the scene "Forest and Cavern" it really did occur to the poet, perhaps with reference to an older plan, but it was only in this one scene. In the whole of the original version, as it lies before us in the *Urfaust*, Mephistopheles is really the devil. The long articles on Mephistopheles in *GJ.*, xxii., and xxiii. (1901 and 1902), by Max Morris are very excellent, but unfortunately he too, as has long been known, considers Mephistopheles the emissary and servant of the Earth-Spirit.—Z.

44. The outline of the disputation may be found in the paralipomena 11 to 20 (*W.*, xiv.). The above conjecture as to the purpose of the scene rests, to be sure, only on the uncertain ground of the closing words (paralipomenon 11), "Majority. Minority of the audience as a chorus." —Z.

45. In an address on *Goethes Faust*, published in *Strassburger Goethevorträge* (1899) Th. Ziegler discusses in detail the question whether it was Goethe's original intention that Faust should be saved, or should fall into the power of hell. The fact that this question was still undecided in the *Urfaust* and in the *Fragment* added to the dramatic suspense.—Z.

46. *Cf.* Fr. Vischer, *Goethes Faust. Neue Beiträge zur Kritik des Gedichts* (1875), p. 151. This book, together with Vischer's defence of it in *Altes und Neues* (1881), is doubtless the most profound work ever written on *Faust*. Vischer's influence will be observed in many parts of the above chapter, for which reason I refer to it here especially as a "source."—Z.

47. So says Johannes Niejahr in his article entitled *Die Osterszenen und die Vertragsszene in Goethes Faust* (*GJ.*, xx., p. 190). His article begins with the striking statement, "Hitherto critics have paid but little attention to those portions of the First Part of *Faust* which belong to the closing period of the composition." As though it had not been known since the work of Fr. Vischer what difficult problems lie here! But it is not necessary on that account to find a contradiction in every difficulty.—Z.

48. In Plutarch's biography of Marcellus (cap. 20) we read of the "mothers," whom the Greeks worshipped as goddesses. It was doubtless this passage that Goethe had in mind when he "betrayed" to Eckermann (*Gespräche mit Goethe*, ii., Jan. 10, 1830), "that he had found in Plutarch that in the days of ancient Greece the mothers were spoken of as divinities."—Z.

49. Johann Jakob Wagner (1775–1841) of Ulm, professor in the University of Würzburg, is said to have presented this view in his lectures. *Cf.* Düntzer, *Goethes Faust. Zweiter Theil* (1851), p. 119.—Z.

50. Veit Valentin, in his *Goethes Faustdichtung in ihrer künstlerischen Einheit dargestellt* (1894), p. 154 *ff.*, asserts that Goethe thought of the "Homunculus as an embodiment of life energy that was only temporary and hence bound to the glass, and that he made it strive after a real union with material elements and after a state in which it could develop a real form." The same view is set forth in his posthumous work *Die klassische Walpurgisnacht* (1901), p. 82 *ff.* The end of the Homunculus he interprets as a "marriage of the Homunculus with the sea," and he gives as the fundamental motive of the "Classical Walpurgis Night" "a reanimation which is to lead to a real existence."—Z.

51. The strange interpretation of Care was presented by Hermann Türck in his *Eine neue Fausterklärung.* See also his article entitled *Die Bedeutung der Magie und Sorge in Goethes Faust* (*GJ.*, xxi.). The merit of this cleverly presented, but untenable, interpretation lies in the fact that from now on interpreters of *Faust* will be forced to pay more serious attention to the figure of Care than has hitherto been the case; and they will also need to solve the problem which Türck has pointed out.—Z.

52. That it was Goethe's original intention to make Faust not only wish to dismiss magic from his life, but actually do it, is shown by a variety of sketches [See *W.*, xv.,[2] 153 *ff.*—C.], one of which runs: "I long ago to magic said farewell, and gladly rid my mind of every spell." Another in prose runs: "I endeavour to put aside everything that is magical." But in the final redaction Goethe left merely the desire on the part of Faust to give up magic.—Z.

53. This altruistic, social side of the work of civilisation is only suggested in *Faust.* It is expressed far more energetically and positively in *Die Wanderjahre. Faust* was altogether too firmly rooted in the eighteenth century. Hence it is all the more pleasing that social ethics, as a most modern tendency, is at least not wholly lacking in the drama. In the emphasis which he places on freedom ("upon free soil 'mid a people free") Goethe, in a certain sense, returns to the spirit of his early works *Götz* and *Egmont.*—Z.

54. The conception of heaven in the last scene goes back to the Campo Santo pictures in Pisa, which Goethe knew from Carlo Lasinio's *Pitture al Fresco del Campo Santo* (see *Annalen*, 1818, last paragraph). *Cf.* G. Dehio, *Alt-Italienische Gemälde als Quelle zu Goethes Faust* (*GJ.*, vii.).—Z.

55. The unity of this incommensurable work lies only in the person of the poet, and in the course of the development which he makes his hero pass through, as he himself has done. Veit Valentin, the defender of the "artistic" unity of *Faust*, virtually admits this when he says, in his above quoted work (see Note 50): "The extravagant employment of the epic in the so-called Second Part, together with the frequent employment of the lyric—retained from the *Urfaust*—in the so-called First Part, and the genuinely dramatic and epic motivation, as it appears in many individual scenes in both Parts and in the general plot of the

whole drama, doubtless justify one in speaking of a lack of unity in the poetic style." Then immediately afterward he well says: "Just as in the *Urfaust* climax succeeds climax, without any necessity being felt of explaining the motivation of the connecting parts which bring all the individual parts into a causal relation, so in the Second Part motive follows motive without bringing out the climaxes strongly by means of more extensive treatment, and without marking them plainly, to show that they are climaxes, for the sake of the immediate impression."

Herein lies the difficulty of a performance of the Second Part, which is considerably increased by the necessity of making omissions. One receives more the impression of a strange spectacle, difficult to comprehend, than of a great and powerful drama. And so the theatre never does full justice to *Faust*. In the First Part the players are seldom able to represent the whole depth and fulness of Goethe's figures; the portrayer of Faust, especially, finds himself confronted by a problem which simply defies solution. Even Goethe himself felt concerning the First Part that it was not suited to the stage, and hence his own attempts to have it performed in Weimar were brought to naught by the difficulty of the undertaking. The first attempt by others was made by Prince Radziwill in Berlin, in 1819, when he gave a private performance before the Court. The first public performance occurred in Breslau in 1820. Both these performances included only fragments of the First Part. It was produced for the first time in its entirety by Theatre Director August Klingemann, in 1829, in Brunswick. That same year, in honour of Goethe's eightieth birthday, a number of other theatres followed his example, notably the theatre of Weimar, where, of course, the poet had something to say while the play was being rehearsed. Thus the First Part was gained permanently for the German stage.

The Second Part had from the beginning been arranged by the poet with reference to "the spectators' enjoyment of appearances," that is, with a view to its effectiveness on the stage. In 1849 the Helena tragedy was performed for the first time, under Gutzkow's direction in Dresden, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth. The whole Second Part was produced five years later by Wollheim da Fonseca in Hamburg. The entire work, with its two Parts, had to wait twenty years more before it was performed. Otto Devrient produced it in 1875 in Weimar on a mystery stage, divided into three parts. It was his purpose and hope to make clear to the public the plot of the whole work as a unity. Nowadays *Faust* is presented on all the larger stages of Germany, the First Part frequently, the Second rarely, but Devrient's hope has not been realised. As a usual thing those who really know the First Part go home from a performance not fully satisfied, because theatrical art is so hopelessly inadequate to cope with the mighty poem. The audience listens to the Second Part as something not comprehended and in many respects incomprehensible, and is at most eager to see how successfully theatrical technique can cope with the task here set. *Cf.* W. Creizenach, *Die Bühnengeschichte des Goetheschen Faust* (1881). —Z.

56. *Die letzte Krankheit Goethes, beschrieben und nebst einigen andern*

Bemerkungen über denselben, mitgeteilt von Dr. Carl Vogel, Grossherzogl. Sächsischem Hofrate und Leibarzte zu Weimar. Nebst einer Nachschrift von C. W. Hufeland. Berlin. 1833.—Z.

57. We have a detailed account of this by Chief Architect Coudray, who made the arrangements for the lying in state and the burial, in *Goethes drei letzte Lebenstage. Die Handschrift eines Augenzeugen herausgegeben von Karl Holsten.* Heidelberg. 1889. *Cf.* also Dr. Karl Wilhelm Müller, *Goethes letzte literarische Tätigkeit, Verhältnis zum Ausland und Scheiden, nach den Mitteilungen seiner Freunde dargestellt.* Jena. 1832.—Z.

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